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A HORSE THAT UNDRESSES AND GOES TO BED.

(See page 54.)

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 7. Vol. II.—May, 1899.

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Pomp.

'Give me Health and a Day, and
I will make the Pomp of Emperors Ridiculous.'—*Emerson.*

"As an illustration of the BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and SLUGGISH LIVER and its concomitant BILIOUS HEADACHES so affected him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now ENJOYS VIGOROUS HEALTH, has NEVER had HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been SO BENEFICIAL in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico.* I find that it makes a VERY REFRESHING, SOOTHING, PURIFYING, and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."—(*From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.*)

Experience.

'We gather the Honey of Wisdom
From Thorns, not from Flowers.'—*Lytton.*

HOW TO AVOID

THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—FREQUENTLY DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE all BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very APT to DISAGREE; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and PLACES the INVALID on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH. A WORLD of WOES is AVOIDED by those who KEEP and USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

THE VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CANNOT BE TOLD.

Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand, proves it.

Its effect upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, FEVERISH condition or FEVERISH COLD, is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

EDWARDS'

"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing, specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a necessity to every Modern Toilet.

ORDER.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.

H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece wishes six bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair sent immediately.

TESTIMONIAL.

H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece says Messrs. Edwards' Preparation, "Harlene" for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction.

Full Description and Directions for Use in Twenty Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) **4/6** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

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Allen Foster & Co

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

THE "ALFOSCO" COSTUMES AND MANTLES ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.

Buy Direct by Parcel Post from the Leading Firm of London Costumiers.

Design No. 94. 10/6

Design No. 94. 10s. 6d.

Design No. 94. Half a Guinea.

Design No. 94 is a truly marvellous creation. As a Costume it stands unrivalled in point of value, style, and appearance—acknowledged everywhere the **Best Half-Guinea Costume of the Season.** It is produced in the excellent **Venetian Cloth** or in the **Specialite Serge**—two grand cloths, unsurpassed for wear and durability. It is a **Velvet-trimmed** Costume, with bodice and sleeves lined. It has a pretty pleated front, and fits tight to the figure. The Skirt is cut full and is well made. Truly marvellous value, and only **10/6**, costume complete; carriage paid 6d. extra. The Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage 1s. extra.

Design No. 137. 5/6

DESIGN No. 137. 10s. 6d.

Design No. 97. Half a Guinea.

Design No. 97 is a smart and fashionable **Chesterfield** Coat and Skirt. It consists of a Tailor-made Single-breasted Coat, with velvet collar and full well-made Skirt. This smart Costume is made in the smooth-faced **Venetian Cloth** or in the famous **Specialite Serge** for **10/6**, costume complete; carriage paid 6d. extra. The Skirt alone can be had for **5/6**; carriage 6d. Colours in either cloth are Black, Navy, Electric, Blue Grey, Myrtle, Brown, Fawn, Bronze Green, Moss, Dark Grey, Purple. When ordering, please give measurement round bust (under arms), length of sleeve inside, size of waist, and length of Skirt in front.

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The Costume Skirt of the Season, and the latest design. Tailor-cut skirt, plenty of fulness with inverted pleats at back, laced up with cord at top in the latest fashion as shown in the sketch. Made in the two grand cloths, the **Specialite Serge** and the **Venetian Cloth.** Price only **5/6.** Carriage, 5d. extra.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Carriage Paid.

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If not satisfactory, Full Money returned.

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Royal Avenue, Belfast, and Larne.
Bankers—BELFAST BANKING Co., Ltd.

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Wholesale Agent for MANHU Flour in London & Suburbs,
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Southall's Patent Boots, without laces and without seams, are made only by us.

"Thor" brand of boots, superior lace boots and shoes, are made only by us.

Those men who seek a change from lace and button boots will find not only a change, but more comfort and satisfaction in Southall's Patent Boots than they have ever enjoyed before.

The inconvenience of laces breaking, and seams bursting, is entirely done away with.

Moreover trousers hang with more grace over Southall's Patent Boots than over lace or button boots; and leggings may be worn, there being no possibility of water running down into the boots.

Southall's Patent Boots are at once dressy and comfortable.

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Sample pair of "Thor" Boots, 14s. 6d.

Postage extra:
6d. British Isles.
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Write to-day for our new Catalogue and Self-measurement form.

Please mention this paper.

Southall & Co.,
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A GARMENT WORTH 10/9

which might have been saved had it simply been marked with

MATHER'S NIGRINE.

A Jet Black Marking Fluid, for marking Linen, Cotton, &c. **Will not injure the most delicate Fabric.** Every bottle guaranteed. **Of all Stationers, Chemists, and Stores, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Bottle.** Sample sent on receipt of 13 stamps.

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The Fine Art of the Toilet Simplified, and Beautiful Heads of Hair ensured by the use of

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The most completely satisfactory fastener yet invented. No knots to tie or untie. The hair can be securely fastened in a moment, and will remain firm and tidy until taken down. Ladies wearing Moore's "Ita" Hair Fastener do not undergo the uncomfortable experience of loose or straggly hair while Cycling, Golfing, Dancing, &c. Will not injure or break the hair, and consequently promotes and encourages growth.

CAUTION.—Substitutes, such as elastic, combs, wire, &c., may be offered you, but insist on an "**ITA**" Hair Fastener.

Of all best Drapers and Hairdressers, 6d. each, or sent direct on receipt of value in stamps.

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but if you get wet or catch cold, or cough, or have any trouble with your lungs or vocal organs, use Geraudel's Pastilles. Six dozen in a tube for **1/1½**. Of all Chemists.

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(WOODS' PATENT).

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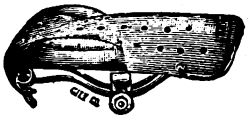

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SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!

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2d. per pair off 3 pairs at one order. *Post free in Great Britain, abroad extra. Single pairs or any quantity supplied.*

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Send 1d. for large Illustrated Catalogue with 100 Illustrations, nothing but Toys (Scientific and otherwise) and Games. Post Free.

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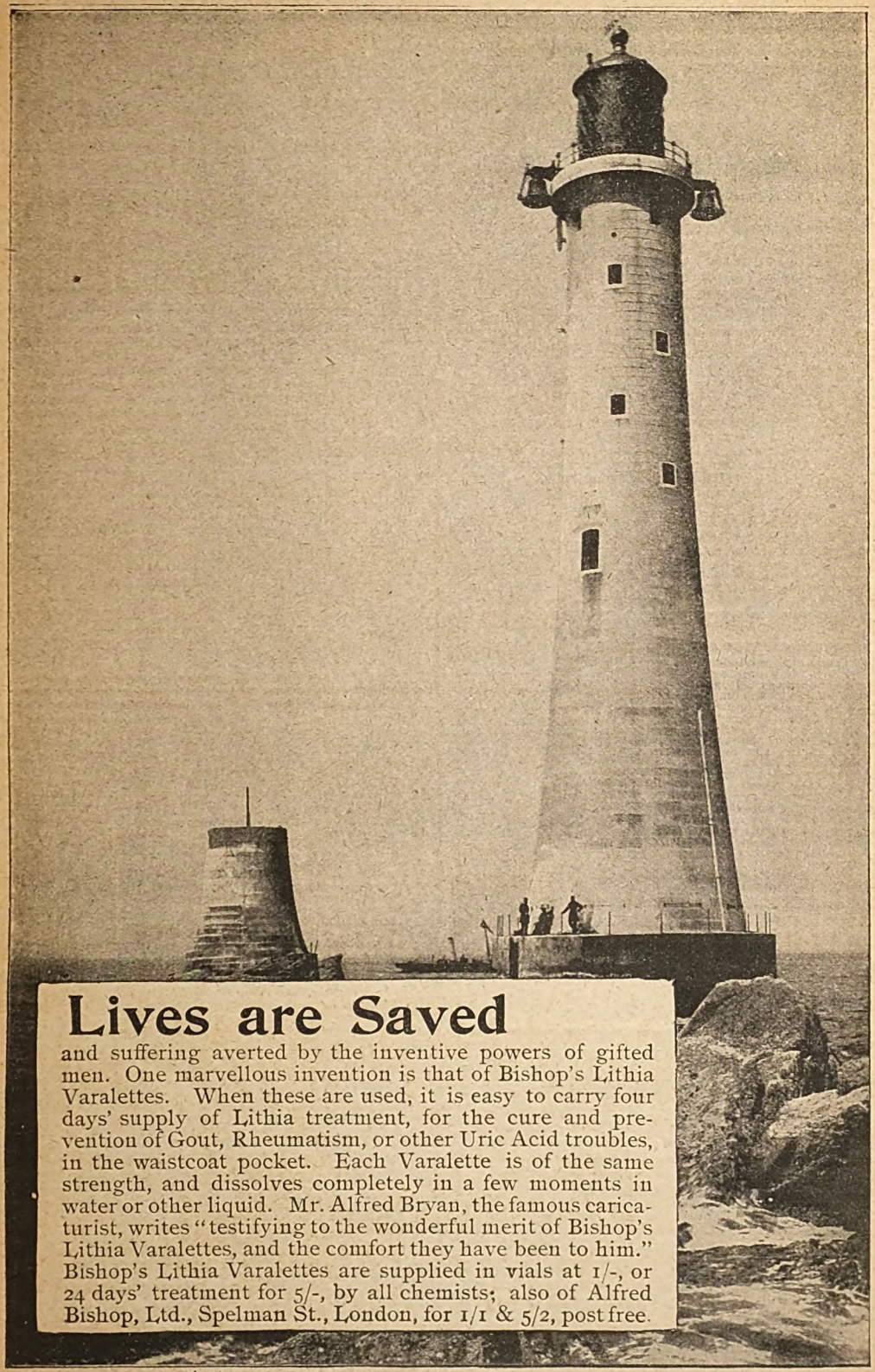

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and suffering averted by the inventive powers of gifted men. One marvellous invention is that of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes. When these are used, it is easy to carry four days' supply of Lithia treatment, for the cure and prevention of Gout, Rheumatism, or other Uric Acid troubles, in the waistcoat pocket. Each Varalette is of the same strength, and dissolves completely in a few moments in water or other liquid. Mr. Alfred Bryan, the famous caricaturist, writes "testifying to the wonderful merit of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes, and the comfort they have been to him." Bishop's Lithia Varalettes are supplied in vials at 1/-, or 24 days' treatment for 5/-, by all chemists; also of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Spelman St., London, for 1/1 & 5/2, post free.

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Shortness of Breath,

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SEVERE CASE OF CHRONIC BRONCHITIS CURED.

"Your cure has done wonders for me. I feel quite a new man. I do not have any of those drowsy and languid feelings, no bad taste in the morning, do not spit any phlegm, do not have any thumping of the heart as I used to, can enjoy my food, do not have any pain after eating, nor the drawing pains through the chest and shoulders, which always troubled me and caused me to stoop; also the tightness on the chest and the dreadful shortness of breath have gone; and I owe everything to your cure. My friends tell me I should have been a dead man before now if something had not been done for me.

"OWEN DEACON, Hurst."
(Full address on application.)

Mr. WEIDHAAS is prepared to pay

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to any Charitable Institution if the above are not genuine extracts from letters of patients. The original letters may be seen at his Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

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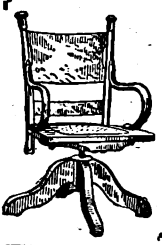
Made of the Best Woods and Materials in various styles; specially constructed to stand climatic changes; do not warp, swell or shrink. The Drawer Bottoms are panelled in, and thus dustproof: Drawers run easily. The Derby Desks are handsome, full of pigeon-holes and handy contrivances. The Roll-top locks all Drawers automatically when shut down, and there are general excellencies not to be found in similar makes of Desks. Made in sections; readily take to pieces; go through any Doorway; will not wear out. Prices as low as consistent with first-class work and material. From **£7** upwards. Indispensable in the Office. Invaluable in the study.



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A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

Famed Silver

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Price **15/-** *Post Free.*

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The "Monarch" Record Reduction Sale

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the **"Queen's Royal" Household**

Sale Price **2/-** **HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and consider d Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	...	4 11	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	16 6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	...	6 -	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	...	18 -
6 ft. by 9 ft.	...	7 6	12 ft. by 12 ft.	...	21/-
8 ft. by 9 ft.	...	9 -	9 ft. by 15 ft.	...	19 6
6 ft. by 12 ft.	...	10 6	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	22 -
9 ft. by 9 ft.	...	11 -	12 ft. by 15 ft.	...	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	...	13 6	12 ft. by 18 ft.	...	30 -
9 ft. by 12 ft.	...	15 -	12 ft. by 21 ft.	...	35/6

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Ramsden, Chorlbury, 4 3/98.

Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg.
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam.
Marquis of Breadalbane.
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Archbishop of York.
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Marchioness of Hastings.

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

HEARTHRUGS

Sale Price **5/6**

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the Royal Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down :—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ ft. by 7 ft.,	11 -	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft.,	38/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.,	18 -		11 ft. by 12 ft.,	47/-
7½ ft. by 9 ft.,	23/-		12 ft. by 13½ ft.,	59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.,	28 -		12 ft. by 16 ft.,	69/-
9 ft. by 10½ ft.,	33 -		12 ft. by 18 ft.,	77/-

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1,8** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2,-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2,3** per yard.

OUR EXQUISITELY TASTEFUL MANOLINE SQUARES (REGD.)

A most desirable Carpet, in Walnut, Brown, Art Shades, for Smoke Rooms, Kitchens and Clubrooms. These are manufactured of the finest yet strongest Twill Cord Matting, which in point of wear is perfectly irresistible and durable to a degree hitherto unexperienced in real household comforts in the way of furnishing. They have a pretty Greek Key Border and various other designs in Navy and Red; also just produced, our new Art Designs for the Spring trade. The only further addition to add is this—that to see them is to admire them.

6 ft. by 6 ft.	Sale Price 5 3	9 ft. by 9 ft.	Sale Price 12 4	12 ft. by 12 ft.	Sale Price 22/-
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	„ 6 9	9 ft. by 10½ ft.	„ 14 6	9 ft. by 15 ft.	„ 20/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.	„ 8 3	9 ft. by 12 ft.	„ 16 6	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	„ 24/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.	„ 10 4	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	„ 19 3	12 ft. by 15 ft.	„ 27/6

Our **MANOLINE HEARTHRUGS** can be had to match, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., at **2/9** each.

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," 1/599, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

(Regd.) We will send you an ECLIPSE CARPET, THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been a ready sold at double these prices. [*Cut this out.*]

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s.

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Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	2 11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	12/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		3 11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.		4 9	12 ft. by 12 ft.		12 9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		5 11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		14 6
9 ft. by 9 ft.		7/6	12 ft. by 15 ft.		15 9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		8 6	12 ft. by 18 ft.		19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.		9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.		22/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug Regd., to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

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DOSE AS A TONIC.—One wine-glassful before or with each meal. Children, half or quarter of a wine-glassful.
FOR SLEEPLESSNESS FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.—Place a wine-glassful at the bedside, and take a sip about every half hour until asleep, or take the whole at one dose, and repeat during the night if wakeful.
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Quickly remove this condition, bring back the ruddy glow and blush of health to the pale sickly-looking face, and transform a delicate girl into a strong well-developed woman.

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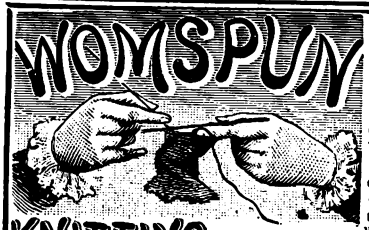

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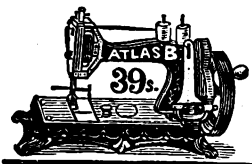

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Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/- each. Free Sample sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

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POPULAR PARCEL. DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. CARRIAGE PAID 21/-

Lot **125** contains 1 pair 4 yd. **Drawing-room Curtains,** Superb Lacey Design, about 2 yds. wide; 2 handsome pairs alike for **Dining-room,** Corded Real Lace, 3¼ yds. long, 60 in. wide; 1 pair 3 yd. Floral **Bedroom Curtains,** 50 in. wide; 1 Lace **Table Cover.**

GIVEN AWAY with each Parcel—**6 Lace Covers,** fringed for dressing-table, one 45 in. long, and five smaller.

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Where the System has run down, where the Energies are weak, the Spirits low, and Strength and Vigour are lacking; when Food fails to nourish, and Eating and Digestion are pains to be avoided, there and then it is that Guy's Tonic is seen at its best. It gives such immediate relief, it does such permanent good, and enables the System to re-acquire such Strength and Vigour—New Life, in fact—that those who take Guy's Tonic in their hour of need are, and always have been, its warmest friends.

"Stronger than Ever."

"Station Head, Lochgelly.

"I am writing to let you know that having "tried Guy's Tonic I find myself stronger than "ever. "E. RAMSEY."

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"6, Mill Row, Faversham.

"These last five months I have been unable to "do any work whatever, and for over three years "I have been wasting away with a horrible "Cough. After taking six doses of Guy's Tonic I "have been making rapid strides to recovery. I "can now walk about quite briskly, whereas "before it was a trouble for me to get downstairs."

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"After a bad turn of Influenza I know of "nothing on earth so suitable to build up the "wreckage, vitalise the System and give one "Nerve and force as Guy's Tonic. When I "received the Tonic I said to Mrs. Howard: "'Now this is Life itself, and if in future these "'enlarged bottles of Guy's Tonic are to be sold "'for 2s. 9d., the Public will find Guy's Tonic "'not only the Best but Cheapest.'"

Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle, is on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

6d. per dozen, and in **6d.** pkts., half-doz. **1/-**, **1/4**, **2/-** per doz. Special make for use after accouchement, **2/-** per doz. *Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, the Stores, and Chemists.* Or direct. Postage 3d. per packet extra. Samples free on application to the MANAGERESS, Hartmann's Depot, 26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

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Hygienic TOWELETTES.

INDISPENSABLE FOR TRAVELLING.

Home Use. Save Washing.

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Prevents and Cures

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by supplying the stomach with its natural Digestive Agent.

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LEWIS'S WONDERFUL VELVETEEN 2/- A YARD

In Dainty and Fashionable Tints

Can only be obtained direct from LEWIS'S in Market Street, **MANCHESTER,** who will forward a large Box of PATTERNS POST FREE on application. FAST PILE, FAST DYED, EVERY INCH GUARANTEED. *Weldon's Ladies' Journal* says: — "LEWIS'S Wonderful Velveteen is the Finest Imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever shown. Thoroughly durable."

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will Give a New Dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

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Ladies, have you seen the

The LADY'S PICTORIAL says : ☞

IROGANIL

IS SIMPLY BEWITCHING !"

EVERY LADY MUST HAVE A DRESS OF IT.

Lovely dark shades—Exquisite Summer

DRESS LENGTHS COMPLETE WITH FOUNDATION

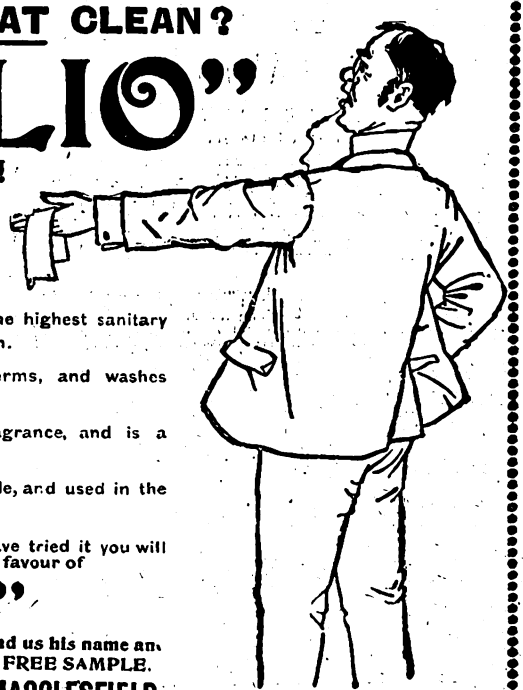
If your draper cannot show you Iroganil Clystre, a request addressed to the Manufacturers of

MY DEAR MADAM!!
DO YOU CALL THAT CLEAN?

Why don't you use **"VOLIO"**

The Sani'ary Washer! The Perfect Cleanser!

Clothes washed with "VOLIO" are **spotlessly clean,** and of delightful freshness and fragrance.



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Lathers freely, diffuses a delightful fragrance, and is a reliable disinfectant. Pleasant in use.

In the sick room it is especially invaluable, and used in the bath it is highly invigorating.

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"The MAGICAL Effect of

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The QUEEN says: "Capital appearance . . . Singularly Inexpensive."

Colours—Suitable for all occasions.

11/9 UPWARDS, FROM ALL IMPORTANT DRAPERS.

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A New Occupation and AMUSEMENT.
HARBUTT'S MARVELLOUS MODELLING MATERIAL.

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ALWAYS CLEAN AND PLASTIC WITHOUT WATER.
Perfect DELIGHT of Children.
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Hundreds of Testimonials.

Artistic, Constructive, Inventive, and Most Fascinating.

A Packet Post Free **1/3**; *or, with Boxwood Modelling Tool,* **1/7**.
"The Complete Modeller," a box fitted with Plasticine, in four colours full instructions and all requisites. **2/10** post free.
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Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the

Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Benger's Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, & THE AGED.

Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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"Scotland,
"25th Sept., 1896.

"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.

"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER."

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Very Strong Iron Bedstead, with Double Steel Woven Wire Mattress combined; fitted complete with Wool Mattress, Bolster, and Feather Pillows; 6 ft. 6 in. long.

3 ft. wide, **£1 1 0** 3 ft. 6 in. wide, **£1 5 6**
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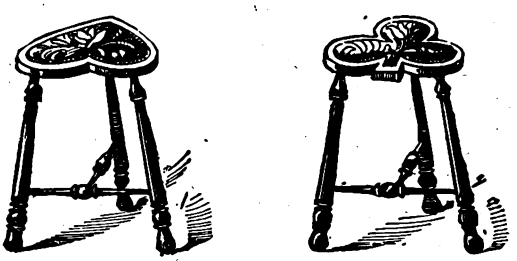

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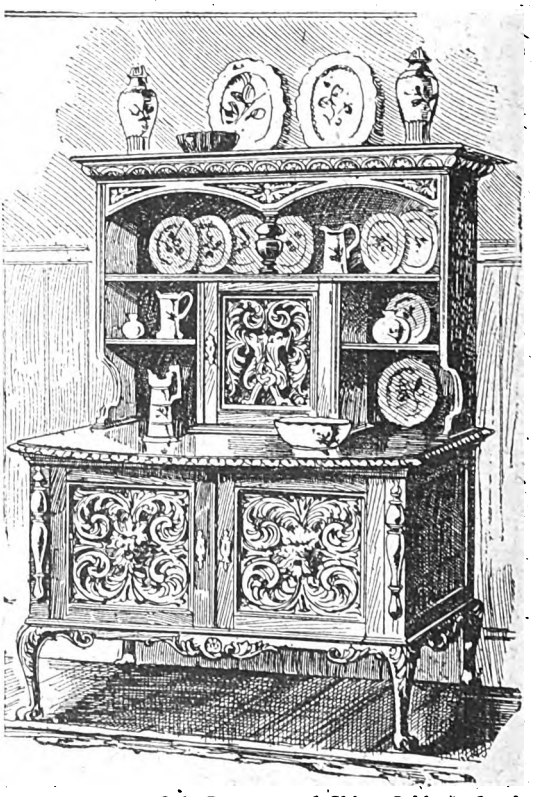
Very Handsome Carved Antique Oak Bureau, fitted with one long and three short drawers and cupboard, the flap, when open, forming a writing slab, and interior fitted with small drawers and pigeon-holes for stationery, 3 ft. wide, **£4 10 0**



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Neither **OLD METHODS** nor **NEW IMITATIONS** can stand against what is fast becoming a **Favourite Beverage with all Classes.**

MASON'S ESSENCE of COFFEE and Chicory.

Unrivalled for

STRENGTH and PURITY.

An agreeable, stimulating, and sustaining beverage. Instantly prepared and most economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical profession. Of all grocers and stores, or a sample bottle post free for **9** stamps.

Also try Mason's Wine Essences and Mason's Extract of Herbs. Sample bottle of either, sent free, for **9d.**; Two, assorted, **1/3**; Three, assorted, **1/8**. *Agents Wanted.*

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

If you would have the **BEST** you must have **MASON'S!**

PATENT

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Our Saddles are the careful production of practical experiments resulting from experience in hard and long distance riding. The fittings are of the finest quality Steel covered with Leather. Made in Light, Medium and Heavy Roadsters and Racing Patterns.

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We guarantee Saddles and Bags for Two Years.

Retailed at all Cycle Depots, and fitted to machines, if so specified, without extra cost.

MADE IN SUPERIOR QUALITY ONLY.

Martin-Silent Pump Carriers, 6d. pair. Cannot possibly scratch the enamel.

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NO TROUBLE!

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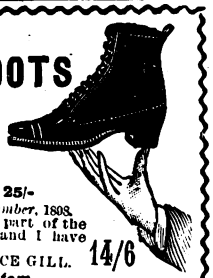

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The boots supplied in the early part of the year have worn excellently well and I have certainly never had better value.
E. MAURICE GILL. **14/6**

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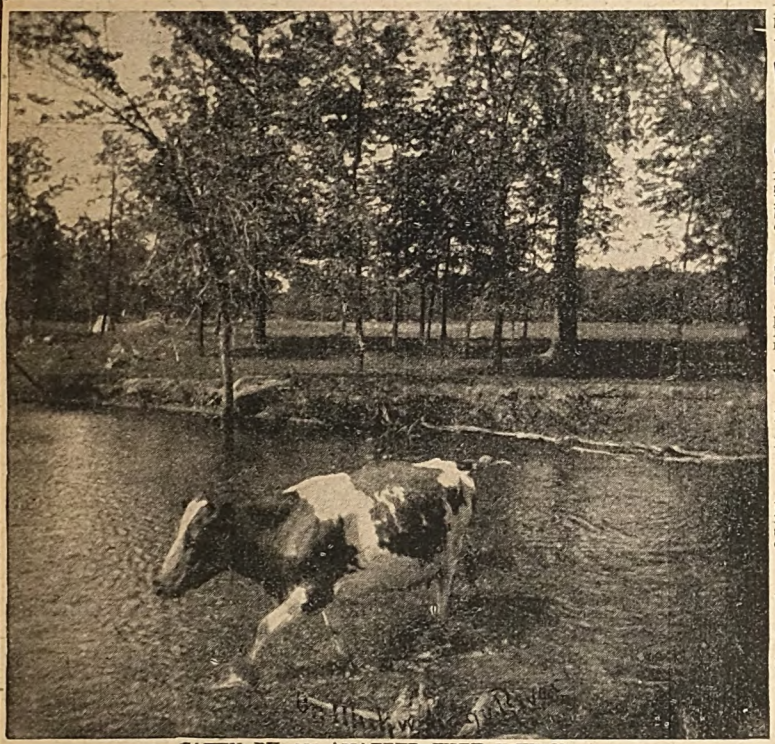

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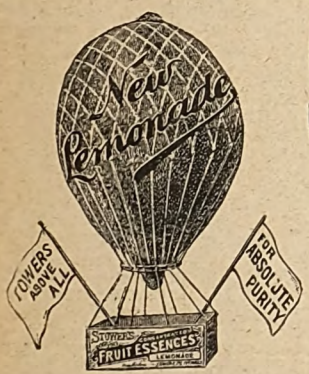

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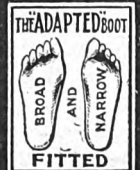

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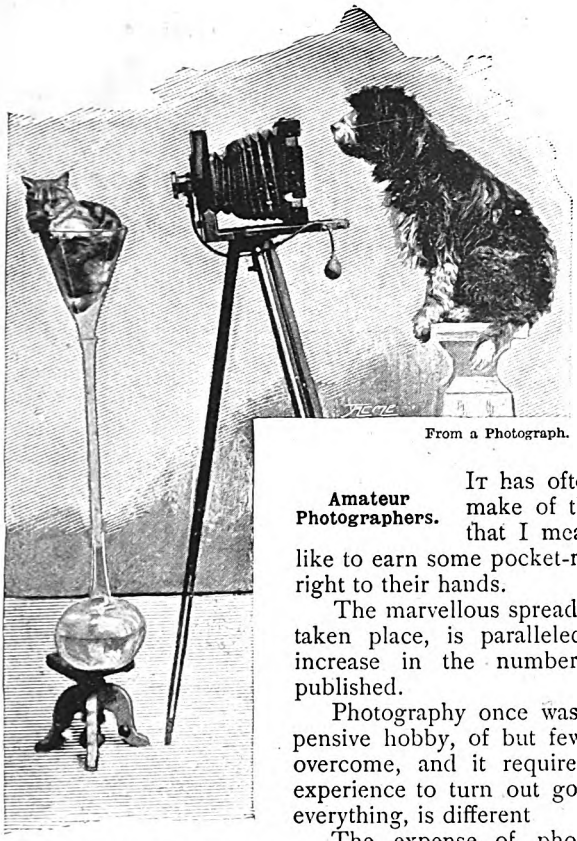

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The marvellous spread of photography, which has of late years taken place, is paralleled curiously enough by the wonderful increase in the number of illustrated magazines which are published.

Photography once was the hobby, and a comparatively expensive hobby, of but few. All manner of difficulties had to be overcome, and it required considerable skill and considerable experience to turn out good work. Now everything, or almost everything, is different

The expense of photography can be reduced to a very low point. Cameras capable of producing excellent pictures can be bought for a matter almost of shillings. The plates or the films—as the type of an individual camera may chance to be—are extraordinarily cheap.

Difficulties, too, have melted. "Press the button and we will do the rest," a certain firm delights to advertise. In a sense their boast is accurate. Press the button or touch a spring at the right moment and at the right subject, and in due course a wonderfully good photograph can be exhibited by you as your very own.

The photographer—and, of course, I am directing my remarks entirely to amateurs—who takes a real and true interest in his hobby, will not be content merely to press a button and allow a company to do the rest. The difficulties of the dark room only exist for him to overcome. They are the essence of his pleasure. The photograph he exhibits is his in every sense, for he has exposed the plate or film, has developed it, has printed the picture, and has toned and fixed it. Every phase in the series of processes may call for the exercise of his skill, and an expert at a glance can gauge that skill.

The aim of such photographers is, as a rule, to turn out a photograph which is a picture which has in the choice of subject, the treatment of the subject, and in its composition and lighting all the essentials of an excellent painting.

Far be it from me to decry such endeavour. It should be the chief aim of any one and every one who possesses a camera. Only—and herein I lay aside all question of art in favour of utility—there is quite another class of work to which an amateur may, with considerable profit to himself, pay a little attention.

Magazines and the Camera.

The fact of the matter is that the advent of the illustrated magazine has furnished the amateur photographer with a splendid market for his triumphs.

Yet, as I have already remarked, how few people really recognise this, or if they do recognise it, how woefully few take the trouble to consider what

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class of photography magazine editors chiefly require.

I can speak with some authority on this, for I have had the opportunity of seeing a good deal of photography and of this magazine—and others for that matter—from behind "the Editor's chair." I know the class of photographs he gets, and I know what he wants. Alas, I know how different the two are.

The magazine editor sets no limit on the excellence of the photographs he gets. The better they are the better he is pleased. But photographs which are beautiful examples, whether of landscape or of life studies, have for him their limits of utility. They serve to illustrate my particular pages and form a section in this magazine, which I believe is distinctly popular. They serve a like purpose on some other magazines, although photographs of celebrities or of famous pictures are preferred by many editors.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor!

Now, there is another class of photograph that magazine editors are ever on the look out for, which will bring the fortunate photographer a more ample remuneration than any life study.

Illustrated Articles.

MAGAZINES are overwhelmed with fiction—good, bad, and indifferent. They are bombarded, too, with ideas—all sorts and conditions of ideas—for articles, the majority of which are impossible, either because of their lack of interest or originality, or because of the difficulty of illustrating them. What editors want and what they have endless trouble in getting is a series of photographs illustrating in themselves a subject suitable for an article.

I am almost tempted to say that the article is of secondary importance. Really and truly it is. Given a set of photographs an editor will know half a dozen competent authorities who can write him an article on the subject of the photographs. But given the article he may find immense difficulty in obtaining the photographs.

Here then is surely a splendid field. Works of art in the sense of excellent composition and so on are not asked for. All that is wanted is that each photograph of the series should be sharp and distinct, so that it can be easily reproduced in print.

Half developed, under exposed, partially fogged negatives are utterly useless; and in this respect the editor demands the exercise of some skill on the part of the photographer. They must be clear and plain, with as sharp contrasts of light and shade as possible.

The usual Proceeding.

THE one great point, apart from the photographs being properly taken, is that they should form a complete and interesting series.

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Photo by Photochrome Co.

The Village Stepping Stones.

Let me explain myself. Armed with an excellent hand camera a traveller reaches—where shall I say?—Ceylon, for the sake of argument. Generally he—or it may be a lady—goes over the usual tourist tracks, and takes a number of pictures, the subject of everyone of which is to be found at the principal photograph shops. There are small groups of natives doing nothing in particular. One or two pictures are of huts. The vegetation and the graceful foliage comprise a few more efforts. A temple or two, and a catamaran, and, of course, the steamer he is travelling by, finish up the batch of films the tourist has—wasted.

It amounts to this, from the point of view of trying subsequently to dispose of them. No editor wants them. They illustrate nothing in particular so far as the habits of the natives are concerned, and the general public have a most limited relish for views merely of scenery, or huts, or temples.

They may serve excellently to refresh the traveller's mind and recall the various spots he has visited. Here and there there may be an interesting or curious picture. But viewed as a whole the collection is nothing more than a quantity of disconnected snapshots.

If he is a rich man, our photographic traveller will have the set handsomely framed. Under such circumstances they may be ornamental, but there is only a remote probability of their being useful.

I know the sort of pictures they are. You see one of some peculiar custom and perhaps another, and, just when you are interested and would like to see more on the same subject, it is changed to a bullock waggon or banana tree that might be anything or anywhere.

The Proper Method.

The more wary traveller who wishes to reap some substantial pecuniary benefit from the camera he carries, sets about his work in a very different style.

He makes his pictures tell connected and interesting narratives in sets or series, say, of six in number.

He is aware of a curious custom, or he observes one, and he proceeds to photograph that one custom in its different stages. It may result in a set of pictures which illustrate articles that would be entitled "How the Sinhalese bury their Dead," or "A Native Wedding in Ceylon," or "How the Sinhalese Cook their Food."

I am only hazarding subjects haphazard, in order to make myself understood, and it does not follow that the articles I have instanced would be of any interest to anybody. They are merely given as examples.

They illustrate what I mean, for a very little reflection on the part of any one who

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

"IN A CONTEMPLATIVE FASHION."

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reads any of the illustrated magazines must convince him of the wisdom of what I am suggesting.

What it amounts to is "Don't generalise." It is a bad practice at any time. It is a bad practice with a camera.

Of course I may be treading on the toes of those who have no other thought for their cameras but love of photography. As I have said, I am not addressing them. But if you want to earn something, and something substantial too, set about the affair after the manner of our imaginary traveller in Ceylon.

Now let it be thoroughly understood that what applies to our touring friend applies equally well at home in England.

There are any quantity of subjects upon which articles can be, will be, and probably are being written, with illustrations taken from photographs. A glance at the various magazines will demonstrate this.

The success of the photographer lies, of course, in so selecting the subject of each photograph that it is interesting and, moreover, helps the reader to appreciate the text of the article. The idea for the article in the first place is quite another matter. That may come as a flash of genius, or an inspiration; or it may be suggested by some individual or some incident. I am only discussing the cooking of the hare after it has been caught.

Finally there is one other little wrinkle I am willing to give any enterprising possessor of a camera. No editor will accept a "faked" photograph—that is to say one which simply makes the camera lie. If a picture purports to represent a specific incident, such as a snapshot of the Queen in her private grounds, whilst in reality it is not the Queen, then a distinct fraud is being perpetrated on the public.

If, however, a photographer wishes to illustrate a peculiar custom, for instance, and finds it impossible to get proper photographs during the actual ceremony, it is quite open to him afterwards to arrange special sittings as it were. What he wants are pictures which illustrate the peculiarity of the custom, and his getting the actual people to go through the performance for the purpose of being photographed is perfectly legitimate, and indeed is often the only way in which the article could be illustrated photographically.

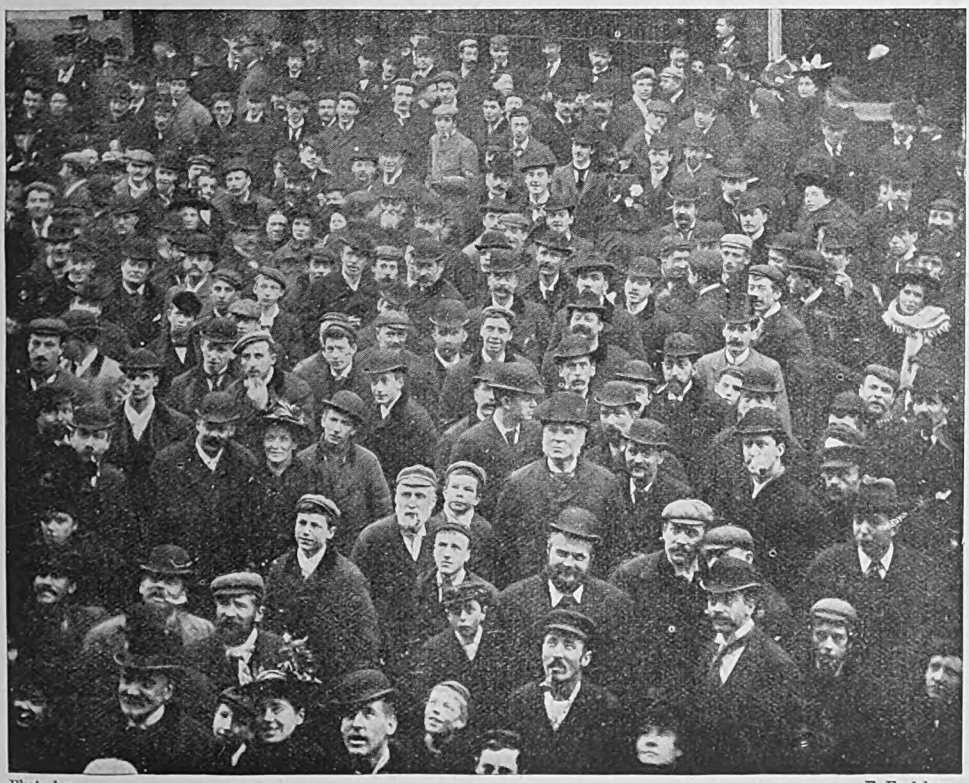

Photo by F. Foulsham.

Some of the Masses.

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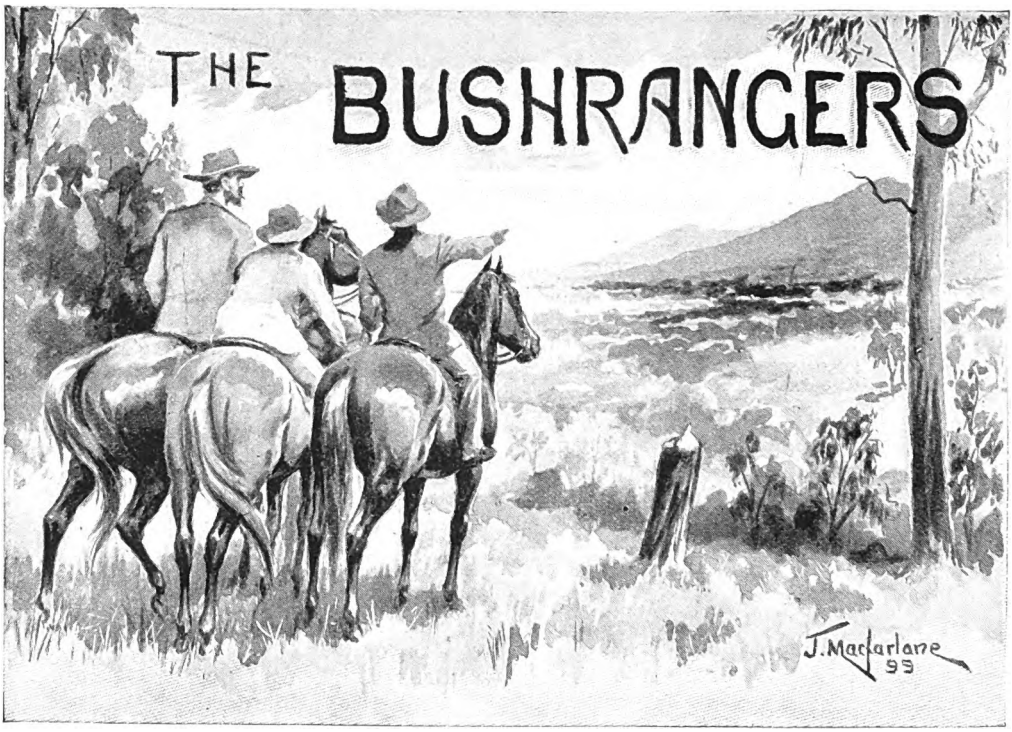

By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

No. I.—THE ESCAPE.

One sweltering summer day in far Tasmania, nearly fifty years ago, two assigned convicts trudged slowly at the tail of a mob of cattle as it descended from the edge of a long spur down towards a creek where a midday halt might be made. The elder of the two men was still comparatively young. His height, his breadth of shoulder, his whole carriage stamped him at a glance as of immense physical strength. Despite his tanned skin and rugged appearance, he was distinctly a handsome man with that peculiar and indescribable something, which even under such debasing circumstances suggested that he had once been a gentleman. Curiously enough, the same might have been noticed of his yet younger companion.

It matters little enough what brought these two within reach of the law and led to the horror of transportation. It would only serve to bring two good old English names face to face with sad remembrances. Rather let their stories lie in the darkness of what is past—nearly fifty years past. Suffice that in the case of the younger man some act of indiscretion, some mad impulse of fierce temptation, had set the iron wheels of fate grinding, until "Edward O'Dare," the gay, generous, laughter-loving, young Irish doctor, found himself a convicted felon awaiting the transport that would take him to the uttermost ends of the earth.

What happened to him had happened to the other—Jack Garnet they called him—with the difference that sentence of the latter was the more severe. The exigencies of circumstances had drawn the two men to a gradual friendship. For awhile in the floating hell that had brought them over to the colony and again in the seething horrors of Port Arthur, they had avoided each other. They were both "gentlemen convicts," and some remnant of pride stiffened each to a fierce prejudice, until it was generally concluded that they hated each other. Perhaps it was this fact that led to their eventually finding themselves assigned servants of Colonel Rice. The result was contrary to official expectation, for away on the lonely back

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boundaries of the run they had come to know and to care for each other.

Stumbling and striding slowly on, the two men passed down the hillside to the creek. At length they reached a clump of bush, and, leaving the cattle to open out on to the flat and wander along the bank, they proceeded to light a fire and boil a billy.

Their repast was scanty in the extreme, and presently they were sitting enjoying the one intense consolation of their condition, a smoke.

Suddenly Garnet started forward and peered into the bush.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

Both men leaped to their feet, keenly alert, and on their quick ears came the crashing and breaking of twigs. Another moment, and a man stepped from the bush and stood by them.

Of medium height, haggard and weather-beaten, he was quickly recognised by the convicts. An exclamation of astonishment broke from each of them, at which the new-comer, generally known as Wingy Nolans, smiled. Then he coolly sat himself down on a log by the still smoking embers.

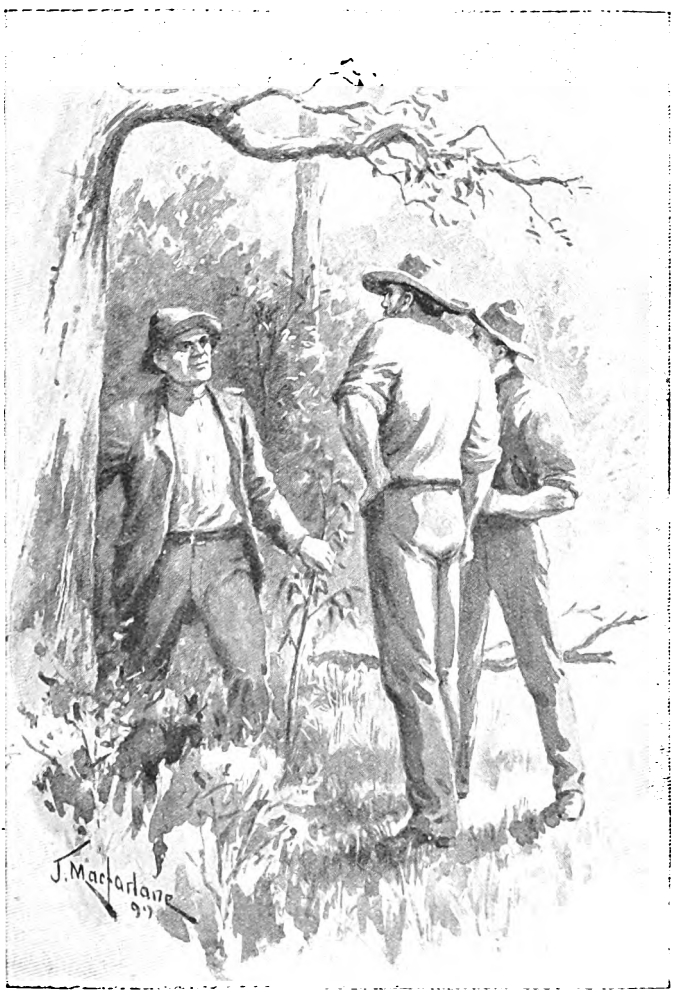
"A bit knocked, eh? A bit surprised like to see me, eh? In course yer are; just as they," jerking his left thumb over his shoulder, "were to lose sight o' me."

"But how on earth did you get out here?" asked O'Dare.

"Circumwenting. I'm circumwenting. Under or'nary circumstances I'd 'a walked 'till I saw a 'orse, then I'd 'a rode. But breaking away ain't or'nary circumstances, and I 'ad to circumwent. Any tucker left, mates?"

"A little, precious little, though, I'm afraid. There's some tea in the billy and a bit of breadstuff in the bundle there."

"I'm 'ungry. I ain't dined since yester' morning. Yer see I'm keepin' out of the way till I get a chawnce o' settlin' down," vouchsafed the man by way of explanation, as he munched at the lump of dry damper he had extracted from the bundle. Yer see, it's this way. I 'appened to get the chawnce o' loosening them little orniments I 'ad danglin' about my tootsies, and of slippin' 'em at the edge of the bush by the new road we was a-makin' and a-'ammerin' at when I tuk my suddin farewell. And I didn't weep nothink to mention of neither. I suttingly did stop to larf, I couldn't 'elp it. Old Beconlight, you mind 'im with the red 'air, 'ad guard over by my corner. I'd been edgin' a bit of a way art, and he walks acrost and sez, sez 'e 'What are you a-doin' art there, you lazy, loiterin' 'ound?' 'Stow it,' sez I. 'What!'



Another moment, and a man stepped from the bush and stood by them.

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sez he. 'I'll—I'll——' 'Stow it,' sez I agin. 'Insubordination!' sez 'e, with 'is breath fair took away, and 'e 'andles 'is gun. But 'e wern't quick enough, not by chalks, for I let's drive at 'im and over 'e goes, and off goes the chains, and then off goes I. 'E 'upped wiv 'is gun and the bullet 'it the iron-wood and the chips dusted me; but chips don't 'urt, and I made westwards, 'till I struck over by Buller's Gap, beyond Craddock's, where I borrowed a suit, without asking, and 'ere I am."

"But they're after you?" exclaimed O'Dare.

Nolans laughed.

"Sure enough. 'Arf a dozen or 'arf a 'und redweight on 'em. But they ain't got me, and they ain't agoin' to neither — not livin'."

"They'd prefer you living, but dead 'll satisfy them," said Garnet slowly.

"Like enough, but they ain't done one nor 'tother yet. Oh! I ain't such a mug as to 'ave no object in circumwentin' 'ereabouts. Maybe they'll lay 'ands on me, maybe they won't; but I'll lead them a dance fust. I'm 'turnin' out,' and I'll be even with 'em for them floggins I've 'ad. Say, mate," he added, looking at Garnet, "will yer join me? You've got a 'ead on yer. I knows me way abart this 'ere country, or for that matter, acrost in Victoria either, but I ain't a commandier. We'll get 'orses and shootin' irons and amminition, and, with you for boss, we'll make a lively time. Say, mate, will yer?"

"No! no!" exclaimed O'Dare.

"I wern't a-askin' you," answered Nolans quickly, "I knows you. You've got yer ticket waitin' yer. But 'e 'asn't, 'ave yer, mate? Let 'im answer for 'imself," he added, as O'Dare jumped to his feet and moved towards his friend.

Resting his chin on his hands, Garnet sat silent and undecided.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake don't, Jack," whispered O'Dare, It's——"

"S-sist," came a sharp exclamation from Nolans, "mind yerself!" and like a flash of lightning he disappeared into the scrub.

For an instant the two men looked in astonishment towards the direction he had taken. A noise fell on their ears, and they glanced quickly across the little flat along the creek. A party of five horsemen were slowly approaching.

Like a flash he disappeared into the scrub.

"Police," murmured O'Dare, and with an iron grip came the foreboding of impending evil. An hour ago, and neither he nor his comrade need have feared—though they might have wondered at—the approach of armed police. Now they had brought themselves within the meshes of the law. They had not only seen and spoken with an escaped convict, but they had actually given him food and allowed him to depart without an effort to detain him. Their one hope of salvation lay in the possibility of the police having failed to catch sight of their man.

"Hullo there!" said the sergeant in charge, "stand out you two. Have you seen anyone about these parts to-day?"

There was an instant's silence, as though neither man was sure whether he was the one of whom the question was asked.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed the sergeant, a heavy, red-bearded individual. "You

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there," he continued, addressing O'Dare, "have you seen anyone about here to-day?"

"No, Sir," answered O'Dare.

"Umph," muttered the sergeant, obviously by no means satisfied, "and you?"

"I've seen no one except my mate," answered Garnet.

For a moment the sergeant made no reply.

"You're assigned servants, both of you, eh?"

"Yes, sir, assigned to Colonel Rice, of Glencoon," replied Garnet.

"Well, you're lying both of you. You've seen the man, and you're aiding and abetting him. D'ye hear? Once again, which way has he gone? You there, which way has he gone?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen anyone; therefore, I don't know," answered O'Dare.

"There's been more than two of you here, I'll swear," said the sergeant, dismounting, and poking about the edge of the fire. "Have a look round this bit of scrub some of you men," he continued.

Suddenly, on the grass near the log where Nolans had sat, Garnet saw a silver-mounted pipe, evidently stolen by Nolans with the clothes he was wearing. In his haste to escape, the hunted convict had dropped it. Would the sergeant see it? If not, there was a chance of their being left unmolested, whilst if he did, nothing could save them from the chain gangs and a flogging.

Poking and shuffling with his feet, the police officer was examining for some trace of the third person, whose sudden absence he suspected. Nearer and nearer he drew to the fatal clue, and, with a tightening at his throat, Garnet saw the spurred heel crush the grass within an inch of it. Surely the sergeant saw it. He was looking directly at it and yet——. He moved on a pace or two, and, as he turned his back to the tell-tale object, Garnet took a deep breath of relief.

"You hounds!" suddenly exclaimed the sergeant, losing his temper. "You've seen the man, and you won't say. Well, a few strokes of the cat may loosen your tongues, my fine fellows, and it won't save him. Once again. Which way did he take?"

Neither Garnet nor O'Dare replied, and the question was repeated with a harsh oath.

"I've seen no one," said Garnet.

"Nor I," replied his companion.

Something in O'Dare's tone still further incensed the angry policeman.

"You haven't, eh? Well, you can just come in with me to Oatlands. Here, you Davies, lash their wrists together, and—ah! would you?" he added, as O'Dare, giving way for the instant to the fatal impulse of resistance, snatched his wrist from the policeman's grip.

"No, no," he cried out piteously. "Oh, God above, help me!" he murmured.

In a few short moments he, who had been counting the hours to his freedom, had sealed his doom. Apart from the suspicion of having aided an escaped convict, he had been guilty of the almost equally heinous crime of resistance.

The sergeant appreciated it.

"Resisting, eh?" he exclaimed, bringing down his heavy riding whip with a slash across O'Dare's face and shoulders.

Garnet, incensed at the cowardly blow, stepped forward.

"You brute!" he exclaimed, as he struck the sergeant heavily under the jaw. The man reeled backwards and, tripping, fell with a crash. Like lightning, O'Dare turned on the constable who held him, and wrenched himself free. Before he could move, however, the policeman had closed with his opponent, and the two were locked in a hand to hand combat. Garnet, leaping to his friend's side, struck at the constable, only in his own turn to be set upon by the other two men. Strong as he was, a blow from behind dazed him, and in another moment, the two unfortunates were on the ground, their arms pinioned to their sides, their shirts torn, their faces grimed with sweat and blood.

The sergeant had meanwhile scrambled to his feet, and, in doing so, had caught sight of Nolan's pipe. With a cry he pounced upon it.

"Ah! what did I tell you! There's your pipe, and there's yours. What about this one, eh? He's been here, and you've aided and abetted him to escape when you might have seized him. Oh! my precious pair, my beauties, my gentlemen! I wouldn't have your hides on me this time to-morrow! Come along; up you get, up, up," he repeated, kicking at the wretched men. "I'll have you safely locked up by sundown!"

He was as good as his word, and that evening they were thrust into the small wooden cabin that played the part of jail at Oatlands. Early the following morning they were brought before the magistrate, and with sundry damning additions of his own the sergeant recounted the incidents of the previous day. His charge was ample, and on each count of it the two convicts were found

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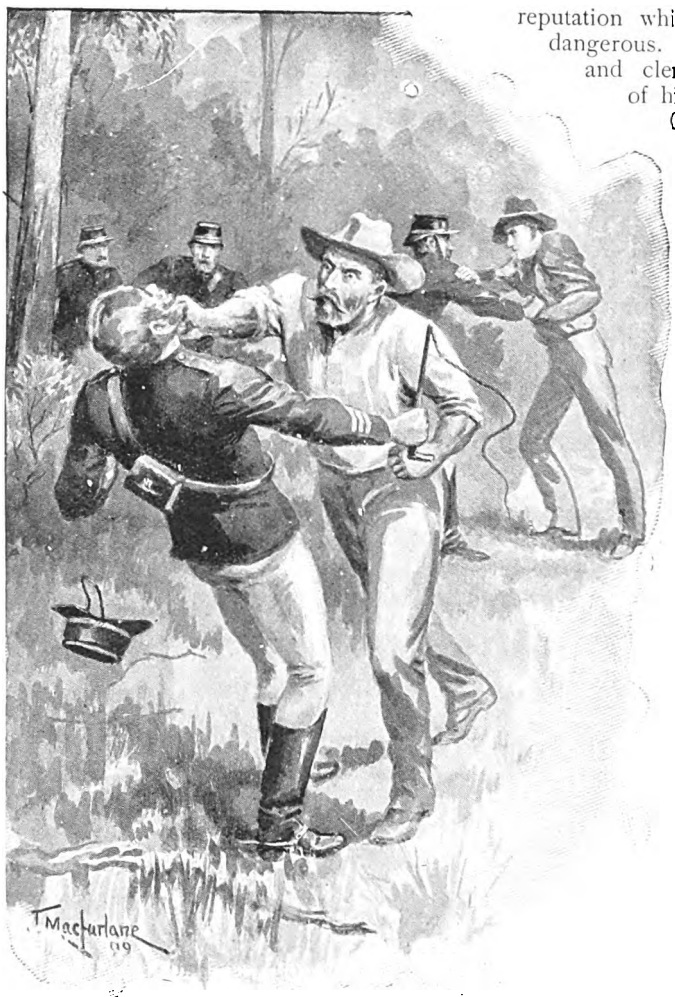

He struck the Sergeant heavily under the jaw.

guilty. For resisting the police they were ordered to receive fifty lashes each, and were sentenced to twelve months in the chain gangs, whilst for aiding and abetting an escaped convict, they were put down for trial with the probability of a further sentence of seven years' transportation to the penal settlement of Botany Bay.

Garnet heard his sentence with indifference, but the effect on O'Dare was more terrible. It meant so much to him. The impending horrors of the lash were for the moment lost in the realisation that his chance of liberty was destroyed. The long stretch of terror and torment through which he had passed was to be repeated; and not merely that, but repeated with the burden of an evil reputation which would mark him down as dangerous. He drew in a hard breath and clenched his teeth in the agony of his despair.

Garnet's voice first aroused him.

"Never mind, old man, see it through, it'll come right, though God help you during the next hour."

Rough hands were laid on the prisoners, and immediate preparations were completed to carry into effect the flogging which had been ordered. By the back of the prison yard were some tall slender gum trees, and to them the two prisoners were marched.

"Take off your shirts," was the order and each, fully aware of the futility of resistance, obeyed.

Take the tall one first," said the officer in charge, and Garnet was led forward. He was placed with his face to the trunk, and his arms drawn round it and lashed, whilst ropes were passed round his ankles, and round the bottom of the tree.

The flagellator (to give him his official designation) ran his fingers down the tails of the cat and measured his distance. There was a pause, a grim horrible silence. Presently, from the officer in command, came the order.

"One!"

With a singing, swishing sound the tails hummed through the air, and fell with a thud on the broad brown back and shoulders. As they dropped away long livid wheals streaked the skin, and the tender flesh quivered and shook. Yet not a sound came from the convict's lips.

"Two!"

Once again the leather thongs flayed the man's back; and here and there, where the new wounds and the old ones crossed, there leapt forth beads of scarlet blood that quickly oozed into tiny running streams.

Yet not even to a murmur did the man give utterance.

Time after time the order was repeated, and quickly the torn and lacerated flesh heaved

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and swoln into a palpitating bleeding mass. Gradually, at each cut, the silence of the man was broken with gasps and quivering sighs, until presently, in spite of his pride and passion, he shrieked with agony at each lash. His cries grew into words of horrible reviling and bitter cursing. They came at each lash with a wild shriek. They moaned out to a sigh that ended in another shriek, as a fresh cut was administered.

Strong and determined as he was, Garnet was senseless before the fifty strokes had been completed.

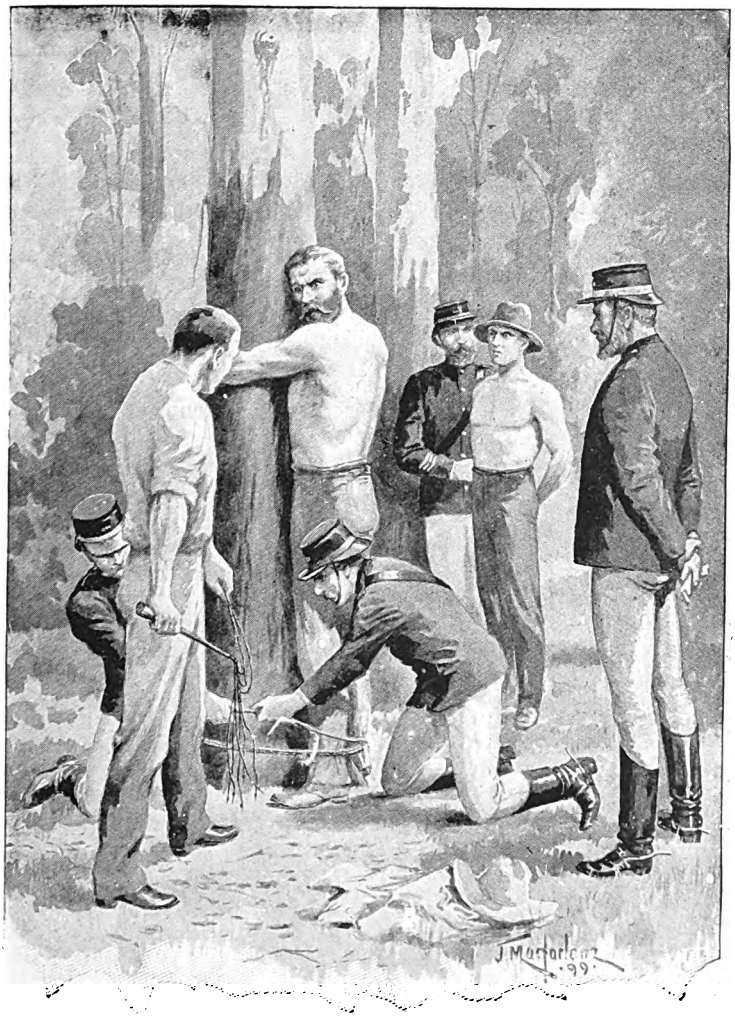
O'Dare's time came close upon the completion of Garnet's sentence. Breathing space was allowed the flagellator, who, however, was fully capable of delivering a second fifty with all the untiring energy of his first. The last ten or twelve strokes of O'Dare's punishment were lost on the young fellow, save for their effect in still further lacerating the mangled flesh. He was senseless, and for fully an hour after they had cut him down, he remained so. At length, bleeding and helpless, the two unfortunates were placed once more in their sultry, comfortless cell.

Some four or five days passed before their journey to Port Arthur was commenced. Meanwhile, Nolans remained uncaptured, although more than once he had given evidence of having joined the list of armed bushrangers, who infested the colony. It was not considered necessary, however, to wait for his recapture, and early one morning Garnet and O'Dare were ordered to climb into a light spring cart for transportation to Port Arthur.

Both prisoners, still stiff and sore from the flogging, were handcuffed and heavily ironed. On the seat of the cart sat the driver, a constable well-armed, whilst a mounted policeman rode close behind.

Over beyond the ford across the Gordon River the road took a sharp turn and rose steeply. To the left lay Mount Mercer, whilst to the right the scrub and undergrowth was particularly thick. It was a deceptive sort of place, for, in reality, beyond the crest there was open country for miles and miles, stretching westward away back beyond Jane's Peak towards Table Mountain and Weasel Plain.

Half-way up the hill, the mare in the cart



He was placed with his face to the trunk whilst ropes were passed round his ankles.

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fell into a walk. The mounted constable, with his reins thrown over his left arm, was busy lighting his pipe, and, having accomplished it, was replacing his bottle of matches into his pocket.

Suddenly, out from the bush abreast of the cart, came a puff of smoke and the sharp report of a gun. With a hoarse cry, the mounted constable threw up his arms and lurched slowly forward; then, with a sickening thud, he fell backwards to the ground. His horse, startled by the noise and frightened at the fall of its rider, plunged forward. In an instant it broke into a terrified gallop, and with the wretched man's foot jammed in the stirrup iron, flashed past the cart, dragging the corpse along the rough, dusty road.

Meanwhile, the driver at the sound of the gun turned. He saw his mate's fall, and thereupon, bending forward, he lashed at the horse with the intention of not only saving his life, but also preventing any escape on the part of the prisoners.

Both of them had started from the bottom of the cart as the shot was fired, but, quickly as thought, Garnet laid his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

"Down, down; for Heaven's sake keep low!" he whispered hurriedly.

As he spoke, there came the quick, whip-like crack of a second report. A swift humming echoed above their heads, and with a thud a bullet struck the constable. The man swayed, and, as the cart jolted over a stone, rolled to the ground, clutching and digging at the hard road with his finger nails.

Fortunately for the two prisoners, the reins were entangled in the dying man's hand, and the horse was brought to a sharp standstill. Garnet and his companion raised themselves from where they had been crouching, and saw a figure, carrying a gun, leap from the scrub into the road, and come running towards the cart.

It was Nolans—that they both saw at a glance. As he came up to the fallen constable, he bent over him and turned him on to his back.

"'E won't trouble no one no more, nor go 'untin' men as though they were beasts," exclaimed the runaway convict. "Yer thought it was all over with yer, eh?" he added, as he came up to the cart, "Yer didn't count on Wingy Nolans, eh? Well, yer see, I ain't forgot that yer stud by me that day. Oh! I ain't forgot, and I ain't the sort of a cove as is likely to, neither."

"'Ere yer are Cap'n, 'ere's a file for yer to get rid o'them appandiges, and I'll have a go on these," he added, turning to O'Dare.

For a brief space there was a silence, broken only by the quick, harsh grating of the files, as they ate into the rivets which secured the chains to the men's ankles.

"Yer see, said Wingy, presently, "it's this way. I couldn't 'elp yer afore the floggin', I 'adn't 'arf a chawnce, but I managed to arrange for some shootin' appliances and I've got some 'orses beyond the rise. I reckon it'll take a smarter man than they've got in these parts to lay 'ands on us yet awhile. Say Cap'n, there ain't much choice now, eh? I've 'turned out' and I'm getting things fixed up in the way o' bush telegraphs and tucker. But it wants a boss, and if you'll be boss, Cap'n, why I'll go where you goes, and stick close to yer, s'elp me."

"Do you mean that?" said Garnet, wrenching the last rivet out of the ankle band.

"Aye!"

"Then I'll play the game, Wingy; I'll play it for all it's worth. I don't care what happens now, except that I'll never be caught alive. I'll 'turn out' and some of them shall pay for the tune I've had to dance to!"

"I'm in this, Jack, old man," said O'Dare, quietly, as he threw his irons with a heavy clanking noise into the scrub by the roadside.

"Right yer are, sir," exclaimed Nolans, "I knowed it. What more could yer want? 'Ere we are the gamest, pinkiest three as ever went free of the bush.

"Well, well, we've no time to waste anyhow, so long as we're agreed," said Garnet, "Give me a hand here," he added to Nolans, and the two lifted the dead constable from the roadside and carried him into the scrub. Then, following Nolan's directions, they drove the cart to the crest of the hill, and striking to the right, forced the vehicle into the bush. There they unharnessed the mare and turned it loose.

The three horses tethered near the big iron-wood were not of the best. Still, they were horses, and sound and strong. The three men quickly led them out into the open.

"Well, it's likely to be a rough experience you chaps are taking on," said Garnet. "We're changing a dog's life for a dingoe's. Instead of being chained we'll be hunted. It's deadly earnest," he added with a short laugh, as he turned to his horse and tightened up the girths. Then, measuring the stirrups, he lengthened them out a hole or two and swung easily into the saddle. The others followed suit, and the three men cantered slowly down the long slope.

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CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

THE CREATOR OF "CAPTAIN KETTLE."

Ah, here you are! Good morning.

Come on down and see my workshop.

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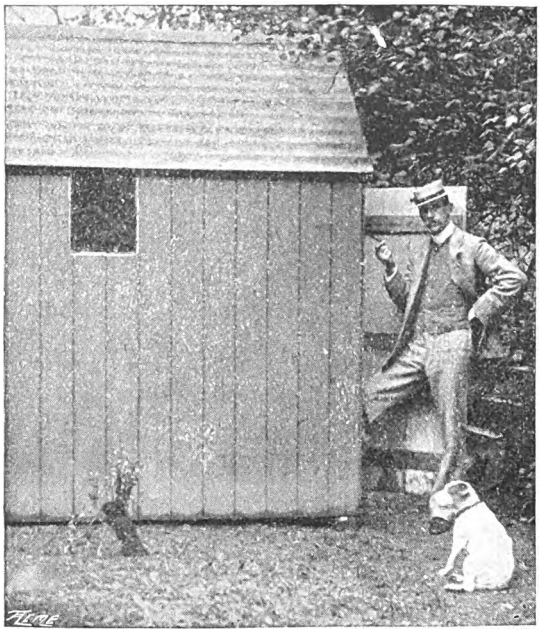

Here we are. Carpentering is one of my hobbies, you know——

and inventing. In this box is one of the most revolutionary inventions of the age.

Photography is another hobby. This little camera has been all over the world with me.

These oilskins were used in the Wind ward. I use them when I am yachting. That and——

shooting are pretty well my favourite amusements. Nothing can beat plenty of sport and a good gun.

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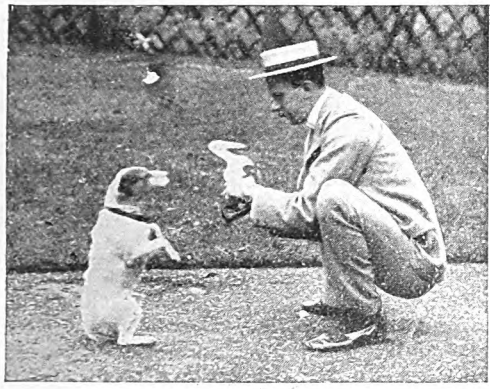
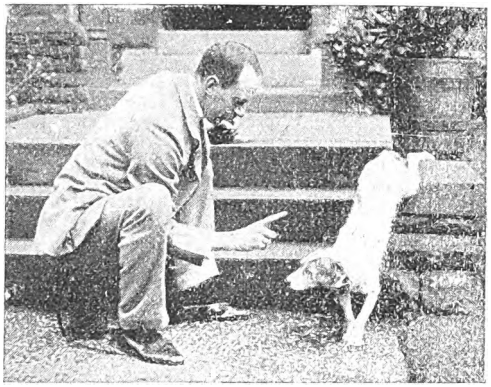


When it comes to learning, Thomas takes top place in this household.



This is a minor accomplishment, but it's entirely an attitude of his own.

Must be off, eh? Come and have a cup of tea before you go.

Yes, you'll have to hurry, I'm afraid. You've only twe.ty minutes.

Thank goodness that's over! Now I'll do an interview with—Captain Kettle.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

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HEROES OF THE COLLIERIES

By G. A. Binnie.

Few of those unacquainted with coal mining districts have any idea of the gallant acts of bravery which are continually being performed as the outcome of some terrible tragedy deep down in the very bowels of the earth, to reach which, the rescuers in nine cases out of ten leave wife and children and God's bright sunshine behind them, with the knowledge that their noble efforts may entail certain death. To give all the cases of heroism displayed would require a volume; therefore, I am, owing to space, able to give only a few examples of the splendid acts of gallantry exhibited under circumstances of exceptional danger.

First and foremost we will take the heroes of the Baddesley mine disaster, 1882. This mine caught fire. The fire raged for two days and caused the deaths of twenty-three people who attempted to rescue nine miners working in the deepest extremity of the mine. Mr. D. S. Dugdale, the owner of the mine, who was amongst the rescuers, was also one of the victims. Such was the gallantry displayed on this occasion, that no less than ten Albert Medals were bestowed on the rescuers. In addition to the recipients, whose photographs we give here, were Mr. Samuel Spruce, Mr. T. S. Marsh, Mr. T. Mottram, Mr. W. Morris, and Mr. J. Chetwynd, each of whom received the Second Class Albert Medal.

Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

Mr. Smallman.

Mr. Reuben Smallman is a mining engineer, residing near Nuneaton. At two o'clock in the morning of May 2nd, he was called out of his bed by Mr. Pogmore, the Agent of the Baddesley Colliery, who informed him that there was a serious fire in the pit, and that nine miners were imprisoned in the deep workings. Mr. Smallman hurriedly dressed, and was driven by Mr. Pogmore about five miles to the colliery; he descended the pit shaft about three o'clock, just as the first exploring party had been driven back, and at once took charge of the operations. As the fire was raging in the return air-way, the only possible road by which the men could be rescued, was the engine plane, or, in-take air-way. Under his guidance, therefore, repeated attempts were made to clear this road of smoke and gas. They continued their exertions for more than two hours, but were at last obliged to retreat to the fresh air. Soon after six o'clock the attempt was resumed, and about 8.30 a.m. (on May 2nd) there was a roar like thunder, accompanied almost instantly by flames of fire, burning severely Mr. Smallman and twelve of the volunteers, and inflicting fatal injuries upon twenty-three. Of the eighteen men then actually working with him in the advanced party, only one survives. Having made his way to the shaft, Mr. Smallman there found many of the injured men, and ascended with the last two of them to the surface. For his gallantry,

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self-possession, and perseverance the Albert Medal of the First Class was presented to him by Her Majesty the Queen.

Mr. Arthur Henry Stokes, H.M. Chief Inspector of Mines in the Midland District, was also a recipient of the Albert Medal of the First Class on this same occasion. He received a telegram reporting the fire early on Tuesday morning, May 2, when, knowing that Mr. Evans, then Chief Inspector of Mines, was not at home, he hurried from his residence at Derby as quickly as possible, and arrived at the colliery soon after the explosion. On his arrival he found Mr. Smallman lying in the engine-house, so badly burnt that he did not recognise him until he spoke. Mr. Smallman then told the inspector that an explosion of gas had taken place, that many were seriously injured, and that Mr. Dugdale, and perhaps others, were still in the burning mine. He cautioned Mr. Stokes that it was dangerous to enter the mine, as another explosion might occur at any moment, but thought that an attempt should be made to rescue the surviving volunteers. Without hesitation, Mr. Stokes, accompanied by Messrs. Day, Spruce, Marsh, Moltram, and William Morris, went down the shaft and groped their way, almost in the dark, along the level to the engine plane, which they found filled with smoke and noxious gases, to within a short distance of the floor. Hearing a voice, they instantly rushed into the smoke, and succeeded in bringing out Mr. Dugdale. As he was in a very weak state, although able to speak, they wrapped him in a blanket and brought him to the surface. Mr. Stokes again descended into the mine, and assisted in the rescue of John Collins. Mr. Stokes, in addition to having won the Albert Medal, is also the proud possessor of the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which was awarded him in 1880 for conspicuous bravery on the occasion of the rescue of an entombed miner from the Black Engine Lead Mine, 1879. For five days and nights Mr. Stokes and four others toiled to release the imprisoned miners, and during that time their life was hardly worth an hour's purchase, but success attended their efforts, and at last Dennis Bagshawe was brought out of the mine alive.

From a Photo.

Mr. Arthur Henry Stokes.

Photo by A. V. Green.

Mr. C. Day.

Photo by A. V. Green

Mr. Chas. Chetwynd.

Charles Day, collier, Baddesley, was employed as a deputy at the colliery. Having been on duty from 2 p.m. on Monday, the 1st of May, he was at the pit bottom about 10 o'clock that night, when his son, Joseph Day, also a deputy, on descending the upcast shaft to relieve his father, discovered the smoke. Charles Day then ascended the shaft through the smoke and noxious gases, which nearly overpowered him, and after sending word to the manager, returned into the mine by the downcast shaft. He and his son then endeavoured to creep under the smoke over the "brow" of the engine plane, but found it impossible to do so without help. He afterwards took part in all the attempts made to rescue the nine imprisoned miners. Notwithstanding the many hours he had been

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Photo by A. V. Green.
Mr. W. Pickering.

on duty, and the shock to his system caused by the explosion, he was one of the party of six which first, after the accident, descended the mine and rescued Mr. Dugdale; and again made one of the second party, which rescued John Collins. He volunteered also for the third party, but, owing to his exhausted state, was not allowed to go down again. His unflinching bravery and endurance were marvellous; and he refused to leave his post until carried away by order of Mr. Stokes. Mr. Day received the Albert Medal of the first class for these acts of conspicuous bravery.

Charles Chetwynd, collier, Baddesley, was one of the volunteers who descended into the mine after the explosion and rescued Rowland Till. Several volunteers went down, and going to the edge of the smoke called out to Till, but hearing no reply, returned to the surface. They were followed by Charles Chetwynd, William Pickering, and John Clark, who also went to the edge of the smoke, calling and listening. After some time they heard a groan, when Chetwynd and Pickering attempted to creep under the smoke, but being apprehensive that it would overpower them, returned to the fresh air, and sent Clark up for more help. Joseph Chetwynd and William Morris returned into the mine with him, but on arriving at the pit bottom, at the suggestion of Joseph Chetwynd, W. Morris fetched a rope from the surface, and the three then went forward. Charles Chetwynd tied one end of the rope round himself, and taking the other end with him, crept under the smoke until he found, and secured to the rope, Rowland Till. With the assistance of other volunteers, he dragged him out of the smoke and succeeded in conveying the unfortunate man alive to the surface. Mr. Charles Chetwynd was also awarded the Albert Medal of the first class.

Photo by Chenhall & Son.
Mr. Thos. Chapman.

William Pickering, collier, is the last of the Baddesley heroes whom we propose to mention. He was one of the volunteers who entered the mine after the explosion, and rescued Rowland Till. He was with Charles Chetwynd, and assisted him in all that he did to bring Till out. When Charles Chetwynd led with the rope under the smoke, Pickering and William Morris followed, holding the rope, so that they might assist when required. He helped to get Till out of the smoke and to the surface. For this act of conspicuous bravery, he received the Albert Medal of the second class.

Photo by Ratledge & Son.
Mr. John Smith.

Thomas Chapman, a pitman at the Drakewall mine, Tavistock, with the aid of forty-five miners, rescued two miners who were entombed by a "run of sand and rock" in the Drakewall's Mine, Calstock, Tavistock, for five days and four nights. Space will not admit of the full details of the rescue being given here, but after four days and four nights, and boring and blasting through 13ft. of solid rock, Chapman volunteered to go down a hole that was made just large enough to allow him to squeeze through. A rope was made fast to his waist and he was lowered a depth of 80ft. He promptly sent up both

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the men and was hauled up himself afterwards. For this act of daring he was awarded the Albert Medal of the second class. He was also presented with the Silver Medal of St. John of Jerusalem by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

John Smith received the Albert Medal and the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, presented to him by the Prince of Wales, for the heroic rescue of Benjamin Stanley under exceptionally terrible circumstances. Smith is a pitman at the Norfolk Mine, and between seven and eight o'clock on May 18th, 1889, was engaged with Stanley in lifting a large red-hot ingot, which had only recently been cast from a pit, Stanley was adjusting the chain when his foot slipped and he fell into the pit — quite close to the great column of red-hot steel. His clothes were set on fire, and having been stunned by the fall, he was being rapidly burnt to death. Smith, heedless of the terrible risk he ran, seized a ladder, lowered it into the pit, and commenced to descend. He was so excited that he missed his footing, and also rolled into the cavity. Recovering himself instantly, Smith rushed to Stanley, and picked him up. In order to catch hold of Stanley, Smith had to put both arms so close to the ingot that both limbs were badly burnt. In spite of this, he succeeded in getting his mate's body half-way up the ladder, when the other pitmen hurried to his help, and relieved him of his burden.

Photo by J. Fairhurst.

Mr. Hamer.

On November 21st, 1895, Mr. Preston, underlooker at Duxbury Colliery, was working with Mr. Hamer and Mr. Brown on a haulage brow, and in jigging a gang the empty tubs ran into some bars and knocked them out, and about thirty or forty tons of roof fell, and entirely covered Preston.

At great risk to their own lives they at once set to work, and tried to release Preston. J. H. Hamer, the stronger of the two, kept the large stones from coming down upon Preston, and Brown worked his way right between the legs of Hamer, until the head of their underlooker was uncovered. They could not extricate him themselves, but they stood nobly by until help arrived.

They were honoured by the presentation to them, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, of the silver medals of St. John of Jerusalem, for heroic conduct.

Mr. Ellis Roberts, of Oakley Slate Quarries, N. Wales, was presented with the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at Aberystwith on June, 26th, 1896, for great gallantry and presence of mind in rescuing David Morris, employed at the Oakeley Slate Quarries, who, on the 5th of March, 1896, was preparing to place a charge of gelignite in a crevice some twenty-four feet down from the edge of a "Bôn" or cliff, when a part of a block of stone, weighing about one cwt., fell, doing such severe injury to his hand, that he was compelled to relax his hold of the rope, which dropped out of his reach. Roberts, seeing the dangerous position in which Morris was placed, immediately climbed down with the aid of a rope, and

From a Photo.

Mr. T. Brown.

Photo by W. J. Roberts.

Mr. Ellis Roberts.

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Photo by H. J Gover & Co.

Mr. W. Dodd.

catching him as he was sliding down the precipice, despite the terrible strain, held him until assistance could be rendered.

Mr. William Dodd, in conjunction with Mr. John Watts, received the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for gallantry displayed on the 14th of January, 1895, in rescuing and endeavouring to rescue, with great risk to himself, miners whose lives were endangered by the irruption into the mine at Audley, Staffordshire, of a large volume of water from old workings in the colliery. A large number of miners were at work at the time, and the sudden inrush of water prevented the possibility of escape, subjecting them to great dangers of death from suffocation by gases. W. Dodd made strenuous efforts with others to effect their rescue, and, after hours of hard work in great peril, many of the entombed men were brought safely to the surface.

Mr. Hutchinson received the Silver Medal of the Chapter of St. John of Jerusalem for conspicuous gallantry and most devoted and repeated efforts in rescuing a number of men, and boys from a fire which had broken out in one of the pits at the Bamfurlong Collieries. Unfortunately we were unable to obtain a photograph of Mr. Foster, his brave co-worker.

Photo by Taylor.

Mr. Hutchinson.

Probably, no lives would have been lost had Mr. Foster's instructions been obeyed implicitly. Unfortunately, a man in charge of some doors dividing the main in-take from the main return air-way was persuaded by a number of men to lead them out of the mine.

When he returned, the flames and smoke had broken through, fouling the return air-way as well as the in-take. Some four men and sixteen boys were thus cut off, and, had it not been for Mr. Foster's heroism, they would all have perished. He rushed through the smoke and flames and pulled three out, the rest being suffocated.

In the meantime, Mr. Hutchinson, the manager, was taking steps to get out the fifty men and boys remaining in the far side workings. Accompanied by others, he got into the return air-way, but the smoke proved too strong for all except himself. He persevered, and, although rendered unconscious twice, he assisted some of the imprisoned boys and men, and carried others to where the air was more pure and the other party could reach them, until he had got the whole of them safely out.

Photo by Alfred Freke.

Mr. Thomas.

Mr. William Thomas, of Aberdare, is the holder of the Albert Medal on account of the heroism he displayed on the occasion of the inundation of the Tynewydd Pit, 1877, and also of the Silver Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for distinguished bravery on the occasion of the explosion at Mardy Colliery.

The Royal Society for the Preservation of Life from Fire also presented Mr. Thomas with an illuminated testimonial. Some five hundred miners were entombed in the Mardy Colliery. Had it not been for Mr. Thomas's bravery and devotion some seven hundred men would have perished.

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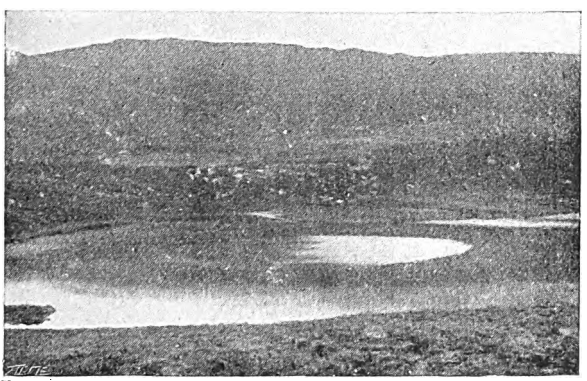
THE "MURDER HOLE" OF GALLOWAY.

By W. Dinwiddie.

This weird looking place lies far in the wilds of Galloway. Connected with it is the following legend: About 300 years ago the inhabitants of Galloway were aroused by a report that several persons who had started to cross the moors between Galloway and Ayrshire, had mysteriously disappeared, and no trace whatever could be found of them. Notwithstanding the fact that the strictest lookout was kept by the Kings' officers, persons continued to disappear. The inhabitants gradually deserted their dwellings on the heath, until at length an old woman and her two sons were the sole dwellers on the moor, and they loudly lamented that poverty chained them to the solitary and mysterious place.



From a Photograph.

The "Murder Hole" of Galloway.

Attached to this curious pool of water is a legend that some 300 years ago a number of wayfarers were murdered by an old woman and her two sons.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar-boy was overtaken by darkness on the moor. At length a light glimmering in the distance caught his eye, a light which he knew proceeded from the old woman's cottage, and thither he bent his way.

Upon gaining the cottage he knocked at the door, but received no answer. Thereupon he peeped through the window, and, to his astonishment, saw the old woman apparently pretending to be busy scrubbing, whilst her two sons were thrusting something into a huge chest, which they locked. The boy felt frightened, yet he knocked again, and this time the door was opened by the old woman, who gave him a most cordial welcome.

Having gained admission he was given a bed to sleep in, but during the night he was awakened by a cry, and, creeping to the door of his apartment, overheard a conversation which confirmed his suspicions as to the evil character of the old woman and her sons. Stealing to the window he forced it, and letting himself down hurried away across the moor.

The three miscreants discovering the boy's flight, pursued him with a bloodhound. Fortunately the intended victim fell over some stones and, cutting himself, lost a quantity of blood. This saved his life, for the bloodhound refused to pass the spot.

Upon arriving at a village the pedlar spread the alarm, and within a short while a band of infuriated villagers set off across the moor.

There had long been a suspicion abroad that the inmates of the lonely cottage were concerned in the various disappearances. Now there was no longer room for doubt.

Proceeding with great caution in order to effect a surprise, the villagers surrounded the cottage. They seized the old woman and her sons and hanged them on three gibbets which they set up near the notorious Murder Hole. Just prior to being executed the wretched creatures confessed to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the lonely pool.

Such is the legend clinging to this remote spot. It may owe its origin to some mysterious crime, or, like most legends, it may be entirely a matter of fiction.

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By Bassett Hastings.

Love sat in a doorway of the great city, with his chubby little fingers pushed deep into his eyes. The most casual observer could not have failed to see that he was weeping; that is to say, provided that observer had been able to see him.

For, strange to say, Love is not visible to everybody alike. Indeed, there are people who say that they have never seen him at all, who laugh at the very idea of his existence.

And thus it was that Love wept. He had done a hard and disappointing day's work, searching first here and then there in his endeavour to make friends with somebody or other; but all without avail. First he had visited a bishop; but the bishop had been too busy writing a sermon, all about Love himself, to recognise the original of his subject, even when that original stood before him. Then he flew away to a cabinet minister who, being charged with the welfare of millions of his fellow subjects, Love thought must of necessity have a very large place in his heart for himself, especially as the minister owed his position in the Government solely to his championship of the religion of Love.

But here again Love had not lingered long, since a short glance over the minister's shoulder had revealed a document in which the writer proposed to utterly destroy in another continent some thousands of his ignorant fellow creatures whose uncivilised customs had interfered with the plans of the Government of which he was a member.

And in like manner and with like result had Love flitted from one to another, his little head bowing itself lower and lower with each rebuff, until at last he had tearfully drawn aside out of the busy noisy crowd and had sat down, weeping as if his heart would break, in the friendly shelter of a doorway in the Haymarket.

"Hullo!" presently said his old friend Boreas as, half-way through a mad rush from Piccadilly to the Athenæum, he caught sight of the forlorn little figure crouching in the shadow of his sheltering portico. "Hullo Love! what's the matter?" quoth he, temporarily staying his triumphant career and playfully dallying with the hats and skirts of the passers by as he waited for the other's reply.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" sobbed Love. "It's no use Boreas, and I—I am so unhappy."

"What's no use?" shouted Boreas, guffawing hoarsely as he successfully whisked his hat off a royal duke and saw him start in a futile chase just as fast as his aristocratic legs and the dignity due to his blue-blooded ancestry would permit him to travel.

"It's no use my trying to make friends

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with people, Boreas," piped the little voice, just a trifle more steadily perhaps now that he had met so old a friend as Boreas. For, although he was brusque in manner and rough to look on, Boreas had a kind heart withal and—Love knew it. "They say they don't want me, Boreas," went on the quivering accents. "Some of them say they haven't got any time to attend to me; and others say that I can come if I will show them how to make money faster; and a few—" here the little voice faltered again so much that Boreas had to keep quite still for a moment to catch what it said. "A few—say I'm—I'm—too old fashioned for them. That—that there's no room for me any longer, and—and I had better go right away and not bother them any more."

"Whoof!" roared Boreas, giving himself a mighty shake that rattled all the glass in the neighbourhood and made the merchants shake in their shoes, lest their precious merchandise should be lost at sea to the great prejudice of themselves and of their businesses. "Whoof?" roared he a second time, and the wires overhead screamed out with a sound as though of souls in agony. "Whoof! Go right away indeed! Not bother them! Old fashioned! Never heard of such a thing! Preposterous!" and Boreas gave vent to more mighty shakes and "whoofs," and glared around in search of a human scapegoat on whom to vent the virtuous wrath that he cherished for the moment against the cold, proud race that could thus serve his little friend. It was,

Perching him high on his mighty shoulders Boreas soared away.

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however, but for a moment, and then his naturally gentler feelings resumed once more their accustomed sway. He reflected that Love was, after all, but a child, and might have been too easily discouraged, and so he added kindly: "Come now; jump up on my back and we'll go round together, and see if we cannot find some of your old friends—" and, before the disconsolate Love could recover from his surprise, Boreas had lifted him from his shady corner and, perching him high upon his mighty shoulders, soared away with him down the street. And so rapid were the sweeps of his mighty wings that Love began to gasp for breath, whereat Boreas laughed out loud in merriment and slackened his speed.

For a long time the two hovered over the great city, now here, now there, whilst Boreas visited, each in turn, his accustomed haunts. At length, when the theatres had begun to absorb their accustomed crowds, and the lights shone out more brightly on the crowded thoroughfares, whilst the friendly shadows lent their kindly shelter to the outcasts and homeless, the giant of the air and the little child descended once more in one of the great West End squares.

"Let us seek our friends in there," cried Love, pointing to the brightly lit mansion opposite. And, waiting until the doors were next thrown open, they passed in.

It was, indeed, a palace beautiful in which they found themselves, and as they roamed from room to room, amongst the brilliant throng filling them, Love thought how happy must be the people who lived in such a house. But somehow, as he looked from face to face, his little lips seemed once more to get that tightened, disappointed look they wore when Boreas had first hailed him. For gaze as he might, he could not recognize upon any one the mark of the seal by which he always knew his friends. At last, just as they were about to pass sorrowfully out again, Boreas nudged his arm.

"Look there!" said he.

And Love, looking, gave a little shout of delight, as he seized Boreas by the hand and dragged him towards a cool, palm-shaded nook, in which there could just be seen the figures of a man and woman deep in earnest conversation.

"Come along, Boreas," cried Love, triumphantly, tugging impatiently at his huge companion. "It's all right now. We've found them at last."

Whereat Boreas lifted up his voice and laughed ever so gently—for him. For he, too, had begun to despond as the hours had gone fruitlessly by, and this discovery brought him no small relief.

At the sound of his laugh, gentle though it had been, the two beneath the palms drew suddenly back from one another as if they feared discovery.

"What was that?" asked the woman of her companion in a startled whisper.

"Only the draught stirring the leaves, I think," replied the man with a long-drawn sigh of relief, as he noticed above them the waving branches disturbed by Boreas.

"Ah! I thought—I hardly know what I thought," rejoined she, with a nervous little laugh, that told more plainly than any words how ill at ease she felt. "I think I must be getting the least bit afraid. Suppose, George—" she checked herself, "my husband—were unexpectedly to return before we had left, and—and—"

"My darling must not let herself be so easily frightened," replied the man's soft, purring accents, as he leant over towards her once more, and laid his hand caressingly upon her arm. "Remember, dearest, he is a hundred miles away, and every minute that takes him further from us is bringing us nearer to each other. By Jove!" broke off he suddenly as he glanced at his watch, "we ought to be moving. It is past eleven o'clock, and I told Newman to be ready to weigh as soon as the tide turned, and it turns in a couple of hours—barely time for you to get home and make ready," and so saying he rose quickly, and began gathering her wraps together, preparatory to escorting her to her carriage.

A few moments later he was leaning across the window sill of her elegant brougham, whilst she settled herself amongst the cushions and in a half-dazed fashion attended to his final instructions.

"Yes," she said. "I understand."

At half past twelve he would be waiting in a closed carriage at the end of Grosvenor Place, where she was to join him. Half an hour's smart drive along the Embankment and through the deserted City would bring them to the wharf off which his yacht was lying, and when daylight next dawned she would have left smoky London and her past life for ever and have entered into a kingdom of which she should be for ever queen and he her willing slave. Then, whilst his last words still rang in her ears, he gave the signal to the coachman, and she was driven rapidly away, away to the home she was so soon to leave for ever.

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In a palm-shaded corner there could just be seen a man and a woman.

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There crept into the heart of that sad-faced little watcher the determination to save her.

"For ever." Only now that it had really come to this crisis did she seem at last able to realise the full meaning of the awful words—a meaning which they had never conveyed to her before, and the extent and vastness of which appalled her. To leave for ever husband, home, and child for the sake of one whom she had known for barely a short six months seemed almost too terrible, strong though she felt the fascination of this man upon her.

And as the traces of the varying emotions chased one another across her brow, there crept into the heart of the sad-faced little watcher, who, all invisible to her, sat upon the opposite seat of the carriage, the determination to save her at all hazards were it but in the power of Love to save.

"But how? Ah! That was the question," and long during that silent drive did Love ponder how best to save that one poor human soul. For Love was face to face with this difficulty. He could, he well knew, only save one human being by means of another. He could not by the laws of his being reveal himself to one who disowned his sway; and just where he was to find this "other" in the short space of time at his disposal he did not know.

Then a sudden flash of intelligence darts over the little features, and, as the carriage draws up at my lady's house, the footman who so nimbly springs up the broad steps is not so quick but that a little figure is before him and disappears into the dimly-lit hall almost before the sleepy butler has done opening the massive door. And Boreas, who has followed close behind all the way, sweeps in too with a rush that almost blows the door off its hinges and causes the butler no little astonishment, for the night has hitherto been comparatively calm.

Half an hour later, when the servants of Vanstone House have retired for the night and silence reigns supreme in its long corridors, a closely-hooded figure glides softly down the great staircase and unbars the front door. It swings noiselessly upon its hinges, and the figure steps out into the moonlight. By that soft, pure light the face of my lady can be distinguished beneath the hood, and it is very pale. For a moment she hesitates upon the threshold as if listening for something, and as she pauses a clock close by chimes a single quarter and is silent.

"Too soon!" gasps she beneath her breath, and she draws back once more into the shelter of the hall and closes the door.

What shall she do? It wants but fifteen minutes to the half hour, but to her imagination it seems as though it might be fifteen hours and, try as she may, she feels she cannot keep still or she will go mad. A moment's hesitation and then an involuntary glance backwards up the stairs, a half turn of the head—can it be that something is moving her at the eleventh hour? She takes a step backwards and pauses irresolute. Shall she? Can she? Nay—*dare* she look once more upon the little life she is about to leave to battle alone with a cruel, hard world—motherless? Yes! She feels she must press just one more kiss upon that little brow, and the next moment she is gliding swiftly up the stairs again. Up, up, until she reaches a familiar door which is standing, as usual, a little ajar

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—standing so that mother may hear if her darling cries.

She passes the threshold and turns up the light, throwing aside as she does so the cloak which has enveloped her and which is to screen her from curious eyes—if, indeed, there be any to see her at this time of night. Then she leans over the cot in the corner of the room and gazes earnestly and long at the little face below her. It may have been chance or it may have been due to the presence of Love who now sits at the foot of the cot anxiously glancing from mother to child, and from child back to mother; but, as she gazes, a smile comes over the little face and the rosy lips murmur some unintelligible, baby words and the sleeper turns restlessly in his tiny bed. Then Love puts forth all his strength and instinctively the mother's caressing hand goes out to smooth the crumpled pillow. In so doing the little eyelids quiver and open, the babe stretches out his dimpled hands and with a glad cry of "Mamma! Mamma!" welcomes the well-known figure.

And she---- what can she do? Involuntarily she starts back and puts her hands before her face as if to ward off a blow. How can she look into those innocent eyes with the thoughts she is cherishing within her heaving bosom?

"Mamma! Mamma!" cries the little one again. "Poor Mamma! Mamma solly—— Mamma tying?" and the bedclothes are tossed aside, and a little white-robed figure rushes impulsively to the outstretched hands and clasps them in its own.

And then Love sees that he has conquered. Sees the little figure clasped passionately to the mother's breast, the golden curls mingled with the beautiful dark tresses and the little arms clasped round the bowed neck. And he turns to Boreas standing by his side, and says:

"Boreas, we are no longer wanted. Let us go and seek whom else we may help," and hand in hand the giant and the little child leave the silent house.

As they cross the threshold the same clock chimes out the three-quarters. It is heard by two people. One of them leans back in a closed carriage, and with a muttered oath realises that in some unknown manner his plans have miscarried.

"Why does she not come?" he mutters.

For a while he refuses to believe that she has changed her mind. He steps out of the carriage and walks impatiently in the direction from whence she would probably appear.

There is no sign of her. Yet surely she will come. Surely he had persuaded her. Surely he had killed her belief in her husband. And yet——!

He turns on his heel and strides fiercely back to his carriage. He gives the coachman a curt order and is driven off. The echo of the chimes still linger in his ear, an unsatisfactory music to his keen disappointment.

Up in her baby's bedroom the other hears in those chimes the first measure of a new life, a life in which Love is at length to have his share, and into which he entered once and for all when in the wondrous depths of a little child's eyes she saw him for the first time as he really is.

And Love's influence conjures not merely a picture of him who is absent from home, but it awakens all that is pure and good in her, and draws her to a worship of the husband who worships her, until, burying her face in the baby's curls, she cries in her soul for forgiveness, and murmurs her thanks for the danger she has so narrowly escaped.

Love sees the little figure clasped to the mother's breast.

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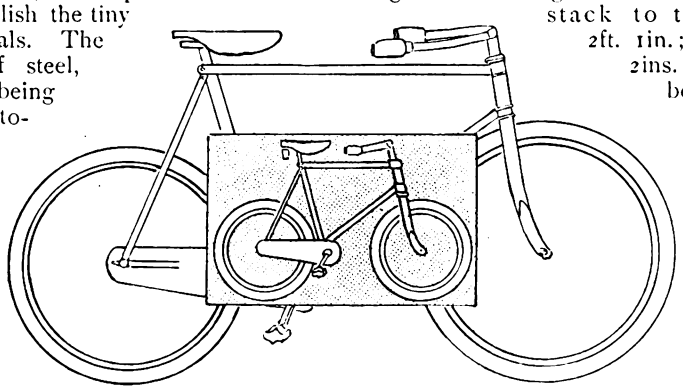
THE SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.

By Harold Macfarlane.

Records in such fragile objects as those that purport to claim the title "the smallest in the world" are naturally only made to be broken, and as in this respect they resemble cycling records, it is only meet and right for us to give pride of place to the "wheel." Whether or no there are smaller "bikes" in actual use than the one ridden by a young Briton at Karachi, which claims to be the smallest wheel in India we cannot say, but it will be as well perhaps to put on record that its frame is 9ins.; wheels, 12ins.; gear, 40; and weight, 10½ lbs.

The smallest perfect working model bicycle was made over a year ago, chiefly of pure gold and silver, in America by a diamond cutter. The frame, rims and pneumatic tyres were of silver, the spokes were of the thinnest gold wire, which precious metal was used to embellish the tiny "rat trap" pedals. The chain was of steel, each link being forged and put together separately, and the whole machine stood barely 2ins. high, and was richly encrusted with precious stones.



The smallest bicycle in use has a frame of 9ins. and wheels of 12ins. The gear is 40, whilst the weight is only 10½lbs.

A short time ago the smallest railway in the world was said to be that from North Billerica to Bedford, Massachusetts. To say that it is a narrow gauge line, though truthful, is hardly descriptive enough. As a matter of fact, the gauge is 2ft. 10ins., and the line 8½ miles long. The rails weigh 25lbs. per yard, the locomotive 8 tons, and the waggons 4½ tons each, and at times a speed of 20 miles an hour is attained.

Hardly had we got accustomed to regarding the Massachusetts miniature as the smallest of railroads when a Manx gentleman built a one-mile line from the entrance of Groudle Glen to the seashore, and as the gauge was but 24ins., we could no longer look upon the American road as the holder of the title which now devolved upon a British possession.

Scarcely had we fixed the word "Groudle" upon the tablets of our memory in indelible characters when we had to apply a piece of mental indiarubber for the purpose of erasing it as much as possible, for at the Omaha Exhibition a railway having a 12½ins. gauge was this summer in full working order. The height of the engine from the top of the stack to the rail was 2ft. 1in.; the cylinders 2ins. by 4ins.; the boiler held 24 gallons of water, and developed sufficient steam to allow of one and a half horse-power being indicated, or sufficient to draw ten cars, each carrying two persons—a good load for any horse and a half to drag.

There does not appear to be much rivalry amongst shipbuilders in respect of turning out miniature marvels, consequently the *Nina*, built in New York, holds the pro-

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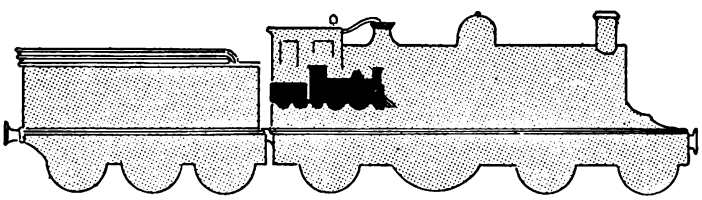
nounced title of "smallest" without its claim being questioned. The smallest steamer afloat is about 12ft. long and 3ft. wide, and its crew and passengers consist of one human being who must fulfil all the functions himself. The boiler weighs 80lbs., the engine 25lbs., the machinery 20lbs., and the hull 90lbs., or less than two hundredweight in all. This miniature liner can stow away 40lbs. of charcoal; can attain a speed of about 5½ miles an hour, and it cost about £250, or one-fourth the price of a boat fashioned out of a single pearl by an accomplished Italian jeweller.



This shows the comparative size of an ordinary express engine and the smallest working engine in the world.

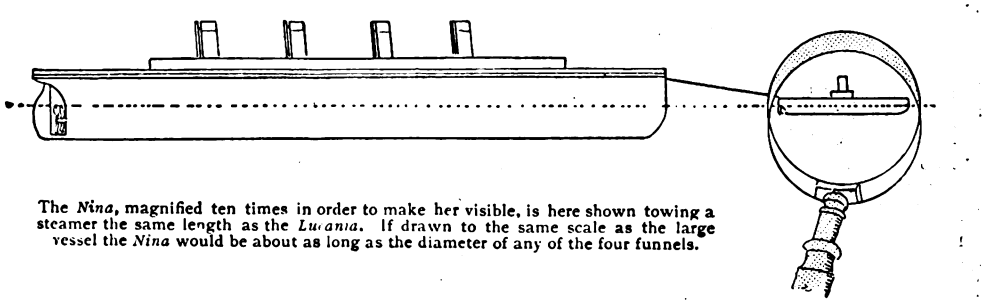
The hull of this latter vessel, we learn, is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The beaten gold sail is studded with diamonds, a ruby serves as a head-light, an emerald for the rudder, and it sails on a tranquil sea consisting of a slab of ivory.

There are so many "smallest" (in their owners estimation) stationary steam engines extant that we hesitate to deal with this particular phase of our subject. One of these engines measures less than a quarter of an inch in any direction, one is surprised to learn therefore that its horse-power is calculated to be about $\frac{1}{12}$th of a thousandth of the working capacity of the ordinary 'bus-horse. Another weighs three pennyweights without its fly-wheel and emits a noise when working at its highest pressure like "the buzz of a fly," and yet another with a cyclinder possessing a diameter $\frac{1}{3}$rd of $\frac{1}{16}$th of an inch and capable of running off 1760 revolutions in a minute is so small that a 22-calibre cartridge will cover it with ease.

The smallest electric motor in the world is the possession of Mr. D. Goodin of McKinney, Texas, and as it only weighs $\frac{9}{100}$ths. of an ounce and figures in its owner's scarf as a pin, its claims for the title, though it is in itself so diminutive, are not based on slender foundations. Between the field magnets fixed into position by gold screws an armature about the size of a well-used slate pencil revolves. The armature is of the four pole variety and is wound with fine wire, the current is conducted by means of copper brushes of wonderful thinness; the commutator segments are of gold, and golden is the switch mounted on a black rubber base worn in the lapel of the vest. The motive power is obtained from a small chloride of silver battery, also kept in the vest pocket, and the noise that the machine makes when working unlike that of the stationary engine, with its fly-like buzz, resembles that "of a small nest of hornets."

It is difficult to imagine shears of such diminutive proportions that, placed on a sheet of paper, they look no larger than pin heads. Nevertheless, marvels in cutlery of this nature have been made ere this of such fragile materials that one dozen pairs weigh about half a grain. The shears, we are told, are perfectly made and proportioned, and if sufficiently delicate material could be procured it would be found that they could cut. Needless to say, these shears "come fra' Sheffield."

The smallest watch in the world was exhibited in Berlin early this year, but we have yet to learn that the eyesight of the Berliners has been greatly impaired as a result of the exhibition, though such an unfortunate result was only to be expected in view of the fact that you could get four watches of



The *Nina*, magnified ten times in order to make her visible, is here shown towing a steamer the same length as the *Lucania*. If drawn to the same scale as the large vessel the *Nina* would be about as long as the diameter of any of the four funnels.

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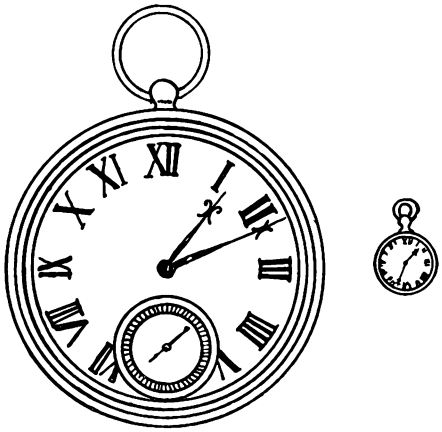
its calibre, if you had them, on an area equal to that covered by a half-penny. The watch



An ordinary watch and the smallest side by side. The latter cost £250, and four of its size could lie on a halfpenny piece.

was built at Geneva where special tools were procured for the purpose. It contains 100 separate parts and weighs $\frac{1}{30}$th of an ounce avoirdupois. The length of the minute hand of an ordinary watch is about $\frac{11}{12}$ths of an inch, the hour-hand spreading itself over half an inch. The hands of this extraordinary time-piece were respectively $\frac{1}{11}$th of an inch and $\frac{1}{20}$th of an inch. The balance of the watch completes almost half a million revolutions in the twenty-four hours, and the price of this marvel in miniature is the same as that of the smallest steamer.

The smallest printed book in the world is a reprint of a letter by Galileo to Madame Christine di Lorenza, a copy of which a short time ago was in the possession of Messrs. Bumpus. The book weighs about a quarter of an ounce, is $\frac{5}{8}$ths of an inch long, $\frac{7}{10}$ths of an inch wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ths of an inch thick; it contains 205 pages, 1800 lines, and about 30,000 letters, each of which can be covered by the point of a pin.

The smallest newspaper hails from Guadalaya, in Mexico, and bears the motto, "Much Meat but little Froth." The "Telegrafo" is a weekly production, and consists of eight columns of reading matter, each column being about 4ins. long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ins. wide.

Examples of minute writing and engraving are so numerous and so productive of head-aches that we refrain from referring to them here in detail. It will suffice to say that to engrave the alphabet on the head of an ordinary pin and the whole of the Lord's Prayer on the shank is not the most wonderful of the achievements of those who are endowed with almost superhuman patience.

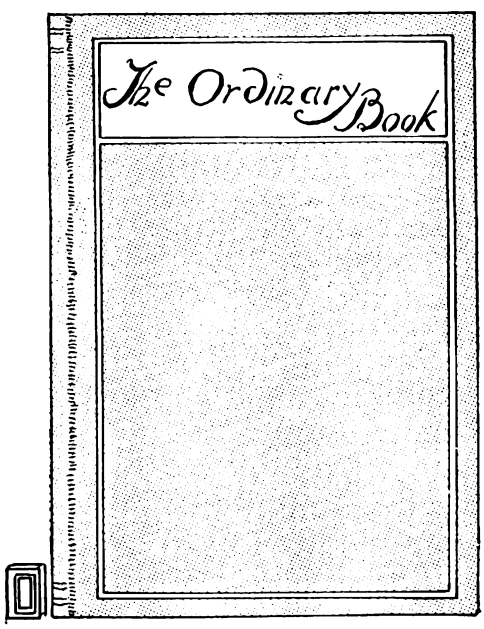
The smallest of paintings is a landscape which includes a mill, a miller, and the usual accessories, which was executed by a Flemish artist on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn.

One of the smallest of carvings consist of one hundred portraits which were engraved on a cherrystone by a turner's apprentice of Berlin, a city apparently greatly interested in the production of marvels in miniature.

These include, or did recently, the smallest elephant alive, which measures about a yard in height and length, and weighs about 168lbs. instead of 6720lbs., which a well regulated member of its race and years should weigh.

It comes as somewhat of a relief to find that the smallest horse on this earth is not to be found in the Prussian capital, but is the property of an Italian nobleman, the Marquis Carcano, and was bred at that nobleman's stock farm. Leo, the horse in question, is 21ins. high and is a well-proportioned chestnut with a tail that sweeps the ground.

The smallest soldier is Louis Bernadot, of Luret, in France, who had to be lifted up by a friendly gendarme by the scruff of the neck when his turn came to draw his number out of the conscription urn, as his 28ins. failed to bring his head on a level even with the table, let alone the urn.



The smallest book in the world is $\frac{5}{8}$in. long, $\frac{7}{10}$in. wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$in thick.

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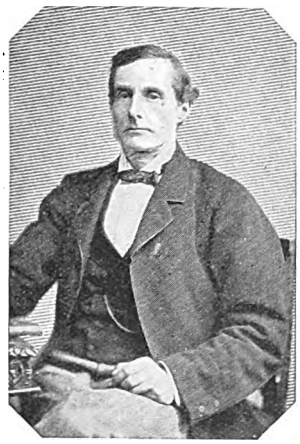
His Father.



Duke of Westminster.

His Mother.

His Father.

Mr. A. W. Pinero.

His Mother.

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His Father.

Sir George Wombwell.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Helen Mathers.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Mr. Clement Scott.

His Mother.

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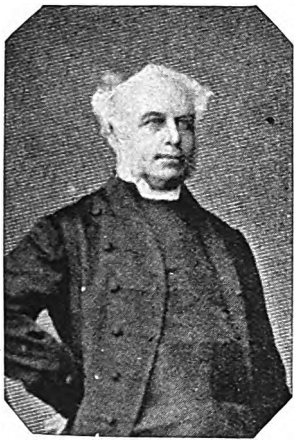
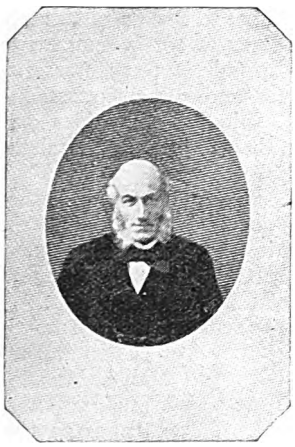


Her Father.

Mrs. Langtry.

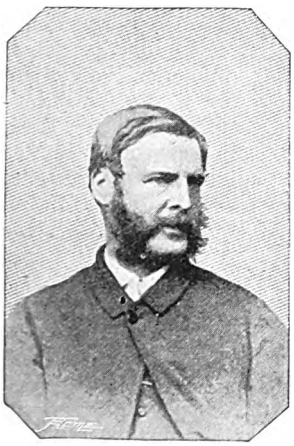
Her Mother.



His Father.

Mr. Lewis Waller.

His Mother.



Her Father.

Miss Dorothea Baird.

Her Mother.

Photographs by Messrs. Alfred Ellis, Window & Grove, J. Caswall Smith, H. S. Meldelssohn, Henry Knight, J. Moffat, Sydney Smith, H. M. Lane, W. E. Debenham, Aaron, W. & D. Downey, Lafayette.

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FICKLE FRANCE.

TWELVE CONSTITUTIONS IN A CENTURY!

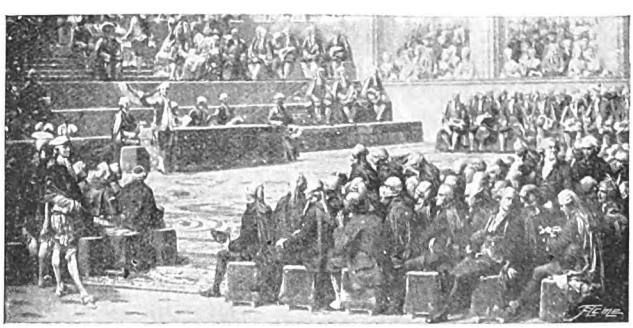
By Caley Wainwright.

The fertile imagination of the most expert romancer would hesitate to suggest such a history as France has woven for herself during the last hundred years.

Unstable and uncertain of her own wishes, she has drifted from one constitution to another, from one extreme to its opposite. Like a series of phantoms, kings, empires, consuls and what not have come to the surface, and for a space directed or misdirected the affairs of the unfortunate nation, and then tumbled into nothingness.

From the heights of gaiety and frivolity she has plunged to the depths of infamy and bloodshed. From the gospel of the divine right of kings she has swept to the terrors of mob law. From an absolute monarchy she has veered in a month to a full fledged republic.

Since January 1789, the Government of France has chopped and changed no fewer than twelve times. During that period the chopping has included the head of a king, of a queen, and of the best and bravest in the land.



The meeting of the States General, summoned by Louis XVI. The three estates are here depicted—the nobles flanking the platform, the clergy below on the left, the representatives of the people in the centre of the hall. This meeting practically marked the end of the absolute monarchy of France.

Twelve changes of Government! It seems incredible, and yet the mere statement in itself is as nothing compared with the nature of the changes and the terrible circumstances attending some of them.

In 1789 George III. reigned in England, and since then two monarchs have followed him, and, dying in due course, were succeeded by her Majesty Queen Victoria.

During that period of change England has passed through periods of trouble, and in a sense of internal upheaval. Yet never once did the angriest mob threaten the constitution of the country; never once has the monarch trembled for the stability of the English throne.

Wars there have been, fierce and terrible wars, and the worst of all against France herself, or at any rate against the man who for a brief space was France. But art and commerce have flourished, and it is an interesting reflection to realise that whilst the ghouls of the Reign of Terror were slaughtering thousands upon thousands of poor creatures in Paris, English men and women in fashionable London were enjoying their rides and strolls in the Park, their dances at Vauxhall, their opera at Covent Garden.

The last act of Cardinal de Brienne, before he scuttled from France and left Louis XVI. to reap the whirlwind he had sown, was to summon the States-General, or Parliament of France, to meet on the 1st May 1789.

It was a momentous decision, though practically unavoidable. Momentous it was, because the people were fairly roused against the incompetency of the King's ministers, and they demanded a voice, in the Government of the Country. The States-General was their constitutional mouthpiece, and through the States-General they intended to make themselves heard.

As a matter of fact so long a period had elapsed since the States-General had been summoned, that the greatest ignorance prevailed as to its constitution, its mode of election, and the basis on which the right to vote was to be determined. In the end

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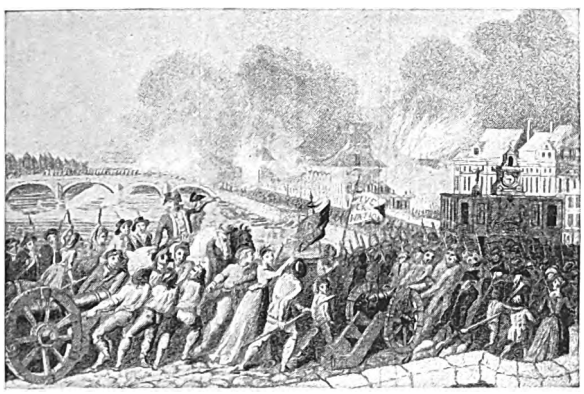
however, when the elections were over, the members of third estate, the representatives of the people, outnumbered the combined forces of the nobility and the clergy.

On May 5th the States-General met at Versailles, and on that day the old Monarchy of France practically ended. Behold change the first.



The deposition of Louis XVI. and the massacre at Paris of the 10th August, 1792.

Louis soon discovered the fierce, uncompromising temper of the masses as represented by the deputies. They were no longer content to vote as King and Court might wish. They knew their power. They perceived that they were masters of the situation. The hour for action had arrived. The King was face to face with his people. Their stifled murmurings had swollen to a distinct cry. That cry was a demand. That demand was backed by a power to compel.

At the outset trouble arose between the King and the Commoners, by reason of the demand of the latter that all three estates should sit together. Gradually the clergy came in, but the nobles, the members of the Court, kept away. They were not prepared to mix with such *canaille*. Money was what the King wanted, and the only reason he had for summoning the Parliament was to get money.

He had misjudged everything; and, as if intent on self-destruction, he missed no opportunity of defying and exasperating the representatives of the people. He turned them from the hall at Versailles, and when subsequently they summoned themselves to a meeting in the great tennis court, lo! the Count d'Artois wished it for a game—and had it.

Such petty persecution was futile. The deputies of the people were, at heart, of too stern, too terrible a stuff lightly to be brushed aside. Over and over again they showed themselves not unwilling to be loyal and helpful to the King. But they were determined to end the absolutism of his monarchy. Louis might have yielded even that, but—he was married. Marie Antoinette, just when a woman might have saved everything, thrust her husband over the precipice, and sealed his fate and her own.

THE INSTIGATORS OF THE REVOLUTION OF AUGUST 10TH, AND SUBSEQUENTLY THE LEADERS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Pétion.

Jacobin Mayor of Paris when Louis XVI. was deposed.

Danton.

Kind hearted though rough and burly. A man of immense energy.

Marat.

The most bloodthirsty and terrible of the revolutionists. Assassinated by Charlotte Corday.

Robespierre.

The head of the Committee of Public Safety, a man of incorruptible virtue.

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SOME LEADERS OF THE DIRECTORY.

Carnot.
One of the most powerful men of the day.

Barras.
A noble of France, who gave young Napoleon his first command.

Sièyes.
A clever politician, and the real head of the Directory. He refused to become Second Consul.

Barthelemy.
A Royalist at heart, who succeeded Letoureur.

Rewbel.
Who was succeeded, on the expiring of his term, by Sièyes.

Two monarchs of France—Louis XVI. and Napolean III.—had their wives to thank for thrusting them irrevocably into the pit of utter and ignominious destruction.

On May 17th the States-General assumed the style of the National Assembly. It marked the second change in France's constitution.

The anger of Parliament found ample excuse for growing fiercer, until, urged by the Jacobins, the situation culminated in the horrors of August 10th, 1792. Armed

THE CONSULATE OF 1799.

Lebrun.
A man of integrity and a Monarchist.

Napoleon.
First Consul. He was just 30 years of age.

Cambac'rès.
A lawyer of great talent.

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The inauguration of the three Consuls.

with sticks and staves, axes and pikes, cannon, firearms, and torches, the multitude, swelling in numbers and in vehemence at every street corner, marched on the Tuilleries.

By seven o'clock in the morning the palace had been invested. The King took the desperate step of passing with his family across the garden to the Salle du Manège, where the Assembly was sitting. The royal fugitives were scarcely hurried to a cupboard for safety when the attack on the Tuilleries commenced.

By eleven o'clock the mob had taken possession of the palace. A few hours later "the chief of the executive power" was provisionally suspended by decision of the Assembly, and a convention was ordered to be named to determine the future government. The third and most terrible change had been effected. France had plunged from autocracy to anarchy.

The Jacobin commune of Paris now made its bid for power. Danton — burly, kind-hearted, impulsive Danton—became minister of justice. Marat—the cruellest, most bloodthirsty of all—became head of a committee of "general safety." The way was being paved to Robespierre and the Reign of Terror.

The hour when the human tigers who had scraped their way to power might smell human blood had at length arrived. On the night of August 30th, the gates of Paris were closed and guarded. Its inhabitants were trapped like rats. As a result of domiciliary visits, over three thousand persons were arrested. On the second of September, like savages who had saved themselves for a monster orgie, the people rushed on their prey, and men, women, and even children, became red and splodged with blood—human blood —from finger tip to wrist, from wrist to elbow, until from head to foot, like butchers at the shambles, they stood with smeared faces and bloody clothes—masters and representatives of "la belle France." With scarcely a shadow of a trial the prisoners heard the ominous phrase, "à la force," and through a doorway they were thrust to their death at the hands of the crowd without.

Napoleon as Emperor of the French. He was 34 years old.

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Louis XVIII.
A Bourbon and brother of Louis XVI.

The carnival of crime grew gradually more scientific. Doubtless it was tiring work, hacking and hewing at people. The guillotine was swifter, although even the guillotine was soon voted slow.

From the court to the place of execution was a matter of some minutes' walk. Such waste of time! Why not have the guillotine brought nearer, until it stood outside the door, and dropped heads like a chaff-cutter?

Five hundred in a day was suggested as a fair day's work! From morn to eve five hundred! Say ten hours—fifty heads an hour—almost one a minute. Think of it! Not one hundred years ago. And France was even then "La belle France," with a catch cry of "Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!" Such was the Reign of Terror, the end of which came with the death of Robespierre.

Turned upon from all sides, by some because they realised that their lives depended on his death, by others out of revenge for the execution of Danton, he defended himself in the Assembly with skill and indomitable courage. Arrested once and released, he was re-arrested, but not before a young officer had shot him in the jaw. On July 20th, 1794, he was executed.

He was a curious character. He was a fanatic, a wild enthusiast, who seemed to see the shore of a millenium beyond a sea of blood. He was virtuous in an age of vice. He was gentle, yet a vain fop. He was incorruptible in an age when honesty was a stupid malady. He was generous and kind, and shrank from the bloody excesses of many with whom he was associated. History has not been just to Robespierre, a man than whom there is no more interesting character in the records of his country.

On August 22nd the fourth change of the constitution took place in the acceptance by the Convention of a Directory of five members, to be appointed by the two Chambers.

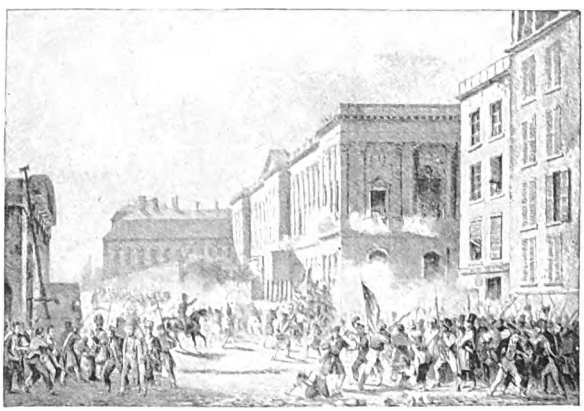
Charles X.
Who succeeded Louis XVIII.

A considerable amount of public opposition was shown on the part of the Royalist sections, which culminated in a furious struggle on October 5th, a day that saw the first advent into general notice of "the man of destiny," Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Their five Majesties at the Luxembourg," as the Directory were called, proved utterly incompetent. Napoleon returned, and on November 9th and 10th, 1799, the Council of the Five Hundred was dispersed, the Directory abolished, and the executive handed over to the three Consuls, of which Napoleon was the first. It was change the fifth. The most momentous change of all, in that it brought Napoleon to the head of affairs. The power of the second and third Consul was merely nominal. France had raised a master mind to the head, and for ill, and perhaps some small good, he guided her fortunes and multiplied her misfortunes for over fourteen years. A cherished idol he was, destined to prove of the basest clay.

On May 19th, 1804, behold the sixth change took place, when Bonaparte became Emperor of the French. This he remained

THE END OF THE BOURBONS.



The taking of the Louvre on 29th July, 1830. This completed the revolution of "the three glorious days of July" which resulted in the deposition of Charles X.

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until, on April 24th, 1814, Louis XVIII. entered Paris and the Bourbons once more held the French throne, thereby completing the seventh change.

Apart from the tragedy of the "Hundred Days," France actually saw a monarch die peacefully, or comparatively so, and be succeeded by his proper successor—Charles X.

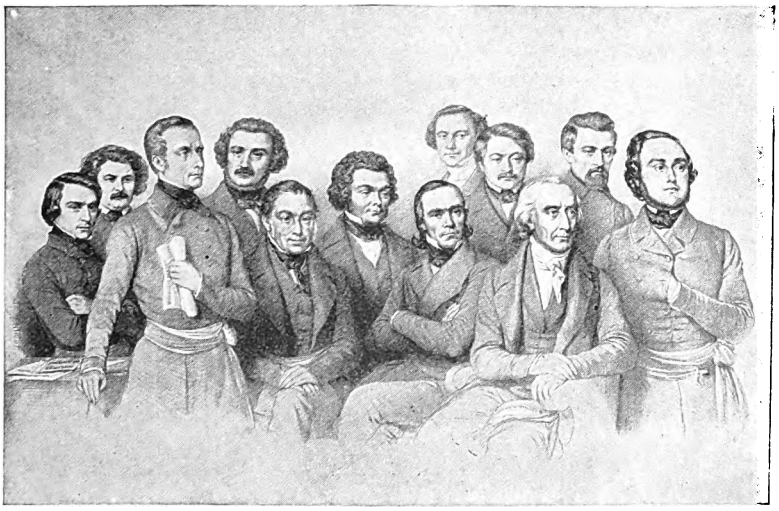
For six years he misgoverned his country until, driven from his capital, he took shelter in England, and

The Orleanist, Louis Philippe.

was made, and the seal was set on the trial when Louis Napoleon became President.

What happened in the case of the great Napoleon happened now with his descendant, save only that in the former instance the man owed all to himself, whilst in the latter the man owed all to mere circumstance.

On December 20th, 1851, by the celebrated *coup d'état*, the constitution of France once again was altered, making the tenth change. Napoleon, by the new order



The Provisional Government after the abdication of Louis Philippe.

his kinsman, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, ascended the throne. Change the eighth was thus accomplished.

Circumstances and the man were against his succeeding, and, though he remained some eighteen years, 1848 saw Louis Philippe a fugitive to England and the Tuilleries in flames. It paved the way to the ninth change in this miserable cycle of changes.

Two monarchies and two failures had suggested to the fickle people another try at republicanism. The trial

Napoleon.

President of the Second Republic, and subsequently elected Emperor of the French.

of affairs, became President for ten years.

As it turned out, as indeed it was obvious, the Presidency was a thing of the past within twelve months. On November 21st, 1852, Louis Napoleon was elected on a plebiscite Emperor of the French—the eleventh change in this series of changes!

For eighteen years Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie maintained a brilliant Court, and yet, as though the throne of France steeped its possessor in utter insanity, Napoleon frittered his

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prestige until in the war with Prussia he set seal to his monarchy. He was taken a prisoner, and in 1870 the Second Empire had ended, and a republic existed in its place. It was change the twelfth.

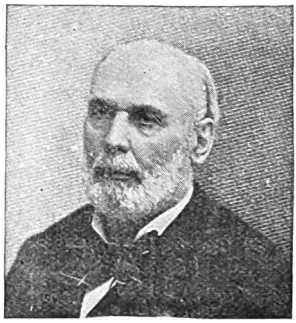
Even then Paris—the Paris that is France—passed into the hands of the Commune, an event perhaps scarcely to be regarded as a change.

And from then to now the Republic has lasted. Just twenty-nine years. Will it last another twenty-nine? Has France at last ceased to be fickle? Passing events scarcely yet justify the assumption.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

M. Thiers.
Elected 31 Aug., 1871; resigned 24 May, 1873.

Marshal MacMahon.
Elected 24 May, 1873; resigned 28 Jan., 1879.



M. Grevy.
Elected 30 Jan., 1879; re-elected 28 Dec., 1885; resigned 2 Dec., 1887.

M. Carnot.
Elected 3 Dec., 1887; assassinated June, 1894.

M. Casimir-Perier.
Elected 27 June, 1894; resigned 12 Jan., 1895.

M. Faure.
Elected 17 Jan., 1895; died 16 Feb., 1899.

M. Loubet.
Elected 18 Feb., 1899.

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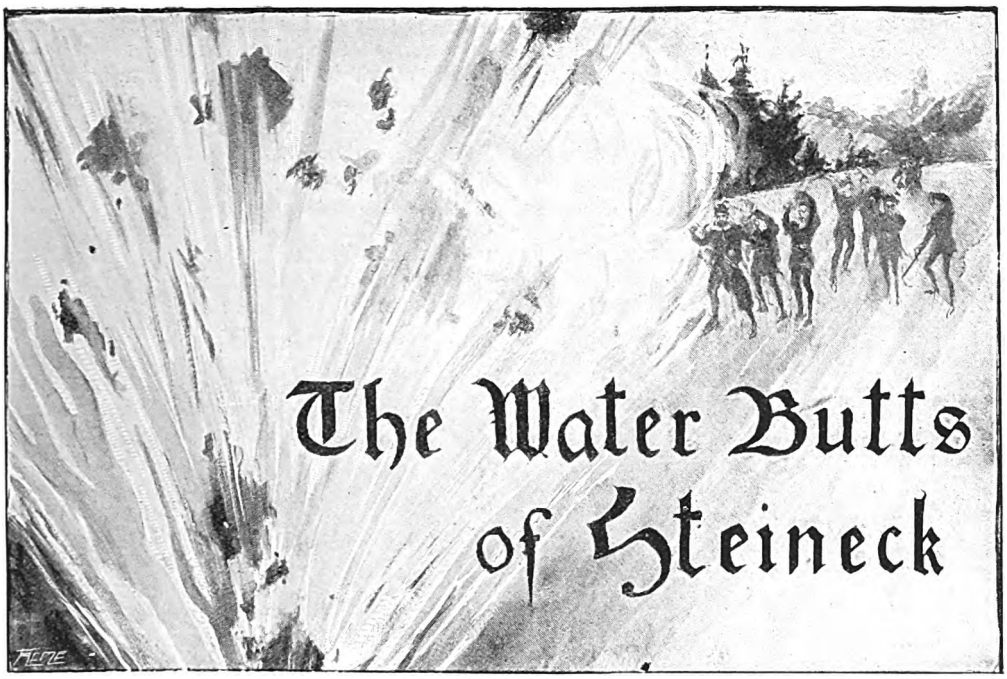

By Kirby Draycott.

I.

The time was about the beginning of those long wars which were waged promiscuously about Europe, and almost unceasingly in Middle Germany, soon after Martin Luther had, as the old historians say, hatched the egg that Erasmus laid, and produced that Dragon of religious discord whose ragings are even yet not silent among us.

The town and castle of Steineck lay on a northern spur of the Hartz mountains looking towards Hildesheim, which at that time was ruled by the famous Bishop Hugo, that warrior-priest who was just as stark a soldier in the field as he was a stubborn defender of the Church's rights in the Consistory and the Council-room.

The castle, as usual, stood on the highest point of the spur, with the tall, gabled houses clustering lovingly, as though for protection, about its feet. The whole spur was fortified at every available point, the walls and towers were in excellent repair, and well furnished with artillery, the best that there was in that transition period when the engines of ancient warfare still worked beside the new-fangled cannon, and men went out to battle armed, some of them with cross-bows, and some wiih arquebuses.

Moreover the town was provisioned for a good year, taking into account the simple requirements of the times, and there was no lack of water. This, it should be noted, was not drawn from the river which curved round the base of the spur about 500 yards from the outer walls, but from a secret source, the locality of which was only known to five persons in Steineck.

The chief of these was Count Rudolf, Lord of the Mark (or March) of Steineck, Bertha, his wife, Ritter Ludwig Golssen, warden of the castle, Ritter Franz von Oderau, captain of the garrison, and lastly, Wilhelm von Osterode, cousin of the Countess Bertha, were also in the secret, and it is chiefly of this Wilhelm that the present story will be told.

The position of affairs was this. Steineck, commanding the approaches from the south to Hildesheim and Hanover, had been for the last three months closely besieged by the forces of the Duke of Brandenburg, one of the Protestant Lords. Just before the siege Count Rudolf had managed to send a message to the Bishop, who was away with his army on a Pilgrimage of Grace, as he called it, in the country round Osnabrück, that he

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was able and willing to keep the Duke busy until such time as His Eminence should find it convenient to come to his relief.

There was only one way in which Steineck could be reduced, save by an army of overwhelming strength such as Duke Albrecht of Brandenburg did not possess, and that was unknown to all save those few who, as everyone thought, might be completely trusted.

But it was just in this particular that Count Rudolf made his great mistake, as the course of the story will show. It was quite true that as long as Steineck could keep its water supply uninterrupted, it was virtually impregnable; but that, once cut off by a hostile or a treacherous hand, the strong walls, the artillery, and the stout hearts of the garrison would be as useless as the great stores of food which had been laid up against the seige.

Now, dwelling in the castle with the Count and the Countess was Hilda von Steinecke—a fair maiden of twenty, with eyes of morning and hair of sunset. She was Rudolf's younger sister, and heiress in her own right to as goodly a domain as the greediest suitor could long for. She had already pledged her troth, with her brother's full consent and approval, to Count Ernst von Stalberg, a young noble of the old Faith, who had already won no little distinction under the banner of the Bishop, and who might even now be marching with him to the release of Steineck.

In body tall and strong, in features dark and well favoured.

Wilhelm von Osterode knew this perfectly well, but, as he had loved Hilda from boyhood, and had sorely coveted that fair domain of hers ever since he had arrived at manhood, he had persisted in his suit even in despite of her manifest displeasure.

When the present war had broken out he had by deliberate design got himself shut up in Steineck, partly because he longed to be near the lady of his love and partly because of a secret feeling that some day the chances of war might do him a good turn, and these chances he had never ceased to ponder on since the gates had been closed.

In person he was presentable enough; in body tall and strong and well proportioned, and in features dark and well-favoured enough in the eyes of one who did not look too closely. That he loved the Lady Hilda honestly enough, there was no reason to doubt. She herself did not doubt it, neither did Count Rudolf nor his wife, and had he only been her choice instead of this pestilent Ernst von Stalberg, he would have striven honestly to be a good and worthy husband to her.

After he had taken his last refusal from her lips — gently spoken and with tears in the soft eyes which maddened him, and yet said in such fashion that he could not but take it as irrevocable — the blood in his veins seemed to turn into venom and the base spirit of treachery entered into his soul.

For a good five hours after he had parted from Lady Hilda he paced the round of the ramparts, ostensibly inspecting the sentries and seeing to the state of the defences. He had long talks with many of the sentries after they had come off duty and with one of them longer than with any of the others. This man was named Piet Uhlmann, and he was not a landsman, or native of the March of Steineck, but a mercenary from the south, one who cared not on which side he fought and would willingly change sides for the prospect of another thaler a month.

In the morning von Osterode took occasion to have some conversation with his cousin, and in the course of it managed adroitly to win from her all that she knew concerning the secret water supply upon

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which the town depended. This she gave him in all innocence as to one of her own kin and a loyal defender of the place, and when he left her what he had known before of it was supplemented with knowledge particular enough to take him straight to the hidden source.

The next night when the guards were relieved at four o'clock in the morning Piet Uhlmann's post was found empty. A knotted rope was hanging over the wall in the shadow of a tower hard by, and when the alarm was given and the garrison called to arms Wilhelm von Osterode was found to be missing too. The town and castle were searched for him in vain and then there came into the heart of the Countess Bertha a deadly and shameful fear, and she went to her Lord and said:

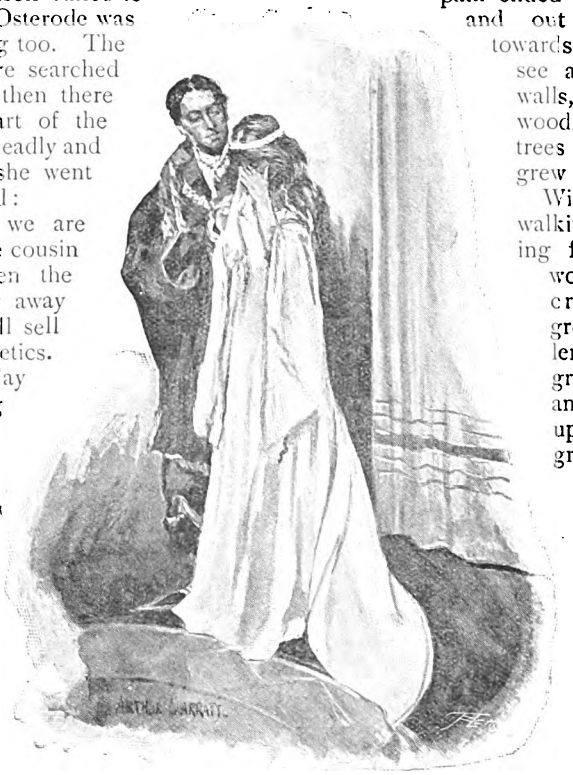
"Rudolf, I fear we are undone. This base cousin of mine has taken the secret of the water away with him, and he will sell it and us to the heretics. It was only yesterday that he was talking for over an hour with me about it and I, alas, unsuspecting, added to his knowledge all mine."

"And but a day before he had pressed his suit on Hilda, so she told me, and she refused it once and for all," said the Count, sadly and sternly. "Well, there is no telling what man will do for the love of woman, or what may come out of love when once it is turned into despair. He hath changed his faith, too, more than once, and he who changes faith may well change honour. How much better a thing war would be if it could only be kept clear of love! Yet weep not, sweet Countess, I will go and see to the storing up of the water while we have it, and no doubt we shall get enough to hold out till the Bishop comes."

* * * *

After they had dropped safely from the walls, Wilhelm von Osterode and his companion in treachery and desertion struck upwards along the mountains towards the river bank to the southward of the town and away from the camp of the Duke.

When day broke they found themselves in a narrow depression in the summit of a flat-topped hill about a thousand feet higher than the spur on which Steineck stood. So far they had travelled nearly the whole way through the close-standing pine trees with which the hills were clothed, but here the path ended in a small clearing and out of this, looking towards Steineck, you could see a rift in the forest walls, or rather a straight woodland in which the trees were younger and grew more sparsely.



"Weep not, sweet Countess."

Wilhelm at once began walking about the clearing followed by Piet's wondering eyes. He crossed it in its greater and shorter lengths, examining the ground very carefully, and presently he came upon a little patch of green moss towards the upper end of the shallow valley. He stooped and tore some of this up hurriedly with his hands. It grew in soft, moist peat, and under this at a depth of about a foot were rough-hewn stones which seemed a long time ago to have been cemented together with lime. He lay down at full length with his ear close to these stones, and then in a little while he got up and, setting his back to the stones, he walked down the valley over a little ridge which separated it from the slope beyond, and from this ridge he counted a hundred paces down the woodland. Then he stopped between two tall pine trees that had been marked with an axe, and pointing to the ground he said to Piet:

"Take thy dagger and dig here."

He set to with a will, and in less than half an hour he had cleared away a space of

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nearly a yard square, and had laid bare more stones like those in the valley. Both put their ears to these and heard the rush of water close under them.

"That is enough," said von Osterode. "Now we can go to the Duke with something worth telling him."

There was murder in both their hearts as they descended the hills towards the camp; but as each guessed the other's thoughts, both kept well on their guard till they had forded the river, and come in sight of the Duke's sentries, and so they reached the camp with whole skins.

Von Osterode was well-known by name to the Duke, so when he had received his message saying that he came from Steineck with information for his private ear, Brandenburg at once ordered that he should be brought to his tent.

There were few words wasted between them. The Duke was getting anxious about the Bishop's army, which must march to the relief of the town before many days were over. If the town still held out he would be forced to raise the siege, and might perhaps suffer defeat in the field as well. But with Steineck in his hands the tables would be turned, so they did not take long in coming to terms. For himself Wilhelm asked a thousand crowns in gold, the hand of the Lady Hilda and her estates, and for Piet a thousand silver thalers and permission to depart free when the town had fallen. And to these terms, as time pressed, the Duke had agreed with very little argument. Then von Osterode satisfied his hunger and thirst at the Duke's table, and within an hour had started off for the hills again with Piet and a strong company of sappers armed with shovels, picks, and crow-bars, and carrying half a dozen kegs of powder.

II.

Towards four o'clock that afternoon the anxious watchers on the walls and towers of Steineck heard a sound from the hills like a roll of distant thunder, and saw a puff of blue-white smoke rise out of the trees and drift away and lose itself in the clear air. A few minutes later the stream that filled the great cistern under the castle walls ran dry, and so the first result of von Osterode's treachery had been brought about.

Count Rudolf had taken every precaution that was possible in the face of such a disaster. Every vessel that would hold water in the town had been filled. Everyone, soldier and civilian, had been put on rations as soon as the flight of the traitors had been discovered; but there was close on six thousand souls in Steineck, and the weather was hot. In three days at the most, children would be crying for water and men would be looking longingly from the battlements at the cool, bright river into which a good archer could shoot an arrow, but which, so far as the men and women of Steineck were concerned, might as well have been a hundred miles away.

That afternoon the beleaguering forces drew closer round the city, and the Duke concentrated his batteries and forces on those points at which it would be easiest for the besieged to reach the river; for it was not now a matter of clothyard shafts and powder and shot; they had an ally now in the town against which these were of no avail. If the Bishop did not come soon Steineck must yield or go mad with thirst.

Count Rudolf quickly saw that the Duke

He lay down at full length.

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had made his dispositions so well that there was no hope of any messenger from the town getting through the beseiging host and carrying a letter to the Bishop, telling him of the urgency of the strait to which the town was now reduced.

Bitterly he regretted now that confident message which had told the Bishop that Steineck could hold out for ever; but that was of no avail, and so, as he could send no envoy by land, he determined to do his best to send a message through the air.

That night, therefore, huge beacon fires blazed on all the topmost towers of Steineck, fires which could be seen for nearly a hundred miles across the level plain to the north.

For that night and two others after the fires blazed sky-high, and when the fourth morning dawned clear and calm, giving promise of another burning day, the water was nearly done, and there were no signs of Bishop Hugo's army to be seen.

So Count Rudolf made up his mind that that night they must fight their way out to the river and get water, even at the price of blood, or the next day they must yield, conquered by an enemy which no human strength or valour could fight against.

The long, weary, burning hours passed as though each of them had been a day, and lips grew drier, and throats hotter, and tongues harder, and eyes began to look with the longing of madness on the broad bright sweep of the river as it wound away into the sunny distance across the plain. The last remains of the store of water, eked out as it had been with wine or beer, must be consumed by evening. The men had drunk nothing but beer and wine, so that the water might be saved for the women and children, but these also were nearly done now and in another twelve hours there would not be a drop of drinkable liquid left in Steineck. Therefore Count Rudolf took counsel with the Warden and the Captain of the garrison and decided on a midnight sortie to the river.

At sundown the fires were lighted as usual and the weary hours of impatience wore on until the first stroke of twelve boomed out from the castle clock-tower. Then there suddenly went up a strange, hoarse cry from many parched throats on the towers and battlements. By the light of the fires Count Rudolf saw men pointing out over the plain with hands and weapons. He was just about to give the order for the drawbridge to be lowered, but he told the warden to hold his men for a little, and ran up on to the northern wall, and there to his great joy and comfort he saw a long line of twinkling fires dotted along the plain to the northward, and extending completely round the rear of the Brandenburgers.

"May God and his holy saints be praised, it is the Bishop at last!" he cried in a clear voice as for a moment the agony of thirst left him. "We shall drink our fill before morning—and of something more than water."

Then he went down to the gate and told the captain and warden and ordered the last rations of beer and wine to be served out to the troops. The men knew well that this was their last drink in life unless they could win their way to the water and hold it, and each one felt his heart leap for joy as the portcullis creaked up and the drawbridge rattled down.

All the rest of that night under the stars and the new-risen moon was fought as fierce a fight as any in the wars between Protestants and Catholics.

The men of Steineck fought their way to the river and held it with stubborn desperation while water was carried in buckets and rolled in casks up to the town, and while the Bishop's army closed in on the rear and flanks of the Brandenburghers.

When morning dawned the Duke saw that his position was hopeless. Another twelve hours, and he would have had the town and could have laughed at the Hildesheimers, but now he must either make terms or see his army cut to pieces and crushed between the Bishop's forces and the walls of Steineck, so the white flag fluttered above his defeated host, and by noon he was making terms with Count Rudolf.

Of these terms, which permitted him to retire to his own Duchy under certain stringent conditions after payment of heavy ransom for himself and his principal knights, there is only one stipulation that concerns us here.

Both the Bishop and Count Rudolf utterly refused to make peace or give quarter unless Wilhelm von Osterode and his treacherous ally were given unconditionally into their hands. Both had tried desperately to save themselves by flight, but this, for their sins, was not to be, and so that afternoon they found themselves securely fettered, each in a separate dungeon under the castle wall.

There they remained, supplied with plenty of food but no water or other drinkable, till both fell into a terror at the thought that they were doomed to die of thirst and amidst the

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same torments to which they had condemned the people of Steineck.

But this was not to be, and after many hours, of which both had lost count, they were taken out of their cells and carried in their chains through the crowds of men and women and children who came out into the streets to curse them and spit upon them, and so they were brought to the Town-hall. As they entered the justice-room among their guards von Osterode's heart sank within him as he saw, not only the Bishop and Count Rudolf sitting at the upper end with the mayor and chief notary of the town, but also the stately figure of Ernest von Stalberg, and when their eyes met he saw there was to be no forgiveness for him.

They were stood up at the bar before the platform on which their judges sat, and the Bishop, looking as cold and stern as one of the effigies of the Counts of Steineck which stood round the walls, began to speak in a loud harsh voice.

"Wilhelm von Osterode, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire," he said, "the double crimes of apostasy and treachery have been proved against you by your own deeds. The first is enough to send you to the stake, and the second to the gallows. But you and this vile accomplice of yours have been guilty of even worse crimes than these, if that were possible. In cold blood and for the satisfaction of your own greedy and selfish ends, you condemned thousands of brave men, tender women and helpless little children to the agonies of thirst, so that their sufferings might force a loyal gentleman and a faithful son of that Church, which you have deserted and falsely returned to, to surrender the trust which God and the Church had given into his hands. Yet, black and all as your iniquity is, the Countess Bertha, your cousin, whose kinship you disgrace, has found it in her gentle heart to plead for mercy for you, and this much we have promised her—that you shall be spared the torment of the stake and the disgrace of the rope."

At this von Osterode heaved a deep sigh of relief, but there was a grim smile now on the face of the Bishop, and his next words dispelled all hope of life for the two traitors.

"Yet both your lives are forfeit by all the laws of God and man," he went on in a tone that was even harder and sterner than before, "and you must die. Moreover I have found a death for you which shall in some degree be in keeping with your crime. Now take them away to the chapel; they have an hour for repentance and absolution if they are found worthy of it."

No one else spoke and the prisoners were hurried away at once before they had time to make any protest against their mysterious sentence, even if such had been possible.

An hour and a half later, as the castle clock was striking three they were brought out of the great gate and carried down towards that river on which, through their deed, the men and women and children of Steineck had gazed with such longing agony but a few days before. On their way through the streets von Osterode had looked in vain for any sign of the Countess Bertha or Lady Hilda. They had, in fact, left the town that morning to recover themselves and the Countess's children from the fatigues and sufferings of the seige at one of Count Rudolf's country houses situated in a pleasant valley some four hours journey up the river. It may easily be imagined, too, that neither of them had any desire to be in the town while the sentence of the Lord Bishop was being carried out.

When the prisoners reached the river bank they beheld a somewhat strange sight. A space some ten yards square had been cut out of the bank nearest the town. The bottom of this space was a little lower than the level of the river, but a bank had been left to keep the river water out of it. The floor of it sloped from one end to the other. In the higher end two great casks had been sunk, and from the bank to each of these there was laid a leaden pipe. Beside each cask, too, lay an iron bowl or hand-basin.

All round the space there were seats for the Bishop and Count Rudolf and the principal personages of the army of Hildesheim and the town of Steineck. All round, too, on the rising ground and on the walls of the town itself there were gathered thousands of people who had come to see the justice of the Bishop wrought out upon the two traitors.

Their legs were bound and loaded with fetters, but their arms were left free.

"Put them in," said the Bishop from his seat close by the casks. "They are thirsty, and they have made others thirst. Put them in, and let them drink. Let them see that our justice is kinder than their treachery."

Von Osterode kept his silence and his dignity, but Piet screamed, and cursed, and prayed alternately, as he was lifted up and dropped into his cask. Von Osterode was dropped into his at the same time, and they were stood facing each other. By standing

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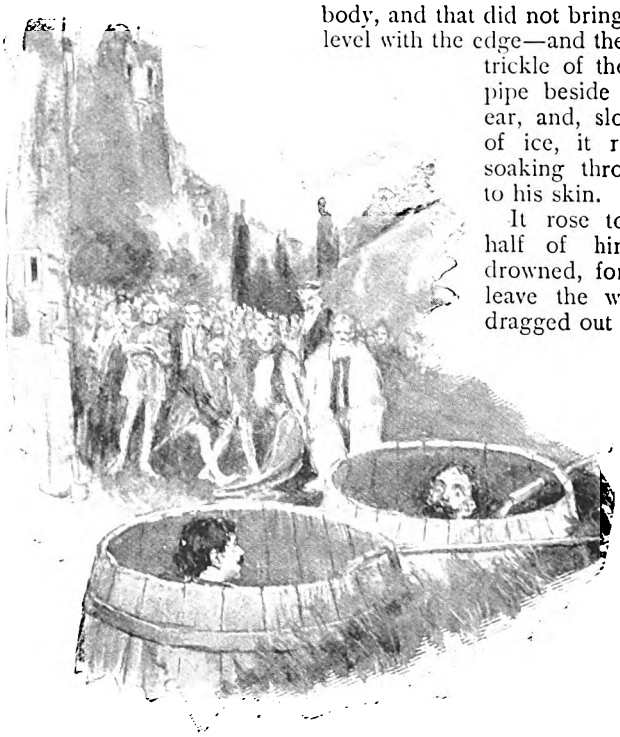
bolt upright they could just see each other's eyes and the horror in them.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Bishop, with an ironical laugh—for his eminence had dined well that day in the castle—"you who denied water to others shall have water in plenty and to spare for yourselves. Give them the basins and let the pipes run."

The ends of the pipes which pierced the bank just under the level of the river had been stopped with clay. This was now taken out, and the water began to flow into the casks. Both now saw the end that was in store for them, and yet, so strong are human appetites and so imperious the demands of Nature, that no sooner did the water begin to run from the pipes than both took the basins that had been given to them, filled them with water, and drank greedily.



The water began to flow into the casks.

Then those who watched saw the difference between the blood of these two traitors. He whose blood had been noble till the poison of disappointed love had turned it sour, when he had taken his drink from the basin flung it away from him, after which he crossed himself, and then, turning his face up to Heaven, cried in a loud voice:

"God have mercy on me, a sinner and one who is not fit to live!"

His voice sounded strangely from the hollow of the tub, but it was the last they heard from him in the form of articulate words. He folded his arms and leaned up against the edge of the cask, and so he waited for death.

But Piet Uhlmann, when he heard the trickle of the water from the pipe and felt it gathering about his feet and rising inch by inch to his knees, seemed stricken with a stupor of terror. He could not believe that he was to be drowned here, standing in a cask with the dry ground within a few inches of his nose and the soft, warm wind of Heaven blowing over his rough hair.

It was not possible. He had swum rivers before and been swept away in torrents and well-nigh drowned half-a-score of times. But this was all so different. His feet rested on firm ground—but they were so heavily fettered he could not lift either of them. His hands were free and he could grasp the edge of the cask—but not an inch could he raise his head above the utmost stretch of his neck and body, and that did not bring his nostrils quite level with the edge—and there was the gentle trickle of the water from the pipe beside him close to his ear, and, slowly, like a ring of ice, it rose about him, soaking through his clothes to his skin.

It rose to his waist and half of him was already drowned, for it would never leave the water till he was dragged out dead.

The water rose to his waist, then to his breast, then to his armpits—and then he woke from his stupor with a yell of terror and, turning, clapped the palm of his right hand against the pipe and stopped the water. Why had he not thought of this before? Von Osterode had not had the wit to do it. He laughed, and the onlookers laughed too. Then he remembered that, though he might keep his hand there till his arm fell paralysed, yet afterwards the pitiless water would begin to flow again. Some time or other, too, sleep would overcome him, even as it did men upon the rack, and the water would flow on.

He took his hand away and fell to raving and cursing the Bishop and the Count and all about him, uttering hideous blasphemies which made some long to strike him dead and end them.

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So the water rose to his neck.

It had already risen to von Osterode's chin. He had thrown his head back to take one last breath of the sweet air of Heaven, and then the water rose to his lips and his nostrils. They saw him fight it fiercely with his hands for a few moments in a last uncontrollable struggle of Nature against Death. Then he forced his hands down by his side, the water rose to his eyes, bubbled for a little space, and then flowed out quietly over the edge of the cask.

But the inevitable death took Piet differently. When the water reached his chin he took the basin in both hands and flung the water out in great splashes, labouring fiercely and desperately till the tide of death had gone down to his breast again. Then he rested and forced his shoulder up against the pipe, so that the water came only in a little trickle, and, seeing this, the Bishop sent a man-at-arms who pushed him away with the point of his halberd, saying with a laugh that the bystanders took up:

"Art tired Piet—tired as we were waiting for water in the city? Up man, and to thy work! We would have given much for the water thou art flinging away so wastefully.

The gibe set Piet cursing again and those about him laughing. The water crept up again, and again he fell to his hopeless task with the basin. He stopped the pipe with his hands once more, screaming for pity, but the soldier forced them away again with his weapon. Nearly a score of times the water rose to his lips, and as often he drove it back a few inches with the basin, till at last his numbed and weary hands and arms refused their work and the basin slipped from his fingers and sank to his feet. He fought the slowly-rising death with his hands, as von Osterode had done, but longer and more fiercely. But soon his upstretched face began to sway from side to side and sink back. The water bubbled about it and horrible sounds came from the cask. Then the sounds ceased and the bubbles vanished and, as Ernst von Stalberg told his wife long after when the horror of the sight had been somewhat softened by time, all that could be seen was the calm water flowing over the edges of the casks with a man's head moving slowly about in the midst of each.

Photo by C. Reid, of Wishaw.

On the edge of the lake.

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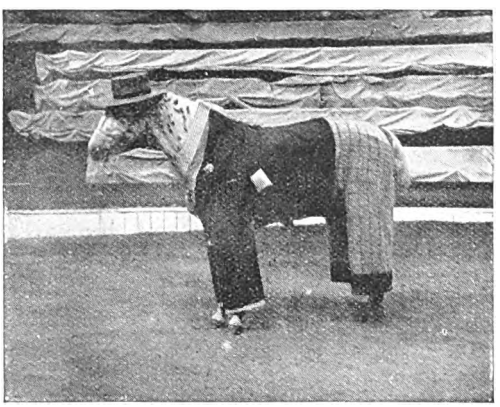
A HORSE THAT GOES TO BED.

By Ellsworth Douglass.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

The risings and goings-to-bed of kings have long been celebrated with appropriate functions, but it is a little unusual that crowds of people should gather together to see a horse go to bed. Yet such is actually the case, and it happens in Paris. Naturally when you wish to set the fashions, whether you are man, woman, dog, or horse, you go to Paris, and the horse in question is distinctly the leader of fashions for the swell equine set. For the present season his decrees prescribe trousers of tweed, of a large plaid design for the hind-legs, a neat lounge coat of blue broadcloth for the fore-legs and shoulders, cuffs and collars of starched linen with a narrow blue stripe, and patent leather shoes for the hind feet. Gloves are not yet worn on the fore-feet. The mane is no longer worn plaited with pink ribbons, but the tail is still worn banged. Only on one point do we take issue with this equine dictator. He wears a large imitation gold pin in his scarf of pink satin ribbon. Well-bred horses should certainly be less vulgar in their display, and a small silver spur or stirrup would be much better form. The wearing of little horse-shoes in the tie is now relegated entirely to mankind.



Mr. Good Night enters in full costume, with coloured shirt, fashionable jacket, big checked trousers, and neat boots.

This emancipator of horsekind is a thorough cosmopolitan, being Flemish by birth, German by education, while his greatest vogue has been in France. Yet his name is English, and rather a peculiar one for a horse, for he is called "Good Night." He confided to me that he hopes to come to England in the summer, as soon as his French engagements are fulfilled.

Mr. Good Night is now living in chambers at 267, Rue St. Honoré, which, by the way, is the same street in which the President of the French Republic lives. I had the pleasure of calling just at noon the other day, which was the hour that the management of the Nouveau Cirque had conferred upon him the freedom of their practice track. I was, therefore, fortunate enough to be present when he was putting on his clothes, which is a ceremony to which the general public is never invited. I found him carefully stepping into his trousers, one leg at a time, much the same as a man does, but his coat went on backwards, and buttoned behind instead of in front. His valet must also be an experienced tailor, for his clothes are sewn on him each time in order to assure a good fit, and to make his undressing (which is the public part of the performance) easier and more graceful.

I noted the entire absence of buckles and the presence of buttons and basting threads; the general effect of a tailor-made horse interested me, and I decided to interrogate him about his new ideas. His human agent, Herr Schumann, who speaks not only horse-talk, but is fluent in German, French, and English, acted as interpreter, so that the interview presented no difficulties.

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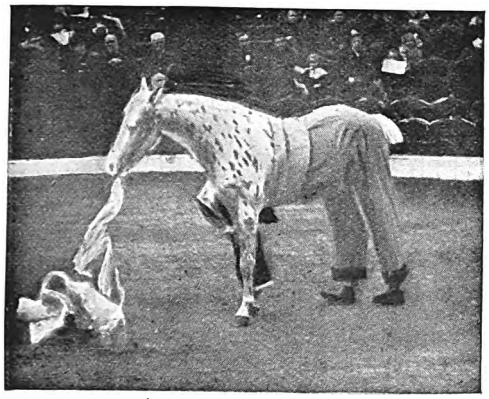
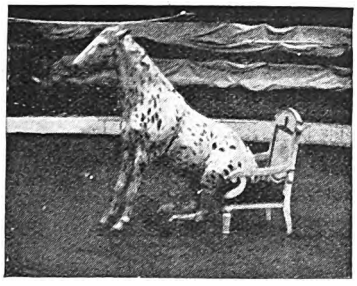


He takes off his coat, then his trousers.

"Good morning, Mr. Good Night!" I said. "Horses have long enjoyed a reputation for good sense, so no doubt you can tell me some valid reason for this adoption of clothing by a race of animals whose natural coat has always been so much admired."

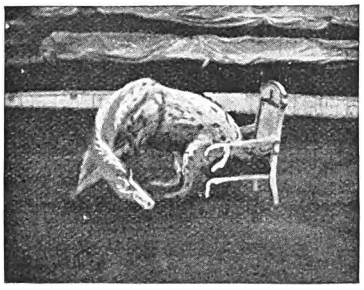
"Yes, I have a good reason for it. I think you will admit it when you have heard me. Naturally you have been pre-occupied with human affairs, and have not given this horse question so much deep and anxious thought as I have. When a long-headed horse sees underground roads burrowing under every street of Paris; when he sees steam trams and electric trams, leg bicycles and motor bicycles, motocycles and motor carriages, balloons, and even possible flying machines all conspiring to take his place and crowd him entirely outside the realm of usefulness, it's enough to bring him up on his hind legs with apprehension. This question worried my colthood, and finally I undertook a thorough educational course in the Circus Schumann at Prague to fit myself to settle the question of a higher destiny for the horse."



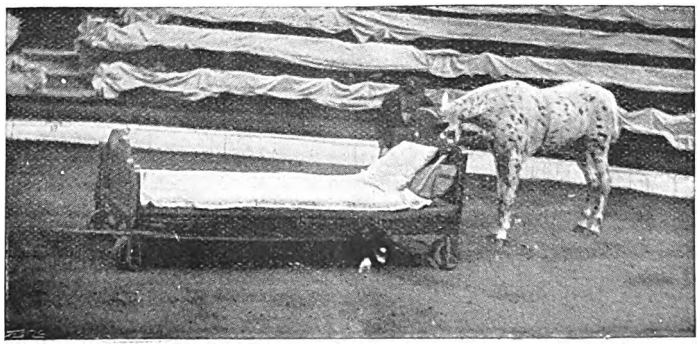
He seats himself in an an armchair and—

"And you conceive that higher destiny to be the giving of full dress entertainments in a circus?" I put in.

"Not at all. Just you trot steady, and don't break into a gallop like that. This circus exhibition is only a means to gain my end. The twentieth century horse must follow the example of the nineteenth century dog, and leave the realm of usefulness for the realm of fashion. There's my theory in a mouthful of oats. Just consider that case of the dog, now. Is he a useful animal? No. Does he thrive without labour? Is he petted and dressed in fine clothes, and fed more than (for lack of exercise) he can find appetite for? You must admit that he is, and all because it is the fashion to make pets of dogs. All the curs of Paris put together don't do so much useful work as the one extra bus-horse that is put on at the Champs Elysèes to help pull up to the Arch of Triumph. And yet they are a sleek, fat, lazy, well-dressed lot, that bark at the heels of the noble horse, or have the impudence to ride on a broadcloth cushion in a rubber-tyred carriage behind us! Well? I don't need a lash of the whip to make me trot downhill. There's an idea in all that for the hundreds of horses that are daily losing the jobs in which they have long and faithfully served.



proceeds to take off his boots.



He then wheels in his bedstead.

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Being somewhat particular, he shakes up the sheet and makes his bed for himself.

The useful world has no more room for us, and we are going to claim a place in the fashionable world."

"Do you think you can convert horsedom to these ideas?" I ventured.

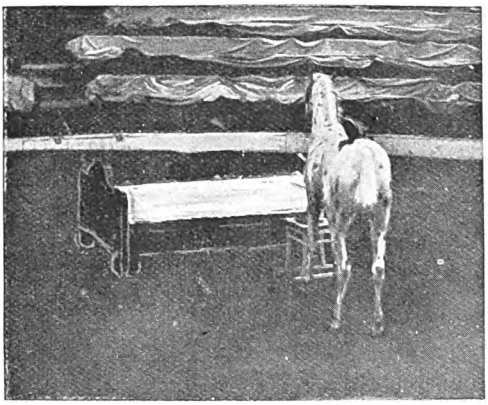
"Horsedom! I don't intend to try. What good would that do? I must convert mankind. Men must buy broadcloth and feather-beds for us, and exhibit us for their pleasure and gratification. That's why I joined a fashionable circus instead of going around lecturing to horses, as you think I should. I show the men and women here what a fine idea it is to have a horse trained to act like a human being and to live as they live. If you put a notion like that before a man's eyes, and show him where he can grasp it with his two hands, he is quite capable of working it out himself."

"You do have a degree of confidence in us, then," I laughed.

"Oh yes, you have man-sense; that isn't exactly horse-sense, but it serves very well in its way!"

"Well, Mr. Good Night, I rather like your ideas. Perhaps I can assist you a little. Do you have any objection to giving me a private rehearsal of your cleverness, so that I may make your ideas concretely and pictorially known to the people of England? I assure you the horse is very much loved over there."

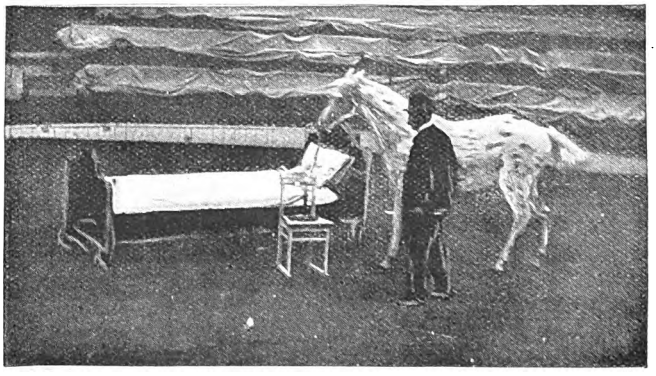
"Will I? You don't know how disappointed I would have been if that square box you carry had not turned out to be a Kodak. I'll give you as many private rehearsals as you like, show you how I do all my little mannish tricks, and pose for you in every position and as long as you wish. Say, maybe it wasn't advertising that put the bicycle in my place! Ever since I saw those two-wheeled things on the posters and in the magazines, I have said to myself advertising is the twentieth century force and it must play a large part in my scheme. Now when you are ready just tell me to stand steady and look pleasant, and you may bleach my spots if I don't make pictures for you!"



He next brings in a chair for his candle.

"You are very obliging; suppose you go through your act for me at once."

"Well, I usually enter the circus like this on my hind legs with my fore feet in the air. It's more like a man you know. You can't get a snapshot of me in this light? Then I will stand down on all fours and pose for you. Be sure you get my button-hole bouquet in the picture! Perhaps you think that handkerchief sticking out of my coat pocket is just for show, but it



With a lighted taper he lights the candle, and—

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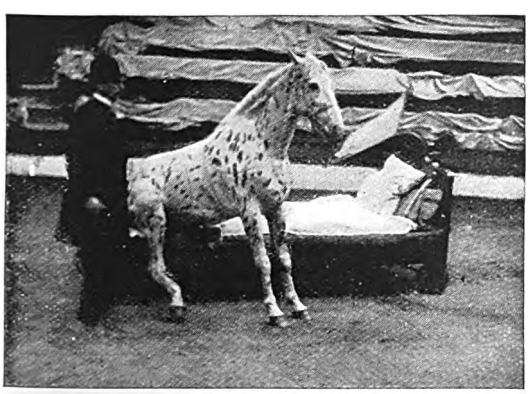
isn't. You see I seize that in my teeth when I am ready to pull off half of my coat. A steady pull tears the basting threads, my coat sleeve comes open. The other half of the coat comes off the same way, and I have my cue to do it when I hear the German word, '*essen!*'

"Now for the trousers. I reach back and take the cloth between my teeth at the place where it covers my flank, then a steady pull loosens the basting threads and rips open the leg seam. In the same manner the other trouser leg comes off, and I have nothing left on me but my two shoes.

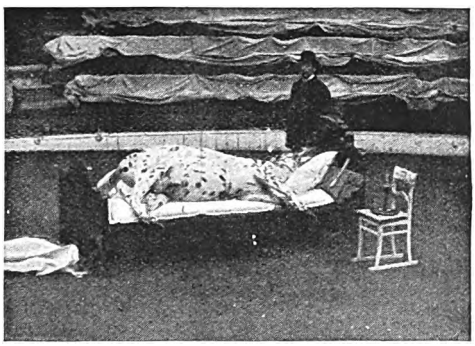
"Now it may be easy for a man to stand on one foot and take the shoe off the other; but to enable a horse to get the shoes off his hind feet he must sit down. Therefore my valet brings in a big armchair. One of the hardest things I have had to learn is to sit down in a chair gracefully and with comfort. Now, you simply bend your knees out and sit down as a matter of course, but if you had been born a horse, your knees would bend in the wrong way, instead of bending out to make room for the edge of the chair. There now, push the button while I look comfortable, for really I am not! Next, to get my shoes off, I swing my head down and take their useless toes between my teeth and pull them off, one at a time.

"Now, will you excuse me a moment while I go for my bed? It is big and heavy and doesn't roll easily, but I always bring it into the circus myself. I run and give it a push with my head like this. It hurts a



glances at the evening paper.

little, but I don't care, for the crowd always applauds. Shall I stand here like this and pretend to be pushing while you make the picture? Two seconds isn't so long to stand still after all, is it? But I have such a perfectly unconscious habit of switching my tail and tossing my head, that posing doesn't come natural to me. At real performances I have to make the bed. I bring in part of the mattress, the bolster, and the



Growing weary he retires for the night, but—

pillow, and spread out the sheet myself. I can shake up a sheet like a regular country housewife. Now, watch me! I am afraid I moved too quickly that time, but you can see how I take the corner in my mouth and give it a good flutter.

"Before retiring, I usually like to sit down on the bed and have a look over the paper. The *Figaro* sends me a copy every day pasted on a frame, so it will stand up straight for me. But I can't make any horse sense out of this Dreyfus affair! It seems to be a sort of distemper which attacks all the statesmen, generals and judges, and the only way to cure them is to turn them out on grass!

"You see I am a 'horse in liberty,' as the circus people say. I am loose to run where I please, but when friend Schumann here cracks his whip, I know it is time to trot off and bring in a chair and afterwards to bring in a large candlestick with a candle in it. Then I must bring in a large match or a small torch to light the candle. That frightened me at first, but I said what a man dare do, a horse dare do, and now I am used to it. The torch is a stout wire with a pad at the top for me to take in my teeth and some felt at the other end saturated with alcohol. My valet lights this just off the scene and I bring it in and light the candle all myself. Then I blow out the lighted felt by waving it quickly in the air, like this. Of course, you can't photograph that, but you did catch me lighting the candle, didn't you?

"Now I lay me down to sleep. And it

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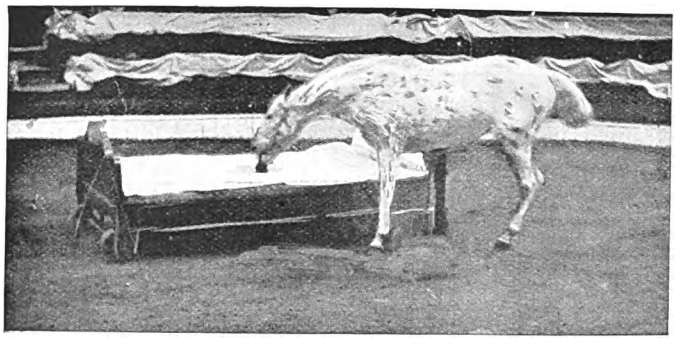


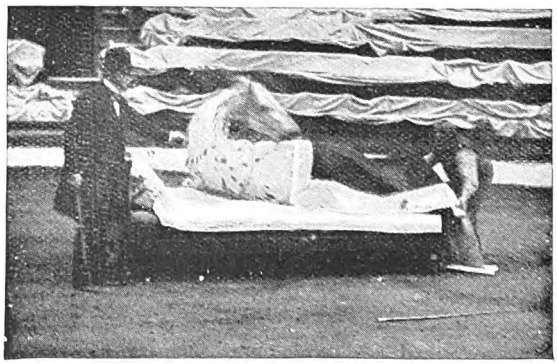
discovers that a practical joker has placed something in his bed.

isn't so easy to get into a man's bed squarely and properly, with your head on the pillow and your feet gracefully disposed! I begin by sitting down on the foot of the bed, the same as when I was reading the paper, then I gradually heel over like this. Oh, wait a minute! Have you taken me? I forgot I had my feet toward you when really my back makes the prettiest picture. But anyhow, I usually get up at this stage of the proceedings. Here is where higher culture in the horse meets with some of the discomforts of human civilisation. These mattressed beds are nice, but they are apt to have annoying little lodgers which horses on straw know nothing about. So I jump up now and catch one, and, throwing him down on the floor, I stamp him with my fore feet until he is supposed to be dead. But he always turns up at the next performance just the same.

"Now I will lie down properly for you, without my feet in the foreground. There I am. How is that? My valet has the silk quilt to place just over my haunches, then I lift my head, and, taking the quilt in my teeth, I pull it up over me like this. Now you see me quite covered, and supposed to be in deep sleep. But just here is where I always listen for creepy music, for a burglar sneaks into the circus ring to steal my purse from my coat pocket at the foot of the bed. Just as he is making off with it, I spring from the bed and run after him like mad. I chase him outside the ring, and after a moment of waiting I rush back across the ring with the unlucky burglar in my mouth. I go so quickly that everybody thinks I really have the man in my mouth. Of course you will see that it is a dummy, dressed the same as the burglar; but don't mention that detail to the little children who come to see me. They all think that I catch the burglar and eat him, which only serves him right for trying to burgle a hard-working horse.

Once again he lays himself down, whilst his valet brings in a silk quilt—

"Yes, I think that is all I do. Any conscientious horse can learn to do it in two years' time at a training circus where the masters have intelligence and patience, as my good master Schumann has. Good morning, sir. I hope you will come in and see me at a performance some day."



which Mr. Good Night carefully pulls over himself.

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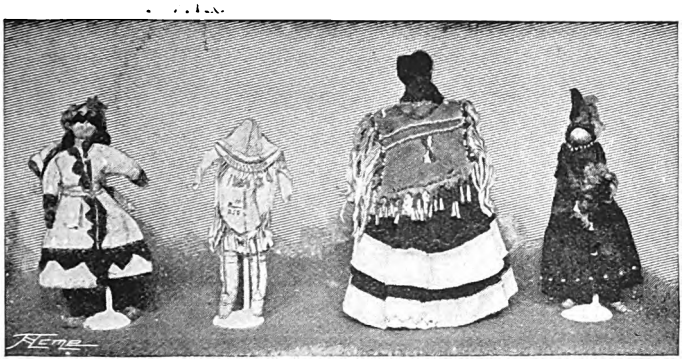

Apache Dolls.

MY COLLECTION OF DOLLS.

THE MINIATURE LADS AND LASSIES OF MANY LANDS.

By Laura B. Starr.

"Drink and dance and pipe and play,
Kisse our dollies night and day."

The doll is the first and most natural toy of the child; the manikin in one form or another is universal. The institution of the doll is as old as childhood itself; it is found among both savage and civilised people, in each case bearing a close resemblance to the race or tribe to which it belongs, particularly in its costume.

The first dolls of which we have any record, were found among the treasures brought to light from the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. They are small, terra-cotta figures, and ivorines, beautifully carved, which must have been most fascinating little dollies for the Assyrian children.

Sioux

The dolls of the small Roman ladies were clay images with jointed arms and legs attached by threads. Those found in the Roman catacombs are of this sort. Dolls of ivory and wax were undoubtedly known at that time, but as they were very expensive they were relegated to the children of the richer classes. There are some fine examples of them, which came from the catacombs of Priscilla, to be seen in the museum in Copenhagen.

The little maids of Sardes, the capital of Lydia, whiled away their childhood hours with mechanical dolls whose arms and legs could be moved by pulling strings; so you see the jointed doll of to-day is almost as old as the world.

The dolls of the classic Greek maidens were made of wax or clay, decorated with bright colours. There was one kind with flexible limbs whose clothes were made to take off and put on, and every doll had a bed of its own. The doll-house, with its lead dishes and tiny kitchen utensils, was as familiar to those children as to our own; the various specimens in the Vatican museum testify to this fact.

Indian

These dolls of ancient Greece represented gods, heroes and mortals; but however rude or strange a form they took, they were dressed with the same loving care by the

Dolls.

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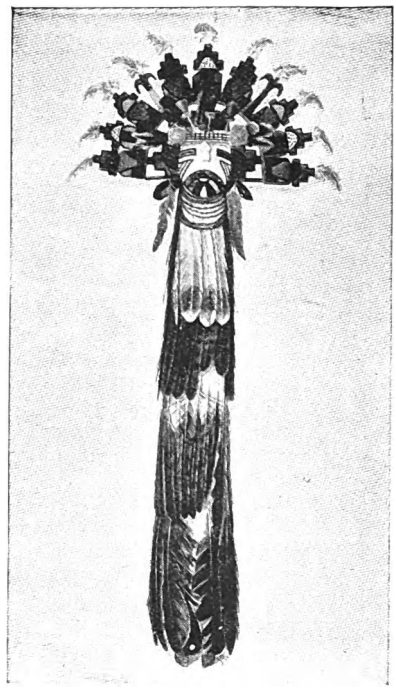
little Greeks as if they had been the most perfect creatures.

In Greece, the daughters were often given in marriage at an early age, so that, as a rule, the maidens played with their childish favourites until just before the wedding day. Then they made a sacrifice of their discarded dolls wiih their wardrobes, to some temple of the maiden Artemis, dedicating them as a pious offering.

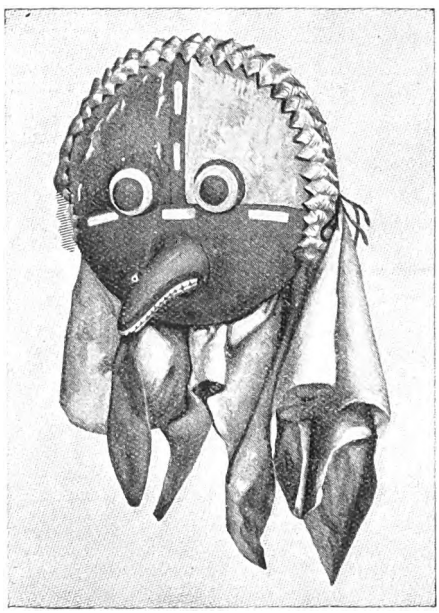
If a daughter died before reaching the age of maturity, her dolls were buried with her; and thus it happens that we have been able to learn the kind and fashion of dolls which comforted the childhood of these children, for all that we now possess have been taken from their tombs. Some of them were undoubtedly household gods of the nursery, but still we find the toy doll as well. The same thing frequently happens here, for do we not often place in the coffin of a dead child the doll it loved, which perhaps the little one clutched tight in its hands as the breath was departing.



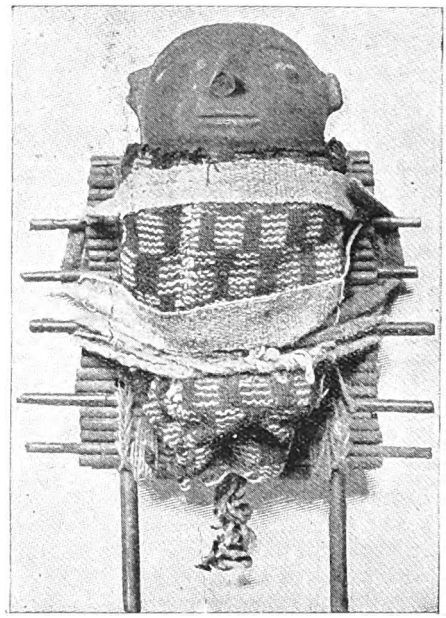
A Feather-clad Indian Doll Idol.

The old saying that the first child is the last doll is not always true, for we read of one woman who played with her dolls when she was forty years of age, and another at twenty-seven.

Froude, in his "Life of Carlyle," tells us how Mrs. Carlyle, at the age of nine, made an end of doll play. It was her pride that made her do it, not loss of interest in the dolls. It had been intimated to her that a young lady, who could read Virgil, looked very childish playing with dolls. She decided that dolly must die in a tragic, classic way, like Dido; so a funeral pyre was built, and dolly and all her belongings were placed upon it, and then this old young



An Indian Doll Idol.



A Peruvian Doll.

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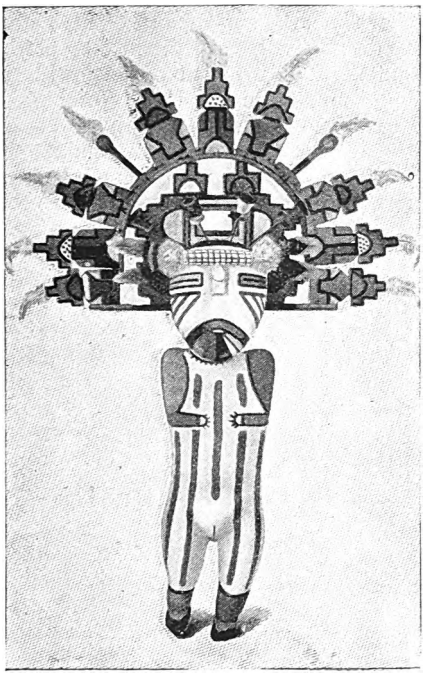
woman calmly set fire to it. Nobody can say how many times she regretted the loss of her playmate, for history is silent on that point, but it is safe to say that the ashes were wept over many a day.

Every country in the world has given dolls to its children, or the little ones have evolved them out of pillows, rags, or sticks for themselves. The girl, by reason of "inherited habit," or perchance by the stirring of some impulse of maternity, manages to convert any number of objects into the semblance of a doll.

This trait of character is so strong and controlling that it overrides even the laws of Islam, which forbid the reproduction of the human body by statue or picture. In spite of this the Moslem child hugs and kisses a something which stands for a miniature human creature.



An Indian Doll Idol.

A Southern Negro.

It is recorded that Ayessha, the nine year old wife of the Prophet, romped around with her dolls in the harem, and what is more, compelled Mohammed himself to help her play with them.

An Oriental scholar informs us that the Mohammedan women of Bagdad see a spectre in every doll which they fear might unexpectedly become active, and do harm to the children. Dolls, therefore, are never given to them as toys; but the voice of Nature is stronger in the girls than the commands of the mother, for they proceed as soon as they are old enough to make dolls by rolling up their clothes, or a pillow, or dressing up a piece of wood.

The dolls found in the graves of extinct races in Greenland do not differ materially from those in use in that country to-day. With the children of the Arctic races the doll, as elsewhere, plays an important part. In Siberia it is a cumbersome little creature dressed in clumsy fur garments. The dolls of Alaskan children are finely made, and dressed in imitation of the adult population. Esquimaux dolls are cut out of bones and mammoth teeth and dressed in soft-tanned skins.

As the imagination of a child is stimulated by a doll, so that it comes to speak to it and play with it as if it were in reality a living, breathing human creature, so the women of various North American Indian tribes deal with dolls that have belonged to their dead children as if they were sensitive creatures.

A Brownie.

A Druse Doll.

An Indian mother often substitutes a doll for her lost little one. She fills the empty cradle with feathers, arranged in the form of the child, and carries this about with her wherever she goes, talking to it and caressing it as she would the living child.

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A Doll of Madeira, in National Costume.

In another tribe, the sorrowing mother ties in a tight bundle the toys, clothes, and amulets which belonged to the little one, and fastens this upon the cradle-board which she carries on her back as she had formerly done the child. The Ojibwas call these unlucky dolls, because they represent the dead.

The reason the Indian mother carries her doll is pathetic. She believes the dead child too small to find its way to Paradise, so she carries the substituted doll to help it along until the dead baby has grown large enough to make its way without help.

A Doll from Nice, dressed as a Milkmaid.

French Doll, dressed as a Russian Peasant.

The Passamaquoddy doll is a miniature maiden of the tribe, much smaller than the word which means doll, viz.: "Ampskudahekanek." If the little Indian maiden is possessed of more than one doll, she speaks of her Ampskudahekanek, which means figure or picture made of wood. One had almost rather go without make-believe babies than to be obliged to call them by such outlandish names.

The Seminole Indians' doll is a bundle of rags, a stick with a bit of cloth wrapped about, exactly like the Bishereen doll of the Upper Nile.

A Doll of Madeira in National Costume

In Orange Free State the Fingo doll plays an important *rôle* with the natives. Upon reaching the age of maturity, every Fingo maid receives a doll, which she nurses until she herself becomes a mother. Upon the birth of her first child her mother makes her a present of a new doll; at the birth of each succeeding child she is made the recipient of another doll, all of which are sacred, and which she never parts with as long as she lives.

An Asturian Doll.

In Java the dolls represent historical and mythological personages, and are used for teaching history and morals. The Javanese appreciate the educational value of dolls as much as any nation.

The dolls of Africa, Corea, and many of the North American tribes, are fetishes or idols, some of them no longer worshipped.

In Corea we find two kinds of dolls. One is made by the girls themselves. It seems to be, one writer tells us, the product of their own sentiment and ingenuity. They cut a bamboo pipe-stem about five inches long, put salted grass on the top for hair, whiten the face with powder, and dress it after the fashion of the feminine adult.

A Doll from Nice, dressed as a Shepherd.

Hugo's Cassette, who dressed, hugged and regularly put to sleep a naked sword,

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A Spanish Doll.

must have been animated by the same idea as the small Coreans. The tip-tilted doll which is found in various parts of the world is the favourite in Corea. It has a round base weighted with lead, so that, no matter how it is put down, it always sits upright. It is made and sold every year on the eighth day of the fourth month, which was, before the change in the calendar, the birthday of Buddha.

Swiss Peasant's Doll in National Costume.

This doll, although representing a woman riding on a tiger, is thought to be a degenerate image of Buddha himself, Buddha figures having been from time immemorial used as toys. We find the counterpart of this doll in Europe, where it still bears the name of Buddha. The French know it as "le poussah," the Germans call it "Putzelman." In the United States it is called "Bouncing Billy."

A Florentine Doll.

A Spanish Doll.

This same tilting doll is found in India, where it is called "fosti." It is made of stiff paper or cardboard, painted red to represent an old man holding a fan, and is said to portray one addicted to opium eating.

A Turkish Lady.

The children of the old world were well supplied with dolls, although the plainer mode of dressing at that time furnished the little ladies less occupation than do the dolls of to-day; for no child of the present time is satisfied unless she possesses a wardrobe for her doll that can be put on and taken off as easily as her own clothes.

Dolls are of recent origin in Europe. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, during the reign of mad Charles VI. of France, an Italian named Pusello came from Padua to France with thirty mules packed with boxes and hung with jingling bells. They contained images of ninety-six empresses and other celebrated women of the old Roman Empire, carved after statues and coins. He showed them for a fee. At last the king sent for him to amuse him. When he came to the explanation of the statuette of Poppea, whom Nero is said to

An Old French Doll.

A Florentine Doll.

Swiss Peasant's Doll in National Costume.

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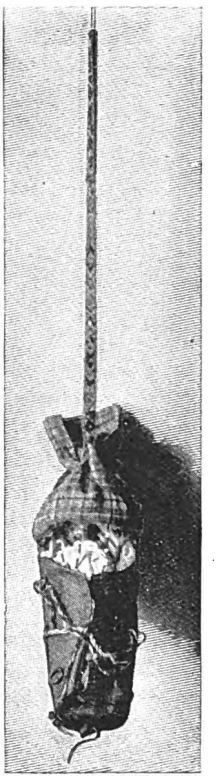
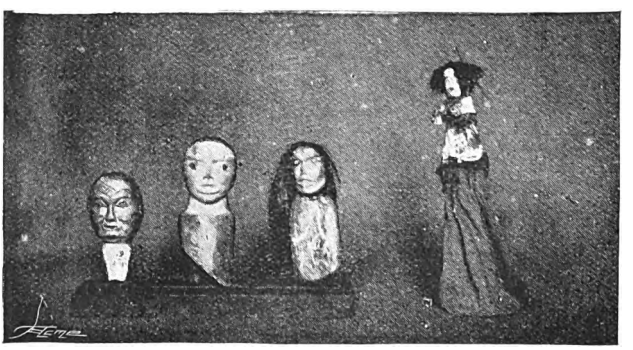
have killed with a kick, the king was very much taken with it, and bought it. As the king called his puppet "Poppea," the courtiers did the same, and thus was derived the word "Poupée."

The origin of the name "doll" has baffled some of the wisest and most learned, the majority of whom have at last come to the conclusion that it comes from "dolly," the diminutive of "Dorothy," a favourite name for girls in England two hundred years ago. The word "doll" is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and, as far as one can discover, first appears in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1751, in the following quotation: "Several dolls, with different dresses, made in St. James St., have been sent to the Czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies." Prior to this, the word used to describe the favourite playing of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "poppet" or "puppet," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.



A Doll and Cradle from Lapland.

The earliest English "babies" were of rags or wood. The latter were stiff, unjointed things, in which the arms were only roughly indicated, and the legs, in most cases, not at all. The way we arrived at the wax, china and more expensive sorts generally is curious. In the middle of the seventeenth century there were no ladies' fashion papers as now. Consequently, in order to show what was being most worn on the Continent, dolls were accurately dressed up and sent round to the various European countries, and from these models orders were taken for costumes by the foreign milliners. The dolls themselves, rather than their dresses, attracted people, so that large numbers of the little figures were imported from abroad, and, the majority and the best of them coming from the Netherlands, were called "Flanders babies." A "Bartholomew baby" was a special kind sold at the old fair of that name, and was celebrated for the quantity of ribbons and mock jewellery with which it was decked out.



Eskimo Dolls.

Among some tribes of the North American Indians, the dolls used by the little copper coloured maidens represent the gods of the tribe, and might be called *doll-idols*. They are roughly made of wood, bone, or feathers, and crudely decorated with elementary colours. In many cases, perhaps in most, they have first been used as symbols in the secret rites of the tribe.

The decorations are all symbolic, and the myth which each one represents, is told the child as our own fairy tales are repeated, and the little one unconsciously imbibes the religious and moral ideas of its people.

The mythical corn maid, mother of Germs, is highly elaborated into dolls, having a characteristic symbol on the cheeks, rain-cloud ornaments on the head, a figure of an ear of corn on the forehead, eyes of different colours, and painted chins.

We read of a little Piute maiden who rejected the rudely carved pieces of wood which represented the sun myths of the tribe, and which were the cherished dolls of her playmates, and who took to her heart a little yellow dog, which she dressed in imitation of her costumes. Having thus provided herself with the nearest approach possible to a "meat baby," she spent her whole time

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Photo by N. J. World.

The doll maker is here drawing out a quantity of the wax, which he is running into a mould of a doll's head.

making head decorations for it and em broidering mocassins for its tiny feet.

It is said the Dutch gave dolls to Japan. That may be true, but there is not the slightest remnant of its Dutch ancestry left in the characteristic Japanese doll of to-day. It is a thing of beauty, and, in truth and verity, a joy for ever. It is handed down in the family from mother to daughter, and kept with such scrupulous care, that when in possession of the third or fourth generation it is as fresh as if it had but yesterday come from the shop.

Once a year the Japanese maid is given a Doll's Festival, when the accumulated treasures of years are brought out for her delectation. First there is the Mikado, his wife and the whole court, dressed even to the last fold of crepe, exactly as the rulers of Japan were dressed a century ago.

The daimio and samuri class are represented with their swords, curious costume, and karuma runners, every minutiæ in perfect keeping.

For this one day the dainty child may handle and play with her numerous doll family to her heart's content. She may dine them and wine them, have fêtes and festivals for their benefit; praise them and scold them, for even the best of dolls occasionally needs to be reprimanded, and do what she will with them during the long summer day.

At the end of the day the dolls are carefully wrapped in their soft papers and put away in the go-down, each in a box especially made for it. Unless there be some particular reason for it, the dolls do not see the light of day until another twelve months rolls round. How long, think you, American or English children would stand such treatment?

The Italians have what they call an angel doll, swathed like their own bambinos. Another sort is only four inches tall, with painted face and hair. When its arms are extended it is as wide as it is tall.

Children in Amoy play with solid puppets made of baked clay.

Queen Victoria had 132 dolls, all of which have been preserved and photographed many times. Some children make god-dolls, and then whip them for their supposed powers of omnipresence.

A little English girl would have nothing but a "monkey doll." She had a large family of sizes and ages. Children with many dolls have one for Sunday, or one is queen, mother, or teacher. The little old rag-doll, battered and bruised, almost beyond the semblance of a doll, is often prime favourite with its owner.

The darkey dolls of the Southern States are typical of that part of America. The old black "mammy" "toting" a white child or her own picaniny, or a bundle of firewood is oftenest seen.

Of late years the "brownies" of Palmer

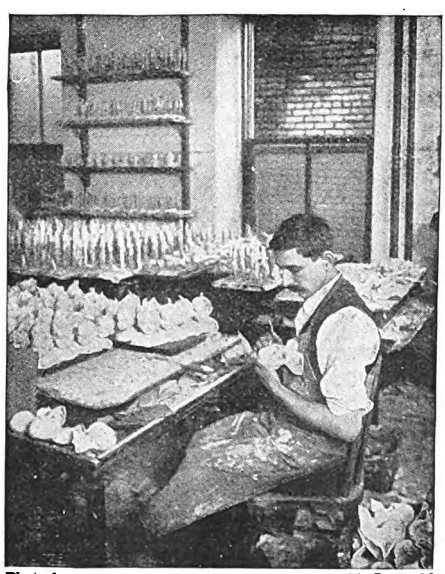

Photo by N. J. World.

The workman here is chipping off the rough projections left from the mould, and sandpapering a smooth surface to the heads.

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Cox have driven other dolls almost out of the running! Their grotesqueness is so amusing that all children take kindly to one variety or another of them.

The Chinese doll, as we know it, with its queue and slanting eyes, is the delight of the little Celestial. It is dressed like its owner and is its constant companion.

The doll-loving child of Holland nurses a counterpart of the quaint people. The miniature maiden rejoices in the multitudinous petticoats of the fisher folk, surmounted by a cap of various shapes, according to the locality.

The doll of the peasant child in Madeira is a bundle of rags without much ornamentation. The dolls sold to tourists are dressed in the national costume, which consists of a short dress for the women and full white trowsers for the men, with the same inverted-funnel of a cap, and soft Suede boots for both.

The Druse doll, curiously enough, has several strands of beads or pearls hanging over her face instead of the ordinary white veil which usually shields the feminine Druse.

The Peruvian doll was exhumed from out of a grave, where, uncounted centuries ago, baby hands were folded to rest and laid away with its terra-cotta toys by its side. It is a grotesque thing, but is useful in showing us how Peruvian mothers carried their little ones about.

The doll of the little Lap maiden is dressed in furs and warm garments, like "its elders and betters," and when it takes its rest, it is snugly tucked into a wooden cradle and suspended from a sapling or convenient hook inside the hut, as the children are.

Wax dolls have undoubtedly become the favourites of our little English maidens. They have the disadvantage of being perishable, but that is a mere detail in these days of cheap toys. No doll made of other material can be given such a natural expression or such a rich peach-like complexion as the wax doll which is made by the hundred and thousand in German factories. For, alas! although 125 years ago this business was in the hands of Englishmen, it has long since passed over to foreigners.

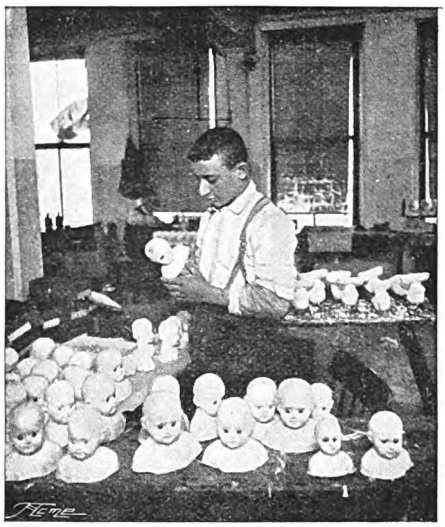

Photo by N. J. World.

In this department the openings are cut for the eyes before being passed on for further stages in the course of completion.

Our photographs of doll-making were taken in one of the half-dozen surviving manufactories in London, and the various operations portrayed will be manifest to the reader. The most tedious work in the perfecting of a wax doll is the insertion of the eyelashes and eyebrows, and consequently these details are omitted in all but the most expensive varieties.

There is a wonderful similarity in the features of wax dolls of one make, which is accounted for by the fact that their faces are cast in a uniform mould. When, however, a doll is to be made for Royalty, a far more elaborate task falls to the duty of the workman. As a rule, Royal dolls' faces have to be made according to certain photographs sent with the orders. This year it is said that most of the dolls made for the use of our little Princes and Princesses bear a wonderful resemblance to Queen Wilhelmina, although whether her youthful Majesty feels flattered by the multiplicity of her effigies is a question open to doubt.

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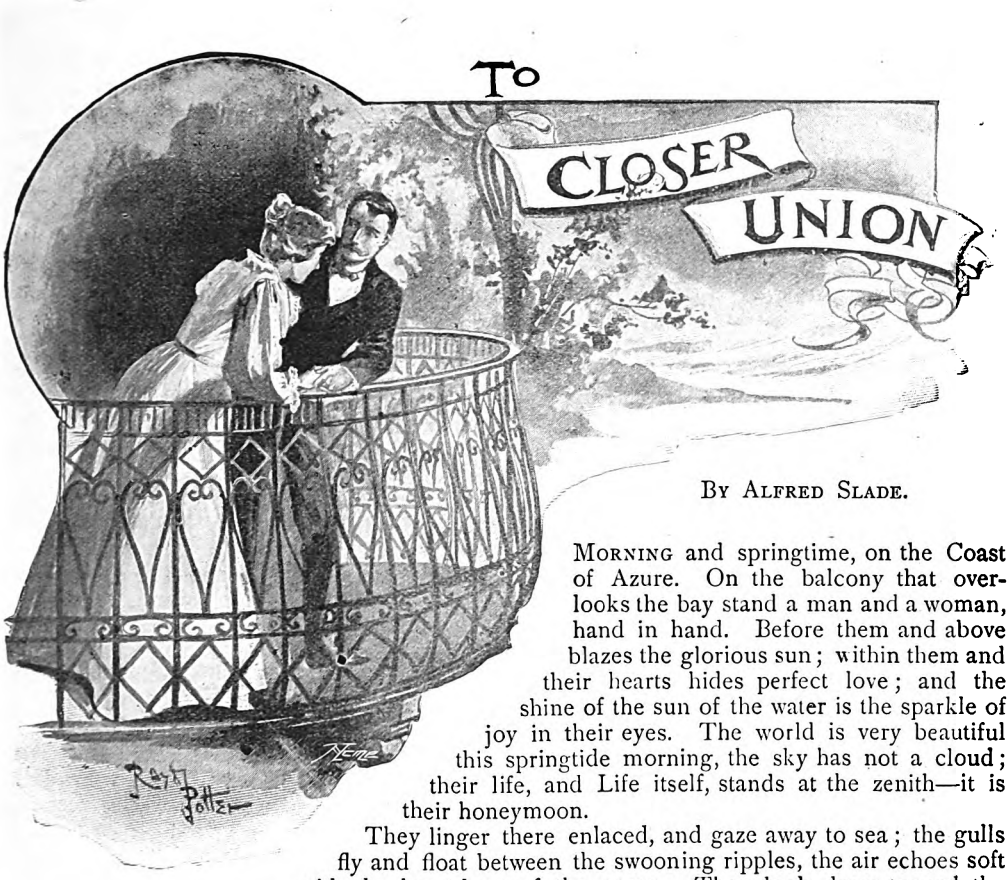

By Alfred Slade.

Morning and springtime, on the Coast of Azure. On the balcony that overlooks the bay stand a man and a woman, hand in hand. Before them and above blazes the glorious sun; within them and their hearts hides perfect love; and the shine of the sun of the water is the sparkle of joy in their eyes. The world is very beautiful this springtide morning, the sky has not a cloud; their life, and Life itself, stands at the zenith—it is their honeymoon.

They linger there enlaced, and gaze away to sea; the gulls fly and float between the swooning ripples, the air echoes soft with the heart-beat of the ocean. They look down toward the garden that is the land; the orange groves are in fragrant bloom, the violets hide, but cannot hide their sweetness. Then they turn again and face the North; where England lies and home, and the Destiny that is past and still to come.

And they search into each other's eyes, and bend close and kiss, and rest thus silent while their hearts beat fast together. Until with an effort they draw asunder; and with one accord push open the window behind them and pass into the room. The woman sits down at the table, draws paper and pen towards her, and writes:—

I scarcely remember, and I care little to try and recollect, the time when I did not love Arthur. Yet I was eighteen years old before I even met him; eighteen years of an existence commonplace and monotonous, and, viewed in the light of the after-life he gave me, with no souvenir, apart from my mother, that I think worthy of guarding. Eighteen years wasted! If only I could have known and loved him all that while!

I never knew my father; he died while I was still in my cradle, and we were left alone together, mother and I. How she idolised and spoilt me, dear mother! She had no other thought but for me; she lavished on me all her great care and devotion. And I, it is true, had no thought save for her; for her were all my gratitude and love. But soon—poor mother!—she came but second; for Arthur was my betrothed.

I was a great trouble to her, I know; a weak, sickly little mite from my birth, still weak and sickly as I grew up. But mother took too much care of me to let me die, and so I struggled on, tenderly nurtured, completely idolised, altogether spoilt.

I remember nothing much more than that, until the day I left school. It was a noteworthy epoch. I was allowed to do my hair up and lengthen my skirts to my heels; and for a week I treated mother as if she were my elder, but not much elder, sister.

That winter I went to my first dance; and Arthur was there, and was once my partner. The next week I went to my second; and Arthur was my partner again, and this time

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Arthur was my partner again.

more than once, or even twice. And he walked home with me, not too quickly; and he called on mother next day—and that was but the commencement of his visits.

At last the inevitable happened; and I was sobbing at mother's knee and she was stroking my hair—and Arthur was looking in all the shop-windows, choosing an engagement ring. It was a curious choice he made; a serpent of gold, holding in its open mouth a sparkling blood-red ruby. He said it boded luck—it has brought it; yet we did not know that it was a symbol too. And he drew my hand towards him and put it on, and my whole being thrilled with the ecstasy of betrothal.

But mother disappointed me so much then. She was very grave and solemn; tenderly but firmly she insisted that the engagement was not by any means to be considered fixed. If it were entered upon, it was to be quite indefinitely; and we must wait, perhaps a long, long while, until I grew quite strong and rosy-cheeked.

I had never thought much of my health till then. I felt, of course, that I was delicate, but I always put it down to the fact that I was "growing;" and I remembered I had even felt glad I was pale-faced and *petite*, ever since an evening when Arthur declared he could not abide those great big, masculine "farmer" girls that some men raved about.

But now that our marriage depended upon it, I was seriously concerned. I did everything I could think of to gain strength. I swallowed gallons of nauseous cod liver oil; I drank quinine and iron until I loathed the very labels on the bottles. But still I did not get better, and poor mother, I could see, though she did her best to hide it, mother was fretting her heart out.

One day, after a sleepless night, that she had spent tossing to and fro, she wrote a long, long letter; the same evening, a gentleman called. An elderly gentleman, with hair quite white and eyes strangely sad and gentle; and a chin showing firm beneath his beard, and lips set close together.

He came in, and, as I rose, embraced me; then held me at arm's length and stared at me so fixedly that I had to turn my head in confusion. At that he seemed to recover himself; he asked me a few ordinary questions about my appetite, he laid his ear to my chest, and listened there. Then he sent me away, and began to talk to mother; and I—I was listening at the key-hole.

"Thank you for writing," he was saying. "It shows you trust me. I have been expecting your letter for a long while; but I could not come till you had sent it."

"I am grateful you have come," answered my mother, giving him her hand. "I knew you would, for you were always our best friend."

She seemed to lay a strange emphasis on the word friend; and at that the other almost winced.

"You will save her life, won't you, James," went on my mother. "You have come to save it, have you not?"

She had laid her hand on his shoulder, as if in entreaty; gently he took it off, and in doing so, pressed it tenderly.

"If it is possible, I *will*," he said. "I will try—and I think I shall succeed."

"God bless you, James! You will, I know you will. For I trust you, you see!"

I had to go away to my own room—I was weeping too bitterly to remain; when at length I felt sufficiently composed to come down again, he was on the point of leaving.

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My mother called me to her. "Come," she said, "and thank——"

"The Doctor," interrupted the old gentleman; "the doctor who is going to make you quite strong and well again."

"Thank you, Doctor," I said, almost in tears.

"Thank you, friend," cried mother: "*our* friend and hers."

Under his beard his chin twitched again; and so he went slowly out.

* * * * *

From the woods that lay beyond the inland hills there came a throstle's song; and even the sunlit waves seemed to hush and be glad in hearing; and when the melody ceased, the air had caught something of its music, and still echoed in notes half-whispered and half crooned.

The woman, who was writing, let fall her pen and listened; and the man, who was reading, raised her to his breast in sympathy. And the echoes grew faint and faint and died away; and there was nothing left but sweet remembrance.

So they stood asunder; and the woman beckoned the man to the empty chair: and he sat and in his turn wrote this:—

All of us at the boarding-house liked the dear old Doctor, although I do not think anyone could quite say why. He certainly did not invite friendship or even acquaintance; on the contrary, he always struck us as being shy, reserved, almost haughty; yet we somehow knew, perhaps by instinct, that he was a good man, a man of an honest heart, a man to be respected and admired.

We did not know if he really was a doctor; but in table conversation, on those rare occasions when he chose to join in, he displayed such a profound conversance of medical matters that the nickname rose spontaneously and stuck to him ever afterwards. And it stuck all the more tenaciously in that we did not know any other name by which to call him.

For myself, I thought him a man who had suffered some terrible disillusionment, a something in his past life that had saddened him bitterly, but yet had failed to make him desperate. He still remained what I judged him to have always been — amiable, sympathetic, though never gay; he was a disappointed man who had not turned sour.

I never had much intercourse with him personally, for, truth to confess, I am afraid he found me rather stupid. And in that he found a fact—I am not brilliant; only sufficiently brilliant to be aware that I am not. All my aunts had long told me I should never be a credit to the family—my intellect, if I ever had any, had long since run to muscle. They admitted, did my aunts, that muscle was a splendid thing in conjunction, say, with genius; but as a solitary virtue, without anything else to back it up, they saw nothing whatever to be proud of in being six feet high, fourteen stone heavy, with not an ounce of fat about me. Hercules was out of date, declared Laetitia, the youngest and most sentimental; what she was looking for was Apollo, eternal and divine. She meant that to be crushing; but, as I said before, I was too thick skinned to be able to appreciate it.

Still, the fact remained that I was stupid;

I was sobbing at mother's knee.

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and that was the reason, I am sure, that I never got on much with the Doctor. I was all the more surprised, then, one evening, to find him on the doorstep as I was coming home, and, as I suspected, and as the sequel proved true, waiting for me. Still more surprised when he came down to meet me, took me by the arm, and had somehow drawn me to walk with him round the Square.

"How I envy you," he said in abrupt commencement. "Your health, your robustness, your full-blooded body. If only I were as strong!"

I found nothing to reply to this, and we walked on for a few paces in silence.

"Never had a day's illness, I venture to assert," he said, again, "and never felt a pain?"

It was true; but I thought his remarks rather personal, and did not answer; and once more we kept silence for a few paces.

Presently he seemed to make a great effort, and, awkwardly, but without irritation, he exclaimed:

"Mr. Lewis, I want to ask you your advice."

"Don't, please," I protested; "for it isn't worth a brass farthing on any subject under the sun."

"Supposing," he went on, taking no notice at all of my interruption, "supposing you were acquainted with a person—a young lady—in fear, not imminent, but nevertheless sure, of death by decline, engendered by hereditary disposition. Now, there is one remedy, and one remedy only, as you believe, for this danger; and if this remedy be not applied, and without delay, this inherited weakness must prove fatal. You agree with me that it would be your place to cause this remedy to be administered?"

"Of course," I replied, wondering why he asked me so simple a question, where the answer was obvious and foregone.

"But," pursued the Doctor, "suppose, again, that this remedy were not in your own hands, but depended on the consent and co-operation of a third person who would have no interest in the case, save the interest of a common humanity, and would have to undergo a certain amount of discomfort and derangement, though not danger, mind you, not an atom of danger, in order to be of any service. Do you think this person would volunteer?"

And I—I was listening at the key-hole.

"I think that he ought," I answered warmly; "nay, of that I am sure."

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis," he said, just as warmly. "You give me courage to proceed. Listen! I will tell you a story. There were once two men and a woman, and of course, as of necessity happens, to make sport for Destiny, the two men both loved her. She chose, or did not choose, between them, and made one of them her husband; and the other went away, and forgot, as best he could; and that is, forgot nothing.

"And, forgetting nothing, he had to come back again, although in secret; and living near them, all unknown, he saw their lives, and saw that they were happy. And he—he said that in that he was happy too."

The Doctor paused with a sigh; perhaps to take breath, more likely in heart-regret. Then, grasping my arm still more tightly, he continued:

"So happy, indeed, that Destiny no longer made sport; so Destiny caused the husband to fall sick. It was the malady I spoke of a few minutes ago; and, remember, sus-

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ceptible to the same cure. The other man could have saved his life then, unaided and alone. He did not. And the husband died, and the wife, for love of him, would have died too. But a baby came, and for love of her, the mother lived on.

"Then the other man did a vile and selfish thing: he came from his hiding-place and went to the widowed wife. He urged her to marry him, as if for the little one's sake, and she, for the little one's sake, listened and consented; yet for a moment the man, blind egotistical fool as he was, tried to persuade himself it was for love of him.

"And at last they were married; but even at the altar steps the pitiless light came to the man's dull brain—he saw the depths of his delusion that was worse than folly.

"Then in himself the fight commenced; tears succeeded execration, guidance came after despair; and he took her, who was now his wife, by the hand, and bared his own soul and hers. It was dark and all the world was sleeping; and standing over the cradle of the little child, they faced the cruel truth.

"He left her there; with sufficient provision for the future, his affairs in perfect order. He had no right to intrude between her and her love, dead, yet ever living, the love that still united them in the little one from heaven.

The Doctor paused. Then, grasping my arm still more tightly, he continued.

"And again he went away, and secretly hid himself; loving her all the while through his lonely life, coming at last to love also her little girl, her's and the other man's."

"Is that all?" I asked, impatient to go in.

"Not quite," he said, still holding my arm. "The little girl has grown up in the likeness of her father; has grown up, too, to her father's fate. She has always been delicate; now, on the verge of womanhood, her balance trembles; but the tongue bears down to the side that is not in this world.

"She is not dying, indeed, but on the way to death; and her mother, who has watched in tear-stained vigil at her father's bed, sees him in her, and his destiny. And, fulfilling a promise given in the long ago, she has written to the man, who is, yet never was, her husband; she has called on him to help her—and he will."

"He does well," I could not but comment.

"When he could, and did not, save the life of the man he hated, whom he still hates now, he could have done this of his own power, unaided; now, when in more than reparation he seeks to save the daughter, he finds himself powerless—powerless without help."

"He should ask for that help," I cried. "He should obtain it by any means possible."

"He will," said the doctor firmly, almost fiercely. "He has miserably failed in his duty once, he shall not fail again. The illness is anæmia, want of blood that means want of strength, that will mean impotence to exist. The one remedy he knows of, the only one, consists in transfusion of blood—an operation by which the blood of a person, young, robust, and healthy, can be injected into the impoverished veins of the poor sick girl."

"Formerly he could have utilised his own body for such a purpose; but now, when he would, he is too old and feeble, and the poor girl would gain no benefit. To do his work he must obtain a substitute—to a substitute of proper calibre there would be, remember, no danger whatever; he would suffer a temporary fatigue, a listlessness for a time, but he would soon recuperate his given strength, and would feel not the slightest effect hereafter. He would be well paid: he would be doing a noble action: will you be this man?"

As I have explained before, I am afraid my wits are too turgid to ever allow me to show much surprise: his long prelude, moreover, had somewhat prepared me for the request, and so I answered quietly:

"I would, doctor, willingly, and without

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any inducement of pecuniary reward—three weeks ago. But now I cannot; I do not belong to myself; I am engaged to be married."

Blind idiot that I was!

The doctor was visibly cast down; his step grew tremulous as we walked round the square; his lips were twitching and his brow was frowned.

"Yet you said," he muttered, "that I ought to use any means within my power."

I did not know what to answer, and so answered nothing; and we continued walking round the square until he walked more firmly, and his heels rang sharply into the pavement. He had, I judged, found a solution. And being by now come in front of our own doorstep, he stopped and shook hands with me; then, muttering "any means in my power," turned sharply round and walked rapidly away down the street.

And I went in; to sleep and to dream of the lady I loved, the lady who loved me. The world of my dreamland was very beautiful; it lay all gold and smiling in the golden circlet of a tiny ring. But the gold began with a ruby—and it was crimson blood that linked our happiness.

The Doctor was already at the breakfast table when I came down the next morning. He stood up to shake hands with me, and seemed in excellent spirits, quite recovered from his vexation of the night before. He gossiped to me all the time on subjects trivial and of everyday talk, but the conversation never flagged, for he did it all himself.

As I was going out I met him again, as if accidentally, in the hall; he took my arm in his, and we descended to the street together.

"I am going your way," he said. "Shall we take a hansom?"

He did not wait for an answer; he beckoned to a cabman loitering near the kerb, and by an almost imperceptible push had persuaded me to step inside.

I had not noticed it was raining; yet, no sooner were we seated than the cabman let down the window shutters. I had not heard the Doctor give any directions; yet the cabman drove rapidly off, as if he knew exactly where to go.

The Doctor still held my arm, and his right hand was resting on my elbow. In it he was holding a handkerchief, in momentary absence of mind I thought. There was a strange and drowsy odour in the air; I began to feel heavy and unstrung, langorous and listless.

My eyes half closed and my sight blurred; I scarcely took notice that the Doctor was now holding the handkerchief right close to my nostrils. In his other hand was another handkerchief which he was pressing to his own nose; and the two white spots stood out distinctly from the darkness that was closing round me. I felt half-choked—I could not breathe. I drew in a great gasp of air and then fell back insensible.

Suddenly I felt a blow of fresh air on my forehead, and I was roused to half consciousness by an abrupt jerk. The hum of the wheels ceased to buzz in my senses and I knew that the cab had stopped. I was helped out unresistingly, my will quite gone, my energy fettered. We went up some stone steps and down some wooden stairs, through a door that quickly closed and into a darkened room.

The Doctor was supporting me all the while; now he let me fall into a chair, and I seemed to sleep again. But presently I felt a sensation like pins and needles all over my body; I tried to spring from my seat, but could not—I tried to cry out, but could utter no sound.

I was bound to the chair, my hands manacled and my mouth gagged; and the Doctor was standing at my side applying an electric battery to my forehead and the nape of my neck.

"You cannot move or speak," he said, "so do not struggle or attempt to resist."

A tug at my bonds had already convinced me that I was powerless; I felt, moreover, strangely fatigued, and had no desire left in me for further effort; I sank back again and sat listlessly in my chair.

The Doctor threw open a window somewhere and sent a current of fresh air across my face, then seeing me more subdued, he spoke again:—

"Besides," he said, soothingly, "you have no cause at all to feel alarm. I pledge you my word that you will receive no hurt. And to relieve you even from a slight discomfort, I will ungag your mouth, provided, of course, that you promise not to utter a sound."

Nodding as well as I could, I consented, and he had relieved me of the horrible torture and I could breathe freely. I looked around and found myself in a sort of box partition, evidently but recently erected, for the wood walls were still clean, though unpainted, and smelt of freshly carpentered pine. I had remembered I had descended some stairs on entering the house; I judged I was in a cellar; for the noise of the traffic in the streets came from above me, the softened

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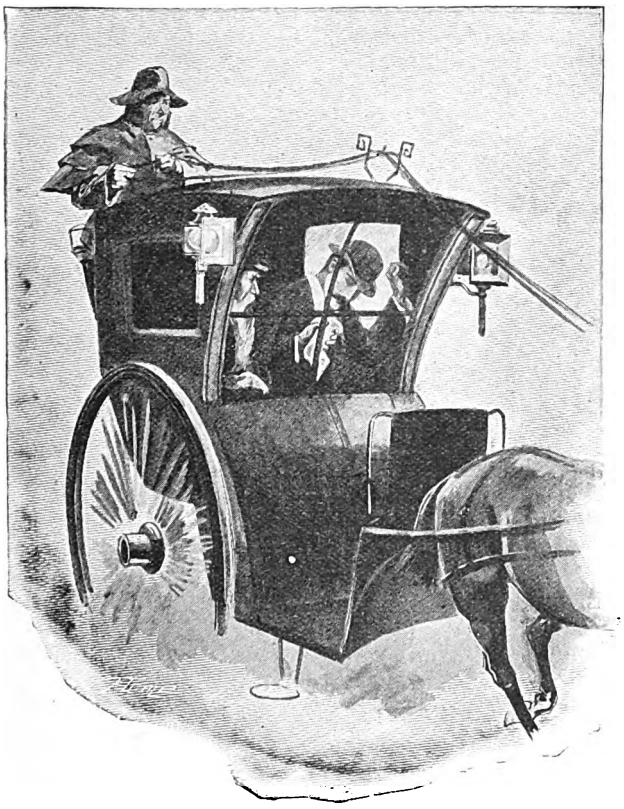
light came from the ground-level over my head.

In front of me was a small table, containing, beside the electric battery I have already mentioned, a case of surgical instruments, a small heap of towels, a hand-basin, a sponge, and lastly a sort of complicated silver tube, something between a syphon and a pump, with the two ends tapering off to needle points.

For a moment, I must confess it, I shuddered and recoiled; but just then a panel close to my right, slid open and diverted my attention. The frame was curtained by towels; but the middle was uncovered and disclosed a thin white arm.



The doctor was now holding the handkerchief close to my nostrils.

I had promised to keep silence; I had not promised not to attempt to break loose. I recoiled for a moment in preparation of a tremendous leap to burst my bonds, when the Doctor who was bending into the panel to arrange the towels, suddenly let one of them fall. And there on the ledge was leaning a tiny hand, and on the third finger shone a ring of crimson and gold. It was the serpent biting the ruby; and to my stupid brain came comprehension. I knew that on the other side of the panel there sat my sweetheart Mabel.

I sank back into my chair with relief that was more than contentment; I could only marvel how wonderfully it all chanced to fall out. Here was I to save my darling's life. Surely it was Providence had sent me!

She, my little girl, had given me love, and made life Paradise; I had given her love and could now give her life too; and I should be her husband, and we should be, as says the Book, of one blood and one flesh.

I scarcely felt the needle prick my skin; the syphon sucked my veins, as a baby its mother's breast; the blood went from me, but it was for her.

A few more throbs and it was finished: and the doctor left me for a moment to attend to his patient on the other side of the partition. I heard footsteps mount and pass away; and then the doctor came back.

He tenderly bathed and bandaged my arm; he felt my pulse and gave me a restorative to drink, and assured of my satisfactory condition he at length addressed me.

"Before I let you go," he said, "I want you to promise to come back here twice more. Only twice," he pleaded; "twice more will be enough, and you will have saved a dear young life.

"For the rest," he went on, "you *must* concede, willingly or not. It is indispensable what I demand; and if you do not promise you will only force me to entrap you again, as I have done already. In return, I will promise you that when these necessary operations are concluded, I will deliver myself into your hands to suffer whatever personal vengeance you think fit to wreak upon me; and in my will I have already inserted a codicil by which you profit to the extent of a thousand pounds."

I could not let the good Doctor go on. I should not let him have proceeded thus far;

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but his face was flushed and his eyes were noble, and it was good to look on him thus. I held out my hand as far as my bonds would permit me and had seized his in my grasp. Then I shook it heartily, and seeing him so astonished, burst out laughing heartily.

"See," I said, "you have nothing to fear. Let me loose."

The sincerity of my tone evidently impressed him; he untied my cords and I stood upright.

"I will come to you," I declared, "when you like and as often as you like, but for the benefit of this one person only. The only thing I ask of you is that you keep my name secret from her; and I, on my part, will say nothing about the matter to anyone. Is it a bargain?"

"And the thousand pounds?"

"I shall not touch under any consideration."

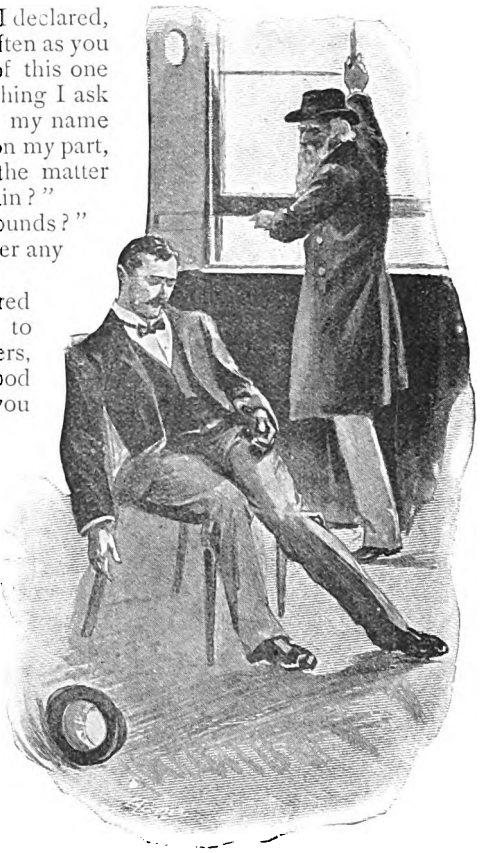
"Mr. Lewis," answered the Doctor, reaching up to take me by the shoulders, "you are doing a good action — rest assured you will not regret it."

"I shall not," I answered cheeringly, "nor you either, dear Doctor."

"Thank you," he said.

"On the contrary," I protested, "it is *I* who thank *you*."

He took refuge from his obvious gratitude in feeling my pulse again; he gave me a lot of instructions as to my diet; he wrote out a prescription for a fortifiant; and at last he took my arm and we walked out together.



He let me fall into a chair and I seemed to sleep again.

Henceforward there was a bond of sympathy between us; it was continued by the solicitude with which he looked after my bodily welfare in the boarding-house; it was strengthened by the long conversations he had with me.

The operation was repeated in a week, and again in another week; and I found Mabel growing stronger, ruddy-cheeked and red-lipped. I was over-joyed; I pretended to be duly astonished; we were all in splendid spirits.

Some time after the last operation the doctor said to me, in the course of our usual conversation round the square:

"The little girl is cured," he cried, "quite cured, and well on the road to strength and a long life of happiness."

"Happiness?" I queried, in well-assumed ignorance.

"Yes," he answered, "she has just told me, the sly young rogue, that she is engaged to be married. I am to meet the young man to-morrow."

"Indeed!"

"And I should like to present you," he went on. "It is you he has to thank for his marriage. Can you not dispense with your stipulation of secrecy and come with me to-morrow?"

"No," I exclaimed, "I will not come with you: yet, perhaps, I may see you there."

And with these enigmatical remarks, I said good evening, and made my escape.

The next day, when I went to call on Mabel, it was her mother who opened the door.

"You are just in time," she said, "for I want to introduce you to a dear old family friend, all the more dear as we feel that we owe him Mabel's life."

She took me into the drawing-room and presented me. It was the Doctor, of course; and I bowed as in duty bound.

"Delighted," I said, "to have the honour to make your acquaintance."

The Doctor gave me his hand. "Yes," he stammered, a prey to uncontrollable confusion. "Certainly, precisely, of course."

I tried to help him all I could. "A very pleasant day we have had to-day, don't you think?"

It was as much as he could do to gasp assent; and apparently, for no other reason than the enjoyable weather, he shook hands

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again with me with a hearty grip that I enjoyed.

Then Mabel came in; and her mother, in ever kindly consideration, left us alone together.

* * * * *

The bride was leaning over the bridegroom's shoulder, watching him write. Now she drew her hands over his eyes and had blinded him, so that he was forced to stop. "For," said she, "you are coming to the end. It is always the lady's privilege to have the last word, you know And I mean to see that I get it," she concluded, as defiantly as any lion alive.

He laughed, and got up from his chair. He drew her to his breast, and they stood in embrace, looking out the open window. The sun was still shining, in glory undiminished; the birds still sang, and the flowers smelt sweetly; and the great heart of the ocean was pulsing in joy and thanksgiving.

She sat in the seat he had ceded; and wrote on thus:—

It was a terribly anxious time for me, all this; but the pain of the operations was nothing to the uncertitude that came between. And even when all doubt was past and my recovery was finally assured, there came another trouble to oppress me—was I justified in taking such means to health?

During the time I was hoping for recovery I had thought every remedy permissible that would unite me to my Arthur. Once strong, I knew I could make his life happy, and told myself then that it was all for his sake. And now it was just his attachment that made my action abominable in my own eyes. Think! To have in my veins the blood of a stranger! To offer to him a body polluted thus!

It seemed horrible—I could have screamed when I thought of it! And willingly would I have undone the past, to have been ill again, and, as I thought, immaculate.

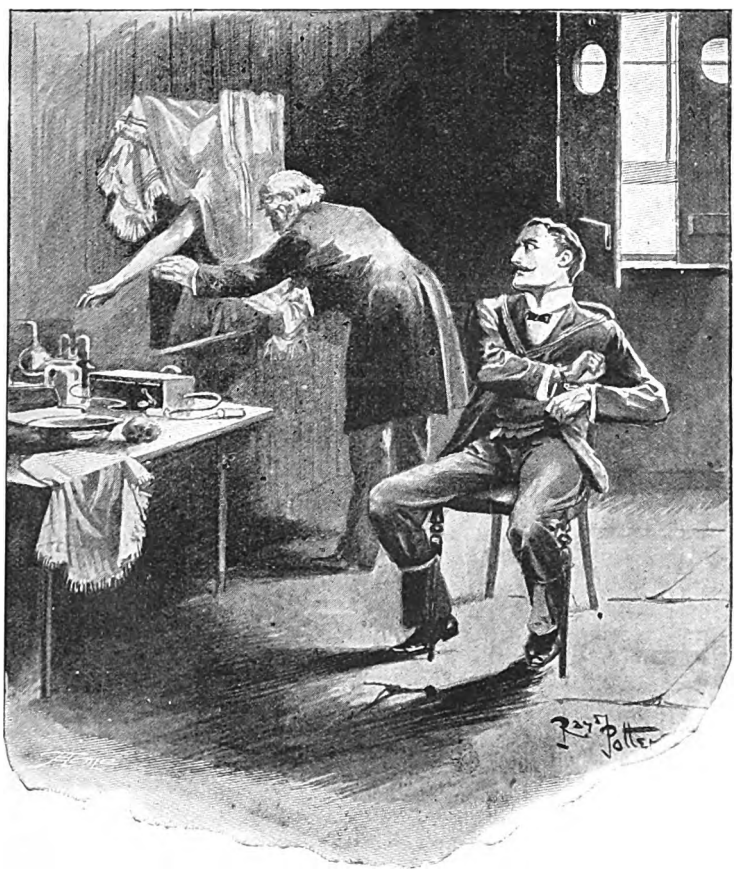
I should have at least have asked Arthur's permission beforehand: I must at any rate tell him everything now. And then—if he despised me and cast me off—how could I ever bear it?

At last came a memorable evening. Arthur was to ask me something, and I was to tell him all. How did I know? Surely by instinct, that higher Reason that women who love possess.

He came, and the Doctor and mother left us alone together. He seemed so happy that for a moment I forgot my fears. Besides—I was on his knee.

"You are well," he asked, "quite well now, darling, are you not?"

"Yes," I whispered, as loudly as I could.



The panel was curtained by towels, but the middle was uncovered and disclosed a thin white arm.

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"And there is nothing more at all to wait for?" he went on.

Of course I pretended not to understand.

"And so," he said more gravely, "I thought one day next week——"

"Oh, Arthur!" I had to cry. "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Only our marriage, little one," he said caressingly, "and the day you will be ready. But make it as soon as possible, for we have already waited a long, long while."

I fell to trembling: but summoning all my courage I began:

"Before we talk of that, Arthur, I have something to tell you, something dreadful to confess."

"Why," he smiled whimsically, "what on earth can that be?"

"Don't jest," I cried, "it is all too awful. And perhaps when you know it, you will not ask me again to fix the wedding-day."

Dear Arthur smothered me in kisses. "Darling," he said, "you must not talk like that. Nothing can happen to separate us now."

I burst into tears, like the silly little woman I was.

"I dare not tell you, I dare not tell you," I kept on repeating, getting nearer and nearer the verge of hysterics.

The bride drew her hands over his eyes.

"Then do not try," said Arthur. "I do not want to know."

For a moment I hesitated. I dare not tell—yet I must not conceal. I saw a way out, and I made a desperate plunge for it.

Springing to my feet, I unbuttoned my left sleeve (it was in the time of the baggy bishops' sleeves), and hastily rolled it up. Disclosing my arm, I pointed to the tiny little cicatrice the operation had left there.

"You see that?" I cried.

"Yes," answered Arthur, quite calmly.

For a moment or two I was silent. Would he never help me in my dilemma? Would he ask me nothing? Had I to make my confession unaided?

Of course I know now, the dear old boy, that he was teasing me, though it *was* a little cruel. I've made him admit that since. He simply remained silent, looking from my bared arm to my face and back to my arm again.

"Yes, it's a pretty little arm," he said at length, and he gently patted it.

"No, no, no; it's not for you to say such things," I exclaimed. "It's—it's a tragedy."

He laughed—actually laughed.

"You mustn't laugh," I whispered. "I—I—oh, it's hard to tell, but ——" I broke down.

I saw the smile fade from his lips and the kind face was serious.

"Sh—sh," he whispered very softly, "suppose, little one, I know all about it; and—and more than you?"

"But—" I murmured.

"See," he continued, rolling up his sleeve. "I have just such a mark as you have. Look."

And on his arm, but his right, he showed it me.

The two scars were precisely similar. I sat there stupefied.

"What does it mean?" I managed at last to utter.

"Do you not see?" said Arthur, soothingly. "Do you not understand?"

I could only shake my head, in aching perplexity.

"It was I," he whispered.

"You!" And I saw, and understood. "It was you! Oh, how I love you; how I love you."

And I sank to his dear heart, and lay there sobbing, quite happy, at last.

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An attitude scarcely as simple as it seems.

A QUEEN OF CONTORTIONISTS.

By H. J. Holmes.

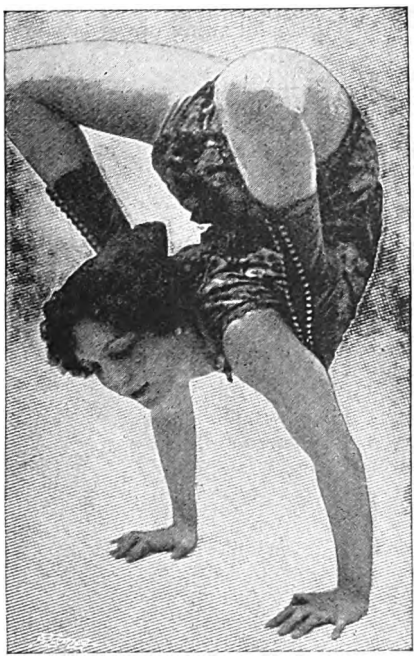
Most people have formed the idea that the only convenient way of getting about is through the due use of their nether limbs. Why? Simply because they don't know any better.

It may have been owing to the merest accident that the human race originally began its toddles through this vale of tears upon its feet, and so set the fashion to all comers. The present inhabitants of London might otherwise indulge in their business peregrinations or afternoon constitutionals upon their hands. The sight of thousands of respectably attired persons of both sexes progressing along the Strand or Piccadilly heads downwards and with legs moving rhythmically in the air may have only been prevented by some abstruse physical fluke. Who knows?

Thus am I induced to write after beholding the performance of that clever young lady, Mdlle. Bertoldi, and conversing with her as to the remarkable facility she enjoys of seeing the world upside down.

For several years after birth mademoiselle was perfectly content to imitate the ordinary mode of progression. True, on one or two special occasions she exhibited a strong tendency to inverted positions. Once, when she fell out of her cot (at the early age of three), she landed on the floor upon her head. Again, when her nurse let her fall out of her arms (as nurses do), the poor baby was hardly ever known to land upon her wee feet.

Mademoiselle had scarcely got through her eighth year when a violent emulation of a lissome sister—who was a successful trapezist—developed into an intense desire to reverse the orthodox style of walking. She practised for a little time in private, and one fine morning she absolutely paralyzed her father and mother and the other members of her family by calmly walking upon her hands downstairs and into the breakfast room!



With her toes tucked under her arms Mdlle. Bertoldi runs up and down stairs on her hands.

Mademoiselle's father, who was in the profession, was not slow to grasp the situation. Such enthusiasm at such an age meant nothing but success. An able gymnast, he proved an excellent tutor and Mdlle. Bertoldi presently made her first appearance. Engagement followed engagement, increasing in importance with the

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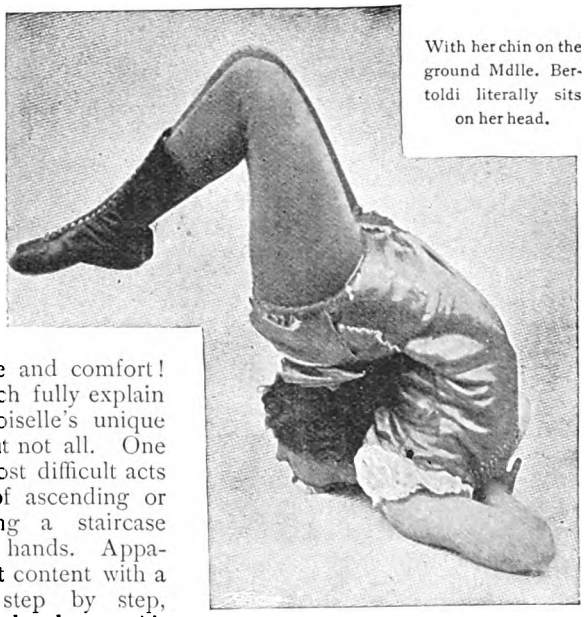
young artiste's years, and her present finished performance has been given in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and throughout America.

In form petite, she is a marvellous example of muscular development; in fact, she could not give her remarkable performance were it otherwise. Yet the flexibility of her body is wonderful, and her movements are correctly described as the poetry of motion—and this while resting upon her hands. As an enthusiastic scribe once wrote, she can sit on her head with every appearance of ease and comfort!



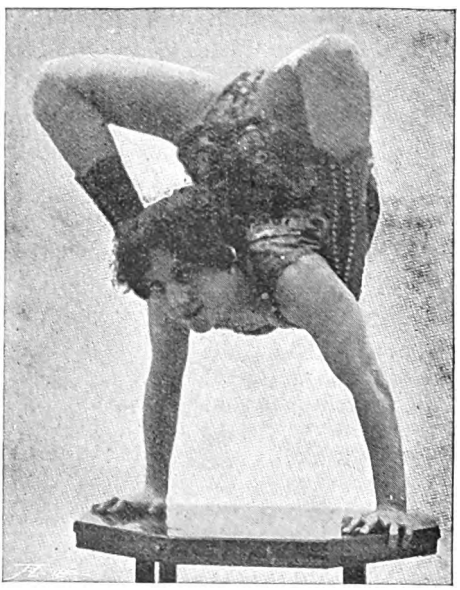
With her chin on the ground Mdlle. Bertoldi literally sits on her head.

The accompanying illustrations, which fully explain themselves, show several of Mademoiselle's unique feats—but not all. One of the most difficult acts is that of ascending or descending a staircase upon her hands. Apparently not content with a descent step by step, she bounds down with two or three graceful movements, alighting, of course, each time on the palms of her hands.

It requires some little practice to gaze at one's heels in this manner.

Another striking act is the ascent of a kind of a double tower on the summit of which she performs several astonishing balancing feats. Standing on a pair of pyramidical erections, she bends backwards until her head is quite below the level of her feet, giving one the impression that her body is boneless; with a graceful swing upwards she regains her former posture, afterwards descending the steep sides of the tower head downwards.

Bertoldi's best act is unquestionably that in which she, at the top of the lofty tower previously mentioned, assumes her wonted posture, *i.e.* head downwards. She allows her nether limbs to descend until her feet rest upon the back of her head. A thin silver rod, with a small cross piece, is fixed upright in the top of the tower. After some very graceful evolutions, Bertoldi grips the cross-piece with her teeth, and without any further support whatever, she balances herself upon the top of the rod, and rotates at great speed round this centre, her feet continuing to rest upon the back of her head. This is a feat never attempted by any other gymnast. Bertoldi places every reliance upon the strength of a magnificently perfect set of teeth and, of course, her powers of equipoise.



Mdlle. Bertoldi will jump on her hands off a table, or down a flight of stairs in a few bounds.

In an experience of some twelve years of active

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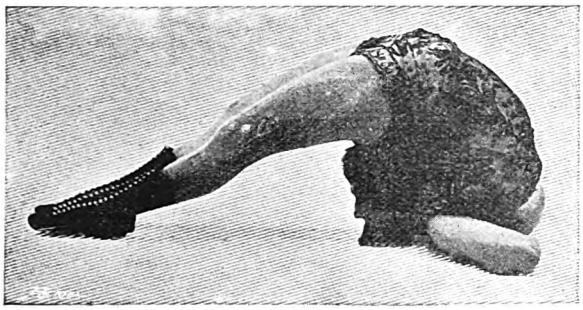


Another, and even more complicated, method of examining the heels of your boots.

professional life —Mdlle. Bertoldi is but out of her teens — she has never had an accident — dangerous and risky as her acts undoubtedly are — save once, when in an inverted posture, she dropped off a platform about 4ft. high. She was not long out of harness through this, however.

Bertoldi has not been spared from the queries of the curious. The witnessing of her performance has puzzled hundreds. After her first appearance in Vienna, she received a letter in which the writer wished to know the secret of her lissomness. "Do you sleep between sheets packed with hot salt?" asked her correspondent with all seriousness. In Paris, an interested spectator wrote to ask "if she bathed every morning in oils!"

In Washington a deputation, consisting of some of the best medical and surgical practitioners, waited upon her to examine her closely enough to discover if her bones were not of a different material to that used in the construction of ordinary mortals. But after an hour's inspection they were satisfied to express an opinion that Bertoldi had simply improved on nature by constant and careful training.

Bertoldi has not been in the profession all her lifetime without meeting with sundry adventures and episodes of an interesting and amusing character.

An American manager of an enterprising turn of mind wished to produce a big novelty in the shape of a drama, interspersed with variety turns, to the patrons of a theatre of which he had just obtained a short lease. He called in a local author and announced that he wanted a play of the character indicated.

A murder had just been committed in the town, and it was around this tragic incident that he wished the play woven.

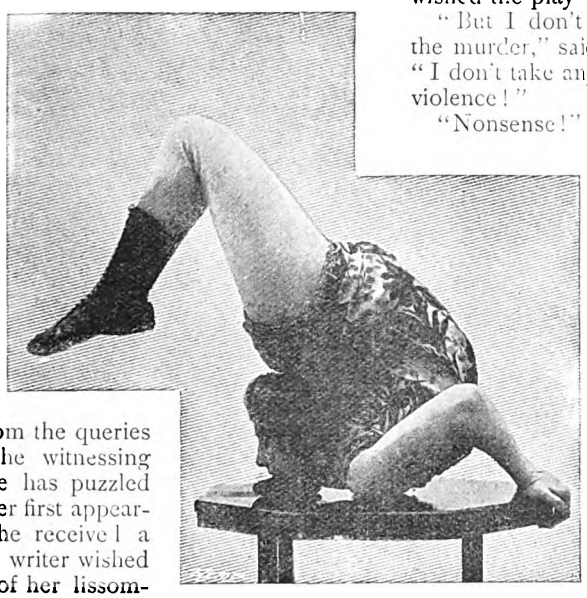
"But I don't know much about the murder," said the poor author, "I don't take any interest in acts of violence!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the manager. "Look up a few newspapers and you will find enough details to fill four acts."

The author still murmured.

"Look here, Mr. J——" said the manager, determinedly, "you must just do this job. I have the bills already printed announcing the drama to be played tomorrow night, with your name as author."

And sure



Turn this upside down and you will realise the uniqueness of the attitude.

A feat apparently simple, but which few athletes could accomplish.

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enough he hauled out a bill still reeking with undried printers' ink, and bearing this announcement:

THE CURSE OF CRIME!

BERTOLDI,

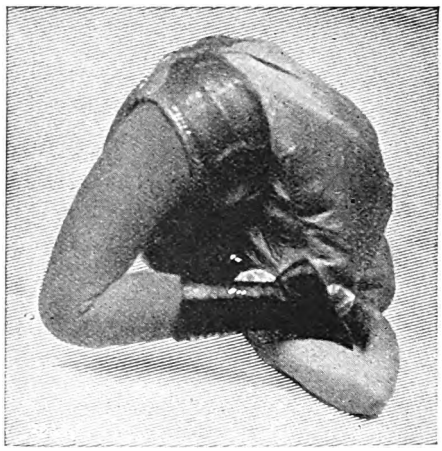
THE GIRL WONDER OF THE WORLD WILL APPEAR IN THE

SECOND ACT!

History does not relate the sequel of the story, but doubtless the author rose to the occasion and produced a drama capable of adequately harrowing an audience somewhat critical on such matters.

To some people the performance of a contortionist is a most unpleasant experience.

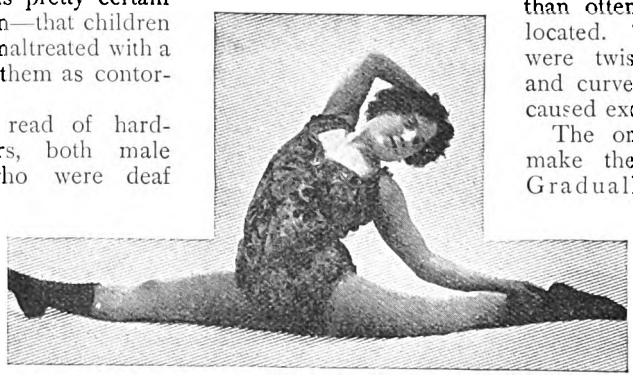
Visions of how the performer acquired the power to twist and turn as though devoid of bones, assume the most horrifying shape.



Mdlle. Bertoldi packing herself into the smallest possible dimensions.

It may have happened in the past—indeed, it is pretty certain that it did happen—that children were frightfully maltreated with a view to training them as contortionists.

We have all read of hard-hearted monsters, both male and female, who were deaf to the cries and supplications of children, sometimes their own and sometimes hired, or bought, or even stolen.



In this feat the shoulders twist round apparently unconnected with the lower limbs.

The joints were forced until more than often they were dislocated. The little bodies were twisted into angles and curves that must have caused excruciating agony.

The one idea was to make the child supple. Gradually the constant torture brought about this result, or, at any rate, effected it to a point. When that point had been reached the child had become capable of bringing to its owner some return for the money and time that had been expended on it.

Mdlle. Bertoldi grasps the movable end of a rod in her mouth and, sitting on her head, spins rapidly round.

Things are changed now—or it is generally thought that they are. Mdlle. Bertoldi is a contortionist, yet never once has she suffered pain in acquiring her art. A true contortionist is born, not made, and all that is required is practice andpatience in order to do full justice to one's gift.

The joints may grow comparatively stiff if allowed to remain idle. But Mdlle. Bertoldi, like most clever contortionists of to-day, can go through her performance without a vestage of suffering or the very least discomfort. It has come natural to her to achieve what she has.

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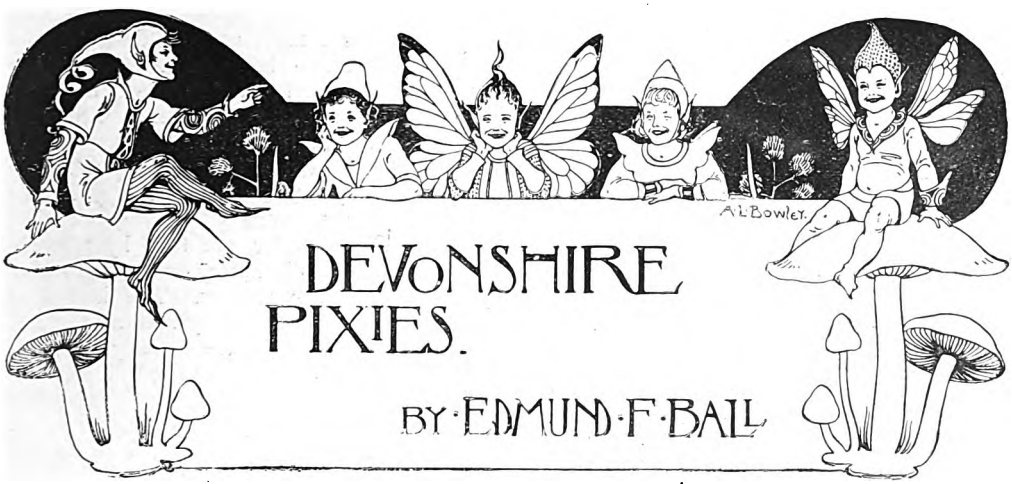


DEVONSHIRE PIXIES.

BY EDMUND F. BALL.

"Little pixy fair and slim,
Without a rag to cover him."

So runs an old rhyme. Such may have been the case in the days of long ago; but the prevailing growth of civilisation has extended even to these little elves, therefore it is rarely that they are now seen without their gaudy dress.

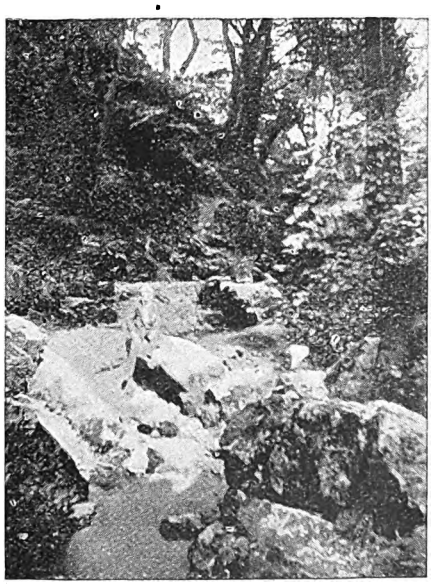
To the uninitiated I may say that the Devonshire Pixies (or "pisgies," as they are sometimes called), although not heard of a great deal in the larger towns, have still many firm believers among the country-folk. They are about 18ins. in height, and are not usually seen by day, but in the night-time are supposed to be *en evidence*. They are naturally a mischievous race, and the country people are always the sufferers. A very common game of theirs is to lead travellers from the right road, so making them lose their way, which is termed being "pixy-led."

It is impossible to enumerate their various pranks, but from the following the reader will gather that there is absolutely no limit to the mischief these tiny sprites are capable of doing.

Even now, in North Devon, the belief in the pixies—coupled with the darkness — is so great that the yokels (I am speaking of full-grown men) will not dare to venture out of doors after dusk without the "guiding light" of a lantern.

But it is to Dartmoor we must go if we would know more of the fantastic tricks and antics of this elfin race. In choosing this lovely country as their principal rendezvous, they show a keen appreciation of the beautiful.

The very marked fact of having places named after these creatures can only be regarded as instances of the depth of the superstition concerning the pixies held by the early Devonians. Of the Dartmoor haunts similarly named, we have the Pixies' Cave at Sheepstor, Pixies' House at Chudleigh, Pixies' Holt (hole) at Hexworthy, Puckie (Pixie) Stone near Chagford, and Pixies' Parlour on the banks of the Teign.



Chudleigh Glen.

The "Pixies' Parlour" is one of the "lions" of ancient Chudleigh. It is to be found near the "Glen," another famous resort of the pixies. The "Parlour" is a rude cave, whose entrance is partially hidden by the roots of old trees. When visiting this cavern—to be in keeping with the country-folk, the visitor should place an offering for the pixies before he leaves, on the large

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stone to be found near the entrance. As they are not extravagant in their tastes a pin will suffice, or a piece of rag—provided it

Dartmeet.

is sufficient to make a garment for one of these little people.

Some of the chief resorts of these "little people" were by the riverside, consequently the older of the bridges are still regarded by some to be their meeting places.

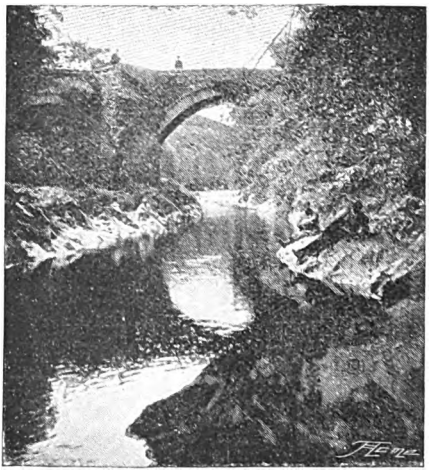
Holne Bridge, near Ashburton, has many connections with them. It was near here that a poor farmer, who could not afford to employ an extra hand to assist him in threshing his corn, was materially helped in the matter by the pixies. On his way to the barn one morning he thought he heard the sounds of laughter proceeding from within. Cautiously peeping through a crevice in the door, he was mighty pleased to see about thirty of these tiny sprites engaged in threshing his corn.

Knowing that if they were disturbed they would cease work and disappear, he went about his labours in a different part of the yard, and did not return to the scene of their operations till the next morning, when he found the pixies had got through as much threshing as would have taken him three days to do himself.

Being of an inquisitive nature, he could not restrain his curiosity any longer, and carefully entering the building, hid behind some sheaves. After watching for some time, the unthreshed corn which guarded his hiding-place was required by the pixies, and so he was discovered, which resulted in their hurried exit, to the chagrin of the too-curious farmer.

Had he done what another farmer did, who had a visit from these active little goblins—*i.e.*, placed near the scene of their work some bread, cheese, and cider for their use—the ending might have been different. From the foregoing it will be gathered that, although they have a keen delight in doing mischief, they are sometimes supremely happy if they can do a good turn.

Many curious tales are told by pixy-led travellers. A popular story concerns a loving young couple of Dartmoor. The lass lived at Huccaby, near Hexworthy, and the youthful swain resided at Postbridge—nearly five miles distant. Now this gay young "Lothario," to interview his fair "Dulcinea" undertook the lonely tramp nearly every evening of the week after his arduous duties of farm-labouring was over. His route lay over Lakeshead Hill and by the rugged rocks of Bellsford Tor—a very solitary journey. One night the ardent lover stayed at his lady-love's house longer than was his wont, and on reaching the Tor he was surprised—or, I should say, astounded—at beholding a host of pixies, dressed in most fantastic costumes, dancing on a level piece of velvety turf. On seeing him the mischievous little urchins hastily formed a circle around him, and he felt compelled to dance and join in the merriment. Soon some more joined the party, and perching themselves upon the surrounding rocks laughed and shouted in their glee. In vain did the unlucky fellow try to get away; he found it impossible to break through the



Holne Bridge, Dartmoor.

bewitching ring. How long he remained in this predicament it is not known, but it is certain that on this particular occasion he

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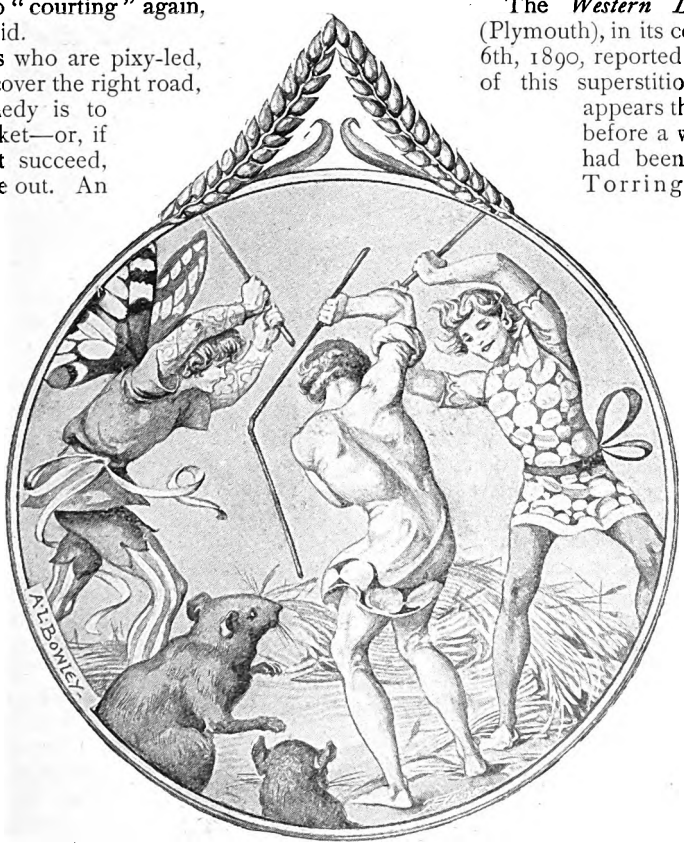
did not arrive at Postbridge until daybreak, when his tale was received with no small amount of interest. This nocturnal adventure *may* be accounted for by the lover having regaled himself—ere he parted from his fair lady—by something stronger than water, which would account for the *spirits* getting into his head, and yet it seems hardly possible, for that night's experience left such an impression upon him, that he declared he would never go "courting" again, and he never did.

To travellers who are pixy-led, and cannot discover the right road, a reputed remedy is to turn one's pocket—or, if this should not succeed, the coat—inside out. An instance of this is related of some young people who had occasion to walk one night from Cornwood to Tolland by way of Harford. On reaching a "new-take" (a piece of ground set aside for the keeping of cattle, and walled in to prevent them straying), they were unable to find their way out of the enclosure. After wandering about for some time they concluded they must be "pixy-led," so one of the number divested himself of his outer garment and turned it inside out, with the result that they very soon found the gate. The old Bridge at Harford—spanning the Erme—is said to be a favourite resort of the pixies.



A poor farmer was helped in his threshing by the pixies.

An infallible remedy, however, for travellers placed in so annoying a predicament, should they come across water, is to immerse their hands therein. The tradition connected with Fitz's Well, near Princetown, affords a good instance of the virtue of water in such cases. The story runs that in the middle of the sixteenth century Sir John Fitz and his lady, whilst riding across Dartmoor, fell under the spell of these sprites and were unable to find their way home.

Chancing to come across a well they placed their hands in the water and found the road in a surprisingly quick space of time.

This well may still be seen, and bears the legend "J. F., 1568."

The *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth), in its columns of June 6th, 1890, reported a curious case of this superstitious belief. It appears that a day or two before a woodcutter who had been working near Torrington, North Devon, at the close of the day left his companions to go farther into the wood for the purpose of fetching a tool he had left there. Arriving at the spot he stooped to pick it up when a strange feeling came over him and he felt utterly powerless to rise.

At that moment he heard peals of discordant laughter around him, and felt convinced he was under the influence of the pixies. In this uncomfortable position he says he remained for over five hours, and was then only able to crawl away on his hands and knees. At length he fell into a stream, and on pulling himself out he recognised his whereabouts and made the best of his way home. This would tend to show that up to quite recent years the wicked pixies have played their pranks.

What is the kind of sport these little elves indulge in with the farmer's horses and

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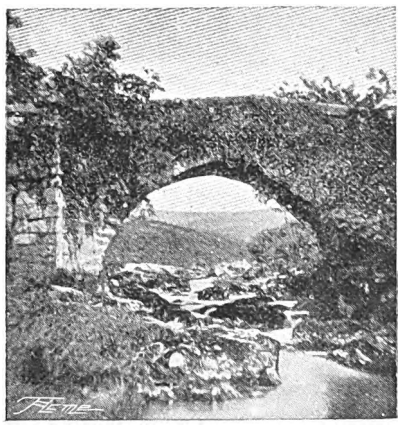
The mischievous little urchins hastily formed a circle round him.

Dartmoor ponies is not exactly known; but the frequently exhausted condition of these animals in the mornings, when they are required for work, shows plainly—to the Dartmoor folk—that the elfin race have been enjoying themselves during the preceding night.

A story is current of a farmer's boy at Dartmoor who, being despatched to a large new-take early one morning to bring in the horses, saw them racing madly round the enclosure, each with a diminutive rider on its back, clinging to the mane and urging the steed on its wild career. Noticing the appearance of the lad, however, the pixies guided the animals to the farther end of the plot, and, dismounting quickly, disappeared among the furze and bracken.



Harford Bridge, South Devon.

Afterwards, in relating his account of the skilful manner in which the horses were managed, the boy remarked in the usual Dartmoor dialect, that "'Twudn' tha fust toime that they pisgies had bin up ta thackey!"

Just another pixy tale and we will conclude.

There was an old woman who lived at Drewsteignton, Dartmoor, who, knowing the pixies' fondness for certain flowers, planted some special cuttings in a part of her garden for their exclusive use. This act the pixies greatly appreciated, and showed great kindness to the old lady. It is even said that they helped her in her household work.

After a time, however, the lady died, and her place was taken by a harsh old man, who detested the word "pixy," and who rooted up the "pixy garden" in a most summary manner, and first utilised it as a potato ground. It so happened that nothing would grow there — except weeds — and up to the last (the house is now torn down and the garden used for other purposes) there was as grand a bed of "nettles and thistles" as could be seen in any part of the country, clearly proving—to the Dartmoor folk—that the story of the "pixy garden" was no mere myth.

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The Story of a Fan

By Katherine Renell.

I.

"It is my first ball," said Lady Dolly, "and I intend to enjoy myself awfully."

The Countess looked up from her letter-writing and smiled.

"You are sure to do that," she said significantly, "the Colonel is going."

"Jack Meredith," rejoined her daughter, also significantly, "is going too, I believe."

This time the Countess did not smile.

"Colonel Hayes is rich," she murmured.

"And old," added Lady Dolly, pouting.

"Exactly forty-nine," corrected the Countess severely, "to eighteen, it may possibly be old, but to fifty-eight it is comparatively young. Jack Meredith is infantine——"

"Twenty-three," quickly.

"He is poor," said the Countess practically.

"He has beautiful eyes," murmured pretty Lady Dolly sentimentally.

The Countess's handsome eyebrows met in a straight black frown.

"Colonel Hayes," she said stiffly, "tells me he is an idle young scamp, and nothing, my dear Dolly, but an empty-headed flirt—"

"And Jack Meredith," promptly, "told me only yesterday that Colonel Hayes was a perfect old beast, and there were things in his past life which, well as he knew me, he should blush to repeat——"

The Countess rose abruptly from her chair.

"Where are you going, mamma dear?" said Lady Dolly, standing on the edge of the fender and looking at her charming face in the glass.

The Countess was already at the door. "To think," with tragic severity, "that your father and I should have been put to the expense and enormous inconvenience of bringing our only child out to Malta just to satisfy one of her selfish whims, and then that she should repay our kindness like this! I am going to tell him about this nonsense between you and young Meredith, this—this flirting. It must be put a stop to, and *at once*."

Lady Dolly arranged two little curls on her forehead with fastidious care. "You are right, mamma dear," very sweetly. "We have really been going a little too far. Why, the audacious boy actually sent me a present this morning in honour, as he said, of my first ball! It was a white feather fan, such a beauty, and quite the biggest I have ever seen. Oh yes, our flirtation must be put a stop to—and very soon."

Lady Dolly felt herself enfolded within a pair of stout motherly arms.

"My sweet daughter," murmured the Countess, "my own, dutiful child——"

Two absolutely irresistible dimples appeared on each of Lady Dolly's pink young cheeks.

"Yes, mamma. Jack and I were talking it over this very afternoon—he was here just before you came in, and was so sorry not to be able to stop and see you—we both came to the conclusion that flirting, after all, was very dull work; so we intend to put a stop to it in about six weeks—for we are going to be married!"

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II.

"You have danced with young Meredith," said Colonel Hayes pettishly, "exactly seven times. I noticed his initials on your programme when you gave it to me to put down my name for my *one* meagre dance. You are very cruel."

He bent forward slightly in his chair, and waved a big white feather fan slowly backwards and forwards in front of Lady Dolly's face. The girl looked up at him with a swift bewildering smile.

"You are very cruel, too," she murmured. "You have said nothing yet about my dress, and I have been thinking of absolutely nothing else for the last three weeks. Don't you think it is pretty?"

The Colonel glanced at the billowy masses of white silk and chiffon, and his stern features relaxed into a smile.

"It is a dream," he murmured gallantly.

Lady Dolly smiled again.

"And this fan," pointing to the one which he held in his hand; "is it not a beauty? Mr Meredith gave it to me."

The Colonel closed it up quickly and gave it back to her with a frown.

"Meredith, always Meredith!" he said, impatiently. This is humiliating, indeed, when I am supplanted by a subaltern in my own regiment. Dolly! Dolly! Do you know that when you talk of him you drive me mad with jealousy? But I will be mad no longer, I ——"

Lady Dolly got up suddenly from her seat and stood in front of him. Her blue eyes were flashing dangerously, and some of the pretty colour had faded from her cheeks.

"You *are* mad!" she said, scornfully. "For you forget, I think, what you are doing. You have no right to talk to me like this. Colonel Hayes, what do you mean?"

The Colonel got up too. His face, as well as the girl's, had suddenly grown white, and underneath his heavy grey moustache his mouth was hard and stern.

"I mean this," he said slowly, "that I love you, and I want you for my wife. That I am a man of the world, and old enough to be your father, and that you are nothing but a beautiful, wilful child I know, but that makes no difference to my love. Dolly, I am forty-nine, and you are eighteen, but I offer you myself—to do what you like with—to take into your hand."

Almost imperceptibly the girl shuddered, and drew a step further away, but the Colonel noticed it, and the mouth underneath the grey moustache grew even sterner. He came closer and took hold of her hand. Of a truth, he looked the kind of man that most women would fear.

"Answer me," he said sternly, "I am no boy, remember, to be played with, but a man. Answer me!"

The faint colour in Lady Dolly's cheeks grew even fainter. One hand, which she had vainly tried to disengage, was still in the Colonel's iron grasp—what would she not have given to have been able to get it away! With the other she was holding tightly on to the soft whiteness of a closed-up feather fan. Somehow in the contact with it, she seemed to feel some protection against the man she disliked, for it brought nearer to her the presence of the man she loved.

There was a wild fluttering at her heart. This man was actually hurting her, his grasp upon her fingers was like an iron vice, the expression in his eyes was that of a wild beast eager for his prey. That he loved her she did not doubt; but oh, such love! Lady Dolly shuddered again; the fierce passion of it frightened her. What, oh, what could she say to

"Answer me," he said sternly.

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him? With a sudden wild impulse she thought of what the heroines in some of the novels she had read said on such occasions. Surely—surely they, who seemed to have so much experience in love-making, must know what was right?

She dropped her eyes demurely on to the ground.

"You honour me," she said gravely, with a gravity, however, which sat but strangely on her youthful face—"above all women. I am deeply appreciative, but—"

The Colonel came a step nearer. She could feel his hot breath upon her cheek.

"There must be no 'buts,'" he said, harshly, "I——"

With an exclamation that was something like a sob of terror, Lady Dolly at last wrenched her hand away from his, and looked wildly round the conservatory in a last hope of escape. A tall young man, of extremely youthful appearance, and wearing a collar which looked inches too big for him, was peering nervously round the doorway.

Throwing dignity, shyness, maidenly reserve, and everything else that is considered decorous in the behaviour of a young lady in a ball-room, to the winds, Lady Dolly gave a little cry, and, running up to him, seized hold of both his hands.

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton!" she cried, "I *am* so glad to see you! This is our dance, I know, number eleven—the Washington Post."

Mr. Hamilton, the youngest and most bashful subaltern in the regiment, who, at the beginning of the evening had summoned up sufficient courage to enable him to ask Lady Dolly for dance number eleven, and had received a severe refusal, and been snubbed in return, was too overcome with surprise at this sudden good fortune to do anything but stare incredulously down at the little gloved hand resting on his arm, and thank his stars that he was going to dance with the prettiest girl in the room at last.

The Colonel, however, whose one good point was that he always kept his head in an emergency, stalked up at once, his stern face growing even sterner.

"Pardon me," stiffly, "but Lady Dolly, I believe, is engaged to *me* for this."

"No! No! No!" cried Lady Dolly, who, now that she was sheltered beneath the protection of young Hamilton's manly form, felt her former terror of the stern Colonel considerably evaporating. "Mr. Hamilton asked me for this dance first—he really did, and I—I gave it to him—only—your initials are

A tall young man of extremely youthful appearance was peering nervously round the doorway.

so alike that—that is how—is how I began to dance it with you instead."

And with the lips of youth and innocence sullied by the utterance of this base untruth, Lady Dolly swept out of the conservatory.

III.

Jack Meredith had just ensconced his last partner with her chaperone, and was strolling back into the ball-room to look for his next, who, it is almost needless to say, was Lady Dolly. The first strains of a waltz had begun to fill the room with their soft cadence, and one by one the different couples were taking their places. Failing to see the object of his search, the young man was just turning to look elsewhere, when a woman brushed against him in the crowd, and paused a moment to murmur an apology. As she did so their eyes met, and Jack, with a muttered exclamation, started back.

"Good God! Millicent! *You* here?" he cried, and there was an inflection of horror in his voice mingled with the astonishment.

For a moment the look of surprise in the woman's eyes changed to one of fear, and she made a hurried movement, as if to turn and flee. Then suddenly, as if acting on an

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unconquerable impulse, she turned back and caught hold of both his hands.

"Ah, Jack!" she cried, and there was a sound in her voice that was almost like a sob. "Thank God I met you! You were always good to me, don't—don't turn from me, like all the others did, but be good to me once again—just for the sake of the dear old days when we were children. Jack, Philip is here, and I have only just discovered it. Help me to escape from him."

Then the horror in Jack's eyes slowly faded away, leaving nothing but a great pity and a greater tenderness. All the manliness and the nobility and the chivalry within him rose up at the sight of this woman's misery, and, bending down from his great height, he put one hand protectingly on her arm.

"I'll stand by you, little woman," he said gently. "By Jove! I'd do anything to save you from that brute. But come in here, Milly, it's quieter—we can't discuss state secrets in this awful crowd, and I want to hear all about this."

Jack drew two chairs into the shadow.

He led her swiftly and silently through the now rapidly filling ballroom into the conservatory, where, save for one other couple who had just discovered that they were in love with each other, and were too much absorbed in their own affairs to take any notice of other people's, they were quite alone. Jack drew two chairs into the shadow, and placed his companion in one.

"There," he said, drawing the other one close and sitting down in it himself, "Now we are safe. Tell me all about it, Milly; but, first of all, why were you such a —— confounded idiot as to come back here?"

The woman leant back in her chair and sighed. She was a pretty little thing and still quite young, though the hard lines which grief had drawn round her face made her appear older than she really was. There was an expression in her big brown eyes which somehow reminded one of Jack.

"I will tell you all," she said in a low voice, playing nervously with her fan, "I stayed in Boulogne, as you know, for two years after—" There was a slight catch in her breath, and Jack's eyes, as he listened, grew suddenly sterner. "After the divorce, but I got so sick of the place and the people were so horrid, that when I suddenly ran up against my dear old school-fellow, Lady Dagmar, and she asked me to come and live with her in Malta, as she was widowed and all alone, I was only too delighted, and came at once. I—I was widowed too, you know—" with again that piteous catch in her breath—"and—and the arrangement seemed a most suitable one in every way, for we were both lonely women, and Clara, like the angel that she always was, did not mind the dreadful secret which has made such a wreck of my life. That is how you find me here to-night, Jack, we were invited to this ball, and—and we came. I knew that most of the officers of the Royal Lancashire were also to be invited; but do you think that if I had known for one moment that Philip was the Colonel in command I should have come?" He was not in that regiment when—when I last knew him."

"He exchanged," Jack answered, sternly. "Life got a bit too hot for him, I fancy, in his old regiment when the fellows found out the pretty way in which he had been behaving to his wife. But I was gazetted to this confounded Royal Lancashire, worse luck, and you can judge of my delight when I found that Major Hayes—he was major when I

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joined, you know—was in the same regiment. But I say, little woman"—the stern inflection in his voice changing to one of genuine anxiety and concern—"the brute will find you out. What on earth will you do?"

"Leave Malta as soon as possible! Never, as long as I live, will I speak to that man again. Oh, Jack!——"

She broke off suddenly, an expression of abject terror in her voice, and Jack, following the direction of those frightened brown eyes, looked towards the door. Colonel Hayes, with a lady upon his arm, was entering. Millicent drew back further into the shadow, shuddering.

"He must not see me," she whispered. "My God! Keep him from seeing me!"

Jack got up and stood silent for a moment. His tall figure, as it towered above that of the shrinking, frightened woman, almost hid it from view.

"No," he said, slowly, "he must not see you."

Then his eyes, which had been riveted anxiously to the Colonel's face, fell suddenly upon something white which was lying on the floor, almost at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, and as he unfolded it his face, which had grown haggard with sudden anxiety, broke out into a smile. It was Lady Dolly' feather fan.

"Our salvation," he murmured, fervently, sitting down again in his chair, and bending forward in exaggerated attitude of affection, while he spread the fan out and held it in front of his partner until it completely hid her neck and face. "The Colonel will only think I am carrying on a tremendous flirtation with some charming girl, and it will be absolutely impossible for him to see who she is."

Jack was right, the Colonel did think so, only Lady Dolly, unfortunately entering the conservatory just then by another door, thought the same thing too.

IV.

"THERE can be no satisfactory explanation," said Lady Dolly freezingly, pouring herself out another cup of tea, "I saw you distinctly. Both your heads were close together, behind my fan—the one you gave me, too—the audacity of you both!——and I should think from the way in which you carefully kept them there that you had been kissing her—the abandoned creature!"

It was the next day. They were sitting in the Countess's drawing-room, whither Jack had flown as soon as he conveniently could after the ball, to demand and give an explanation. They were sitting opposite each other, with the Countess's pretty silver-laden tea-table between them. Lady Dolly petulant and wilful, Jack, on the other hand, moody and occasionally inclined to a touch of cynical bitterness.

"If my explanation," he said drily, putting down his cup and beginning, after the manner of a man when he is annoyed, to pace up and down the room, "is unsatisfactory; your's, I consider, is eminently more so. May I ask why you cut those last three dances—for which you were engaged to *me*, remember—and had them with that infernal cad Hayes instead?"

Lady Dolly got up too, and, holding the skirts of her white muslin dress back with one hand, dropped him a mocking and exasperating little curtsey. "You will kindly be careful, Mr. Meredith, of the manner in which you speak of my future husband."

Jack Meredith paused in his rapid walk round the room and came to an abrupt stand-still exactly opposite the spot where Lady Dolly was standing. His blue eyes were flashing with a fierce light, and some of the honest sun-burn seemed to have faded from his face.

"Good God!" he cried, "you have never been such a little fool as to go as far as that?"

Then he came a step nearer, and took hold of both her hands.

"And I thought you hated him!" he added.

And so she did. But Jack had yet to learn that a jealous woman will forfeit anything, from her chances of happiness in this world to her immortal soul and her hopes of bliss in the next—on the altar of pique.

For a moment they were silent, standing opposite each other, with their hands clasped, staring dumbly, miserably, into each other's eyes. Then Jack dropped the girl's hand suddenly and walked over to the fireplace, where he leant his elbow on the mantelpiece and supported his head with his hand.

"And all," he said, bitterly, "because of a miserable misunderstanding about—a fan!"

There was another silence. Lady Dolly stood just where he had left her, with her head bent, and a half-wistful, half-repentant expression on her pretty face, but she did not speak, and when at last words were spoken between them it was again Jack who uttered them.

"And you will never be able to get out of

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it now, never; Colonel Hayes is not the man to let a girl slip out of his grasp when once he has got her. And I always told you he was as big a scoundrel——" Lady Dolly raised her head. Her face was flushed and red, and her eyes flashed angrily. "And he always told me," she cried, "what a flirt you were, and that you were only playing with me all the time, and so, when I saw you last night with that—that abandoned creature, I believed what he had said, and—and—when he asked me to dance with him again I said yes, and—and—"

"And you said 'yes,' too, to something else he asked you, didn't you?" interrupted Jack, cynically. "And all before you had even asked me for an explanation, when I should have thought you might have trusted me, Dolly——"

Her Ladyship, who had a temper of her own, here interrupted by stamping a small, daintily shod foot on the floor.

"Just as if I wanted to know"—angrily—"who the creature was! As if it wouldn't be adding insult to injury now to tell me her name! Perhaps it was that dressed up Vivian girl, whom Colonel Hayes told me you flirted with so outrageously before I came out, or that horrid, fast Mrs. Lucas; flirts generally prefer *married* women, I have noticed."

Jack lifted his head from his hand and looked full into Lady Dolly's face. The girl, struck by the expression in his eyes, stopped talking, and waited, as if impelled by some magnetic influence, for what he had to say.

"I don't want to take any notice, Dolly," he said slowly, "of the things you have just said, you are a spoilt, wilful child, too angry to know what you are really saying, and perhaps, under the circumstances it is excusable. But what I do want to know is this"—calmly—"and I intend to have an answer. Is this misunderstanding between us going to cause the end of everything—are all the vows of love and fidelity which have passed between us to count as nothing now, but be brushed away with as little compunction as we forget a dream in the morning—are you absolutely firm in your determination to marry Colonel Hayes?"

"Absolutely," in a firm voice.

Jack put his elbow down on the mantelpiece again, and leant his head on his hand. His face had grown very white, and there were deep lines of pain round his mouth. He took up a little china ornament off the mantelpiece and began fingering it with mechanical carelessness, as if scarcely knowing what he was doing. Then he put it back again, and at the same time raised his head.

"Then," he said, in a cold hard voice, "there is nothing more to be said, I think?"

He walked across to where Lady Dolly was standing, and held out his hand. The girl took it for a moment in hers.

"Nothing," she said, in the same tone.

Jacked walked towards the door. When he got there he looked round once more, and paused.

"Except," he said, gravely, "my explanation. Perhaps it would, in the end, prove more satisfactory to us both if I cleared myself. The devil is always allowed his due, you know"—freezingly—"you were not anxious, and perhaps it was only natural, to know who the lady I was flirting so outrageously with behind your fan really *was*. It is not a very pleasant story, and I have always been particularly careful to keep it from

The girl stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her.

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you hitherto, but since you are soon to be so closely related to Colonel Hayes I think it only just to you that you should hear it. That lady, instead of being Miss Vivian or even Mrs. Lucas, was a girl who I used to know many years ago; in fact, I might almost say, all my life——"

He paused for a moment, as if in expectation for Lady Dolly to speak, but she did not say anything, and after a minute or two he went on again.

"She is the girl who, unhappily for her, was married to Colonel Hayes in England exactly five years ago when she was only nineteen, and who, less than two years after, was obliged to obtain a divorce."

Again Jack paused, and looked across at Lady Dolly. But the girl still stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her head bent. There was nothing in her attitude—not even the flicker of an eyelid—to betray to him that she had even heard.

Jack went on again.

"And," very gravely, "the reason I had for not telling you this before was because Colonel Hayes was closely related to my own family, and she—she is my sister. . . ."

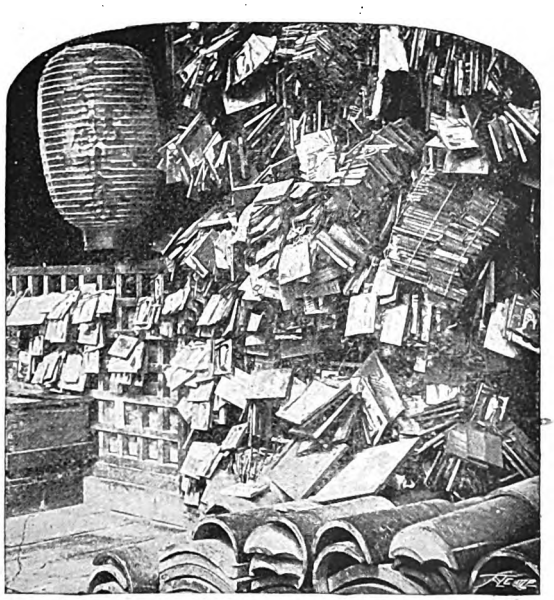
Then he opened the door very quickly and turned to go. But the woman in the girl and her love rose beyond all petulance and pride. The Colonel and all fear or thought for him was forgotten.

"Jack, Jack," she whispered, "I'm—I'm sorry," and she held out her hands.

A CHINESE PRAYER-SHOP.

THE Chinaman is nothing if not religious, and his religion takes many curious forms. For instance, in his own way the Chinaman probably prays more than any other man on the earth, and quite a big business is done in the Celestial Empire by tradesmen who keep what are known as prayer-shops.

To offer the many thousands of prayers prescribed by his Faith would take the Buddhist far too long to enable him to carry out the ordinary avocations of life, and so he compromises matters by purchasing little slips of paper or parchment, with the prayers written upon them by priests, and burning these. As the smoke ascends the devotee imagines that his prayers are going up to heaven to be received by the Deity.



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An Assortment of Buddhist Prayers.

The prayers are also used in another way. When a Chinaman sets out on a voyage from his native land, his friends gather on the seashore and release a number of these written prayers, which are carried by the wind to the sea and, thence, as the natives suppose, to all parts of the world. No matter where their absent one may be, prayers are thus being offered for him all over the world.

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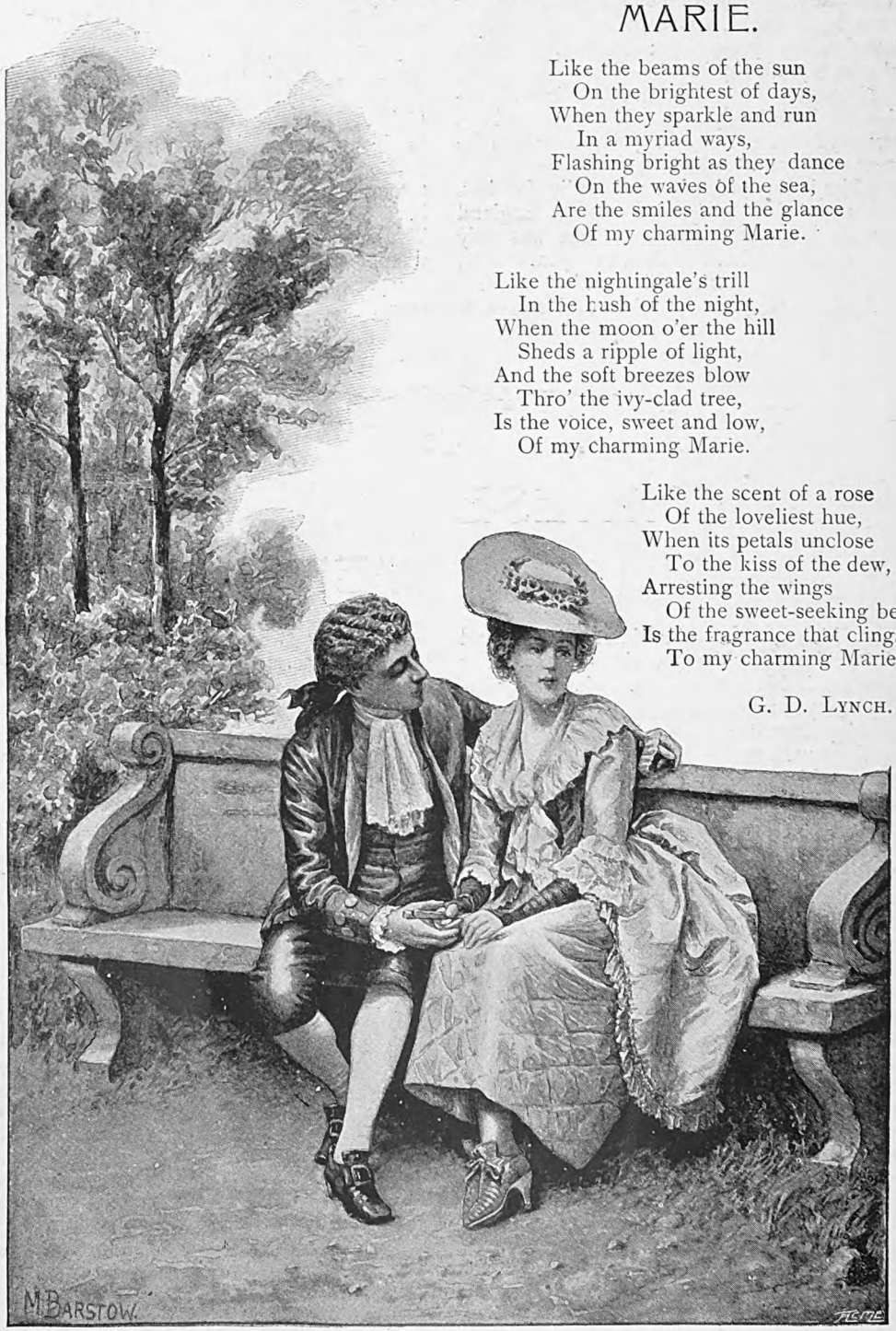
THE CHARMING MARIE.



Like the beams of the sun
On the brightest of days,
When they sparkle and run
In a myriad ways,
Flashing bright as they dance
On the waves of the sea,
Are the smiles and the glance
Of my charming Marie.

Like the nightingale's trill
In the hush of the night,
When the moon o'er the hill
Sheds a ripple of light,
And the soft breezes blow
Thro' the ivy-clad tree,
Is the voice, sweet and low,
Of my charming Marie.

Like the scent of a rose
Of the loveliest hue,
When its petals unclose
To the kiss of the dew,
Arresting the wings
Of the sweet-seeking bee,
Is the fragrance that clings
To my charming Marie.

G. D. LYNCH.

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Ye May-daye Festeval.

By Philip Hemery.

Photographs by Taunt.

In this crowded, tiny island of ours there seems to be but little room for the survival of the picturesque and the historic. The vandal hand of the jerry-builder and the iron maw of engineering enterprise is devouring the land. It is, therefore, all the more refreshing when one happens upon any survival of the dead days of chivalry, a relic of the times when silken doublet and cotton hose ruled in place of fustian and broadcloth.

Campden is a little town nestling at the foot of the Cotswolds, on the borders of as historic a county as any in England, only some few miles away from Stratford-on-Avon, the town that gave the world William Shakespeare.

For three or four hundred years, without interruption, Campden has every May-day burst out into revelry, and pays homage to-day, as did its fathers and grandfathers before it, to the most beautiful season of the year, the promise of warm days and golden harvest to come.

Our first photograph shows the May Queen, chosen, of course, by popular vote, enthroned in state, surrounded by her courtiers and maids of honour. The second shows the May-pole dance, at which "Her Majesty," still enthroned, presides.

Our other photographs show the May-day floral festival and procession, headed by the toy band, the members of which make up for any deficiency in *timbre* by the prodigality with which they use their healthy young lungs.

And, lastly, there are the Morrice dancers. There is but little doubt that the origin of our English May-day Festival takes its form from the Floralia of ancient Rome. The may-pole existed then as a symbol of Nature's fruitfulness; the processions, branch-bearing, music, and dancing were all acts of homage to Flora, the goddess of flowers.

But it is to be feared that the good people of Campden do not bother themselves much with dead symbolism. May-day is for them a day simply and solely of jollification.

The Queen of the May is chosen, and into her hands is given the control and direction of the revels upon the village green. Her duty is not to take part in the dance itself, but to overlook and superintend it from her throne of state, where she remains seated after her coronation has been duly completed.

The Morrice, or Morris dance, which Robin Hood and his merry men were wont to perform, is supposed to be the nearest our English speech could get to Moorish, for from the Moors the dance comes.

Although the gentlemen in "billy-cocks" in the photograph may not present the appearance of being such, neither do they very likely know it themselves, they are, nevertheless, supposed to be counterfeit presentments of Robin Hood and his archers; Robin Hood having become to be considered inaugurator of the May-day revels, perhaps on account of his sylvan arts and prowess as bowman.

The Morris dancers of Campden are not so much remarkable for grace of movement as for their indefatigability. The man in the peaked cap drives the "horse" beside him, to an accompaniment of many lusty blows from the bladder he carries in his left hand. The six stalwart yokels go through the somewhat rudimentary dances, the pads of bells at their knees playing a jingly accompaniment as they gyrate.

The fandango, from which comes the original of the Morris dance, is one of the

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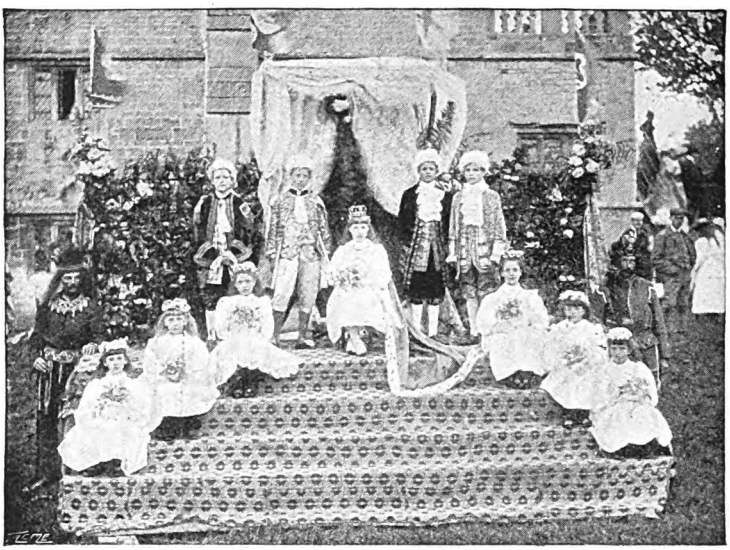

Her Majesty the Queen of the May.

very oldest dances in existence. It comes originally from Spain, from the words meaning to dance to the accompaniment of guitar or castanets, though it is to be feared that the Morris dancers of Campden are not aware of the origin of their gambols. In mediæval times the Morris dance must have been of quaint and graceful beauty, imbued more or less with the warmth and spontaneous "abandon" of its sunny southern exponents. Now it is to be feared they are conspicuous more by reason of a sturdy, uncompromisingly English love of horse-play.

The May-pole is quite a usual erection in the Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire villages, though Campden is the place *par excellence* to view a real, genuine "May Meeting."

Cromwell and his Ironsides have had many sins laid to their charge, therefore it is not surprising to learn that it was made punishable by law by Master Oliver to erect a May-pole, or to go through with May-day festivities.

"It was idolatrous," quoth the old Puritan, "this sacrificing to the Goddess of Flowers and Dame Nature." But the Restoration wiped out all Cromwell's good (!) offices. The gaudy May-pole reared up its head again, the May Queen assumed her brief sovereignty, the Morris dancers swayed and postured, the toy bands screamed, the revellers "processed," much the same as they do in Campden to-day.

To the average Londoner May-day as at Campden is an unknown quantity. London has its cart-horse parade, its desultory processions of grimy, copper-seeking children, the knowledge that summer is at hand.

On May-day in London, if Nature be kind, there comes a pleasant sense of renewed life and enjoyment. The tops of omnibuses are crowded; the summer four-in-hands are starting, resplendent in new paint and glittering harness. The Academy and other picture shows are throwing open their doors, the parks are putting on their gayest clothes, and the demonstrator from the East End,

The Maypole Dance.

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The Toy Band Marching Past.

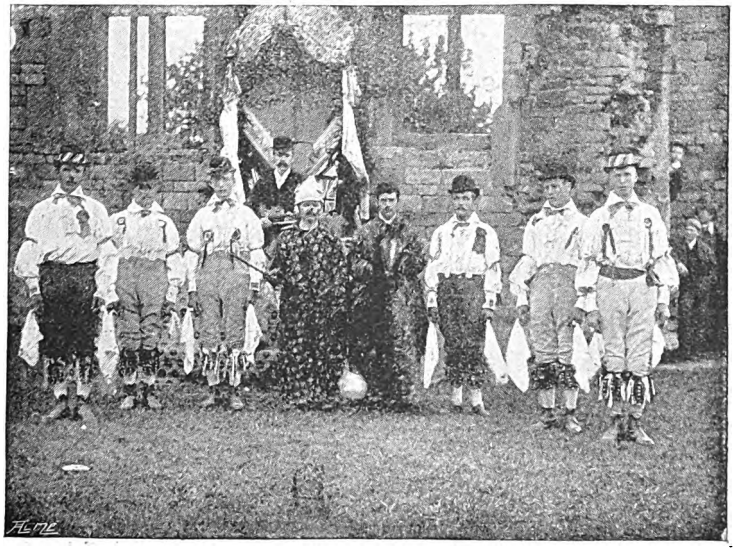
the paid agitator of the oppressed, stretches himself on the green sward, previous to a campaign against the "bloated aristocracy." Contrast all this with the sweet little Cotswold town. May-day in Campden is not the conventional May-day ballet of the music hall. It is not the tawdry imitation that passes for the real article.

It is instead one of the few last links with the past, a reminder of the times renowned in fable and story, a refreshing dip into the forgotten days of English history.

Long may Campden and her Saturnalian revels flourish, if only as what it really is, a very genuine appreciation of the advantages bestowed by Prodigal Dame Nature.

It is much to be regretted that our clerk of the weather in England is so little to be depended upon. It is all very well to deck yourself out gallantly, to wreath yourself with flowers, and foot it bravely on the village green, if the sun be shining from a vault of blue, and the west wind ruffles the tender green of the trees. You can then enter into the spirit of a May-day thanksgiving.

But if a tearing north-easter is sweeping over the Cotswold slopes, driving along with it a nasty cold rain—and this is too often the herald of an English summer—it requires no small amount of stoicism and fortitude to play the mummer in such a farce. I wonder if the May Queen could have put poetry into "I'b to be Queed of the Bay. Bother, I'b to be Queed of the Bay," as she held a handkerchief before her streaming eyes, and shivered in her white flower-decked finery. All the more praise and honour to the Campdenites that they have refused to be subjugated by the vagaries of our exceedingly changeable and capricious weather. I suppose this is what the French would call "taking pleasures sadly." But then I should very much doubt if any Frenchman has ever seen a Campden May-day. At any rate if we do take our pleasures sadly we do not allow them to be utterly spoiled by the hostile elements.



The Morris Dance.

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A gigantic operation about to be commenced. The fresh air of this beautiful spot is to be removed into the lungs of London's poor children.

A GIGANTIC OPERATION.

THIS is the age of big inventions. The light of the nineteenth century will wane upon a world totally different from that upon which it dawned. From one pole to the other, and round its entire girth, the earth has been transformed by inventions and improvements of man, and little that can minister to comfort and enjoyment remains to be achieved. Even sea-water will, it is said, before any great length of time has elapsed, be laid on to every house in our large cities and towns, carried thither in pipes direct from the ocean itself.

Great as this work may seem, it is as nothing compared with the still greater and more urgently needed task of conveying the fresh air of the country into the starved lungs of myriads of poor little city waifs. The idea of pumping the air to London and other great centres of town life through pipes was, of course, dismissed as impracticable, owing to the colossal expense of laying the pipes. A bright idea, however, struck the proprietors of this magazine some years ago, and that was to take the children to the country for a day and let them there breathe the health-giving air themselves and thus fill their lungs at first hand.

This scheme was at any rate practicable, but like the pipe and pump plan it was evident that a large sum of money would be needed to give the little ones their much-needed day's outing in the country, and at the same time to feed them well on that day. Where was the money to come from? Well, the great reading public of Great and Greater Britain came to the rescue, and for the past seven summers thousands of poor little slum children have had the benefit of a day's holiday amid the fields and flowers of the beautiful country.

Now the summer is coming on again, and the organisers of the FRESH AIR FUND are anxious that the generous readers of the ROYAL MAGAZINE should have an opportunity of assisting in the novel and unique charity. A gigantic move forward is to be made this year, and it is hoped that 100,000 children may be sent away for a day's holiday. For this purpose £4,050 is needed.

The FRESH AIR FUND is novel in that no working expenses are taken out of the subscriptions received. Every farthing given goes to the sending away for a day's holiday in the country of some poor little waif who has probably never before seen trees and flowers and grass growing and flourishing. The trifling sum of ninepence will pay for one child's outing, including railway fare and food. The whole of the working expenses, stationery, office rent, and attendants to look after the bairns, etc., are borne jointly by the proprietors of this magazine and the Ragged School Union, of which Mr. John Kirk is the well-known secretary.

When you remember that for so small a sum as ninepence you can bring joy into the heart of a poor little waif of the slums, I am certain that you will not hesitate to at once send off a subscription. All letters, applications for collecting cards, etc., should be addressed to "THE FRESH AIR FUND," ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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Mary Hogan's Narrow Escape.

AFTER you have read the following letter as many times as I have you will agree with the writer of it that Mary Hogan did, under the circumstances described, come as near, poor girl, to a lodging in the churchyard as anyone could, and yet finally escape going there. Her mother tells the story. By comparing the dates named you will see how much time the story—short as it is—covers. Every woman in the land who has children at home will read it with strong interest and pity. For it is the nobility of mothers that they care more for the young ones in the domestic nest than they do for themselves. Yet the stirring up of a natural sympathy is by no means the best result of this little tale. For Mary did not die, and we are told *why* she did not. And it is *that* bit of information which is going to be preserved in thousands of families, perhaps long after the fingers which now write these words shall be too old and stiff to make an intelligible mark on paper.

"In October, 1883," says Mrs. Hogan, "my daughter, Mary, then eleven years old, took a severe cold through sitting in her wet clothes at school. After this she complained of rheumatic pains in her hands and feet, and of weakness. She got on fairly well, however, up to her eighteenth year (1890), when she began to droop, and had no strength for anything. Her appetite left her and she dreaded the sight of food. After eating ever so little she had great pain at the chest, and a dull, gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach.

"She was so much swollen around the body that I was obliged to let out her clothing. She had a cutting pain at the left side, extending from the heart to the top of her shoulder. The rheumatism increased as every week passed; all around the joints being puffed and swollen. She got so weak I had to feed her with bread and milk; and cold, clammy sweats frequently broke over her, taking all the strength out of her. For hours she lay prostrate, unable to move hand or foot.

"I had a doctor attending her who ordered me to wrap her hands and feet in cotton wadding. He gave her medicine which eased her for a short time, and then she had a relapse. The doctor did all he could for my poor girl, but she lingered on until June, 1894, when he gave her a certificate and she was admitted into St. Mary's Hospital, Nenagh.

"There she was treated by three doctors, but at the end of three weeks she was so bad that I removed her home. I now gave up all hope of her ever getting better, and all who saw her thought her time had come. She was now reduced to a skeleton, and *could not even bear a muslin handkerchief to touch her.* And she perspired so much that in three weeks the sweat rotted two bedticks.

"Again and again we thought she was dying, and she was prepared for death (received the last rites of the Church) six times.

"One day in October, 1895, I was in Mr Kenny's shop at Templederry, and he gave me a small book telling about Mother Seigel's Syrup; and I read in it of cases like my daughter's having been cured by this medicine. I got a bottle, and after she had taken it I saw an improvement in her condition. She had less pain and ate better. She continued with it and gradually got stronger. Every day she improved, never looking back, and in four months she was restored to perfect health, and is now strong as ever. I have no doubt that *Mother Seigel's Syrup saved her from an early grave*, and but for it she would be in the churchyard. I tell everyone of this, and you have my permission to publish my statement and refer inquirers to me. (Signed) B. HOGAN, Huntsgrove, Templederry, Templemore, Tipperary Co., Ireland, Sept. 10th, 1897."

This case is well known, and corroborated by numerous friends and neighbours. The grocer, Mr. Thomas Kenny, of whom the Syrup was purchased, vouches for the facts as given in Mrs. Hogan's letter, and adds that they can be implicitly relied upon. Beyond this no comment is necessary; save, perhaps, to say that the rheumatism was the outcome of impure blood, caused by previous dyspeptic conditions, and developed by the cold of which Mrs. Hogan speaks.

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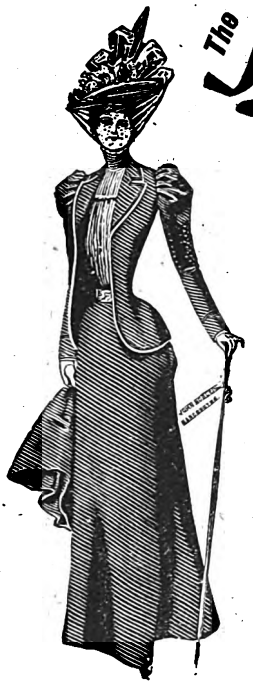
The John Noble HALF GUINEA COSTUMES



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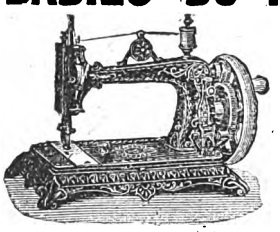

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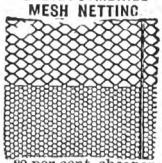

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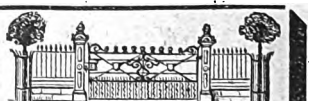

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ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

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WOMEN WHO WEAR TROUSERS AND MEN WHO WEAR PETTICOATS.

(See page 168.)

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THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—FREQUENTLY DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE all BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very APT to DISAGREE; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and PLACES the INVALID on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH. A WORLD of WOES is AVOIDED by those who KEEP and USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

THE VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CANNOT BE TOLD.

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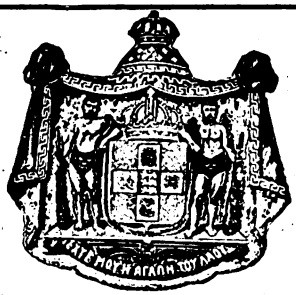

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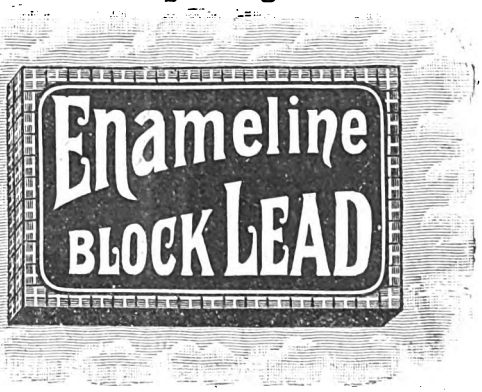

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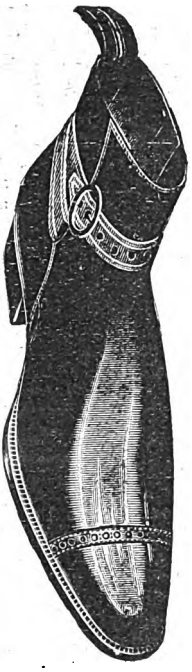

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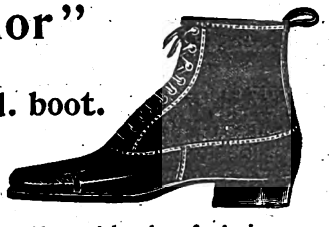

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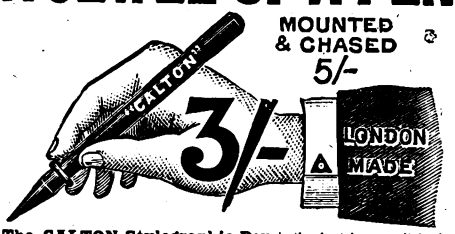
A JEWEL OF A PEN



MOUNTED & CHASED 5/-

The CALTON Stylographic Pen is the best because it is the simplest, most durable, holds more ink, and writes easier than a lead pencil, does not leak, and can be carried in any position. Sent complete for **3s.**, post free. **JEWEL FOUNTAIN PEN,** with 16ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, chased holder, **5s.**; mounted, **7s. 6d.**

DEPT. A: JEWEL PEN CO., 58, FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

TO COLOUR GREY HAIR TRY ALEXANDRE'S SHADEINE

TRIAL BOTTLE, **6d.** Per post, **7d.**

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and* **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.** A Medical Certificate with every Bottle. Large Bottle, **3/6**; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle, **6d.**; post free, 7d. (Secretly packed.) *Est.* 1861.

(PARIS DEPOT: 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

N. M. ALEXANDRE, 30, WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

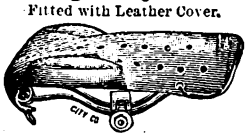
WIRE CYCLE SADDLE

(WOODS' PATENT).

These Saddles are now fitted with a Patent Wrought Steel Clip. Weight of Saddle greatly reduced.

NO MORE CHAFING. AN IDEAL SADDLE FOR LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

Fitted with Leather Cover.



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Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying **ONE TON** AT *Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.*

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ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Immense Stock Ladies and Gent's New and Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage paid. Easy payments, from **10/-** monthly, or large cash discount. 1 year's guarantee. *Illus. Price Lists post free on application.* Old bicycles exchanged. — THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., LTD., 221, Tottenham Court Road, London.

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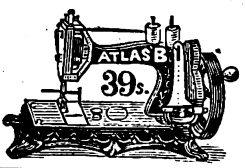
DESTROYS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

TINS 3D 6D & 1S

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39S.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.**, 183E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

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To Her Majesty the Queen.

Egerton Burnett's Royal ETB Serges

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

PURE WOOL. PERMANENT DYE.

To H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS

A vast variety of shades and prices in beautiful and fashionable Weavings.

LADIES' **Plain Tailor-made Skirts, from 10/-**
Cycling Skirts, from 11/3

GENTLEMEN'S **and Boys' Suits made to measure, from Serges, Homespuns, Tropical Tweeds, &c.**

NEW PATTERNS. *with Self-measurement Forms and Price Lists, post free.*

Any Length Sold. Carriage Paid on orders of **20/-** and above to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Special Rates for Foreign Parts. Goods packed for Exportation. **No Agents.**

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BANKRUPTCY.

Re BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., late of Old St., London.

F. HODGSON & SON, of Leeds, have purchased for cash the whole of the business, goodwill, and effects from the Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Reduced Sale Prices of Carpets and Hearthrugs can be had post free if, when writing, you mention *The Royal Magazine*, June, 1899

AXMINSTER, WILTON, BRUSSELS, KIDDERMINSTER, &c.

All Orders and future Communications must be addressed to **F. HODGSON & SON, Woodsley Road, Leeds.**

The "Monarch" Record Reduction Sale

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household

Sale Price

2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam, Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	...	4/11	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	16/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	...	6/-	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	...	18/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.	...	7/6	12 ft. by 12 ft.	...	21/-
8 ft. by 9 ft.	...	9/-	9 ft. by 15 ft.	...	19/6
6 ft. by 12 ft.	...	16/6	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	22/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.	...	11/-	12 ft. by 15 ft.	...	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	...	13/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.	...	30/-
9 ft. by 12 ft.	...	15/-	12 ft. by 21 ft.	...	35/6

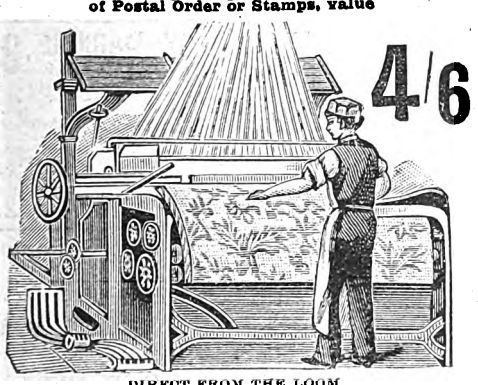
REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.

Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg.
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam.
Marquis of Breadalbane.
Sir Henry de Bathe.
Sir Henry Bellingham.
Sir E. H. Blair, Bart.
Archbishop of York.
Duchess of Wellington.
Marchioness of Breadalbane.
Marchioness of Hastings.
H.I.H. Eugenie de Christoforo.
Princess Paleologoe Nicephoro Comnenco.
Princess de Croy.

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," June, 1899, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value



DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

(Regd.) We will send you an ECLIPSE CARPET, THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. [*Cut this out.*]

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s.

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

Sale Price

HEARTHRUGS 5/6

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft. which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 30s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ ft. by 7 ft.,	11/-	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft.,	38/-
9 ft.,	18/-		11 ft. by 12 ft.,	47/-
7½ ft. by 9 ft.,	23/-		12 ft. by 13½ ft.,	59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.,	28/-		12 ft. by 16 ft.,	69/-
9 ft. by 10½ ft.,	33/-		12 ft. by 18 ft.,	77/-

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"

TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS (Regd.)

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	2/11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	12/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		3/11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.		4/9	12 ft. by 12 ft.		12/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		5/11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft.		7/6	12 ft. by 15 ft.		15/9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		8/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.		19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.		9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.		22/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE OF CARPETS, HEARTHRUGS, TABLE LINEN, CURTAINS, &c., POST FREE, if mentioning "The Royal Magazine," June, 1899, when writing.

N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free, & shipped at Lowest Rates. Illustrated Lists Post Free. Telegraphic Address: "*Eclipse Leeds.*" Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants. **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

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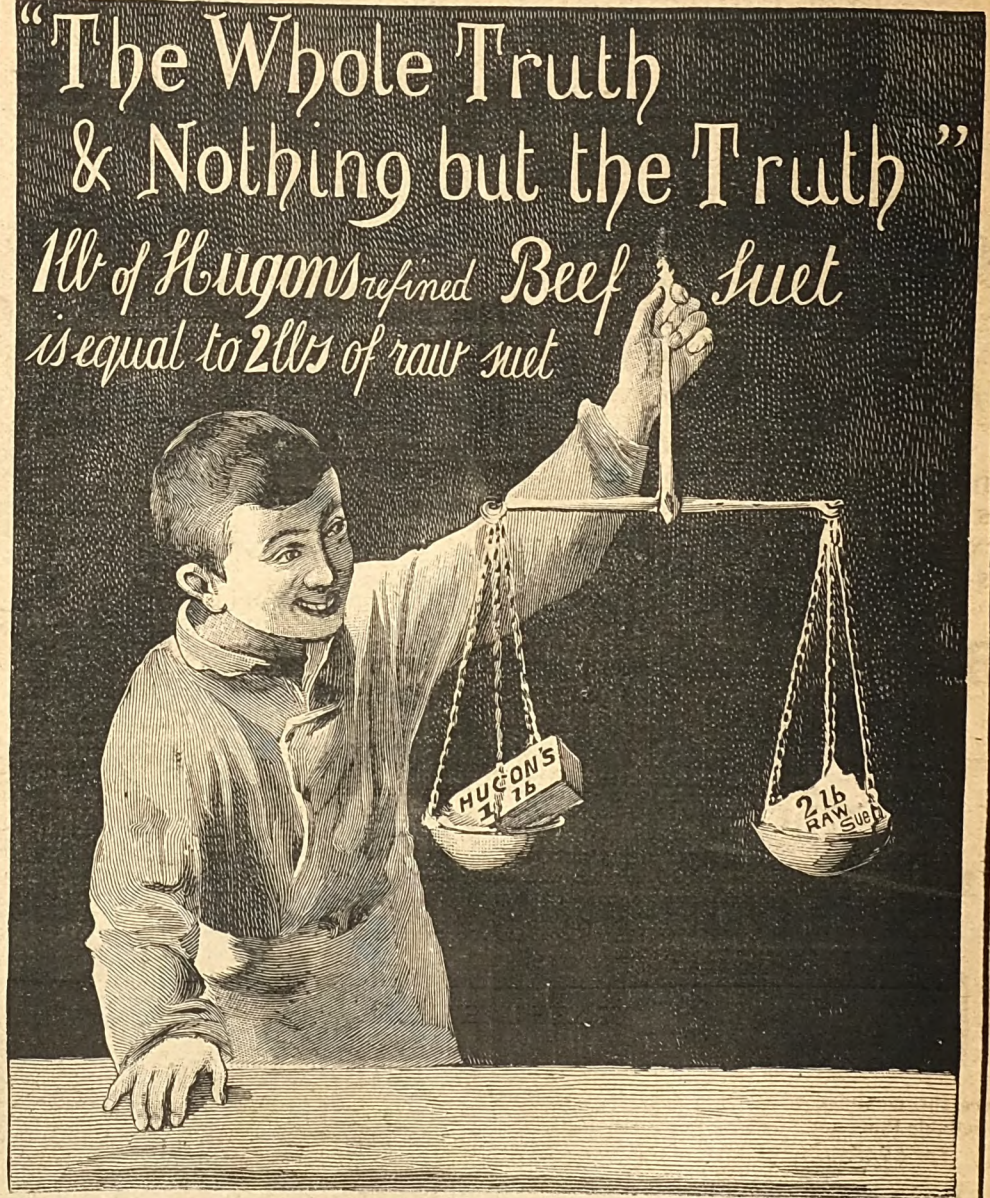

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HUGON'S REFINED BEEF SUET.

Indispensable in every household, Summer or Winter—for Frying, Cooking, Pie Crusts, Cakes, Puddings. Prepared from best English Beef Suet only! Saves trouble of Chopping! Always ready for use! Always sweet! Digestible and Wholesome! Sold by most Grocers and Dealers at ***8d.*** per pound. If your dealer does not keep it, send 8d. in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers—

HUGON & Co., Ltd., PENDLETON, MANCHESTER,

for a sample 1 lb. box, and address of nearest retailer.

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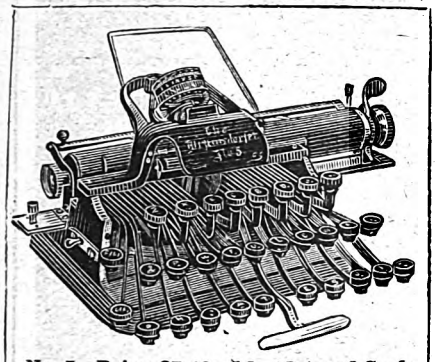
The Outstanding Qualities of the



No. 5. Price £7 10s. 0d. Net and Cash.

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Are ITS SMALL SIZE and ITS GREAT STRENGTH.

The first is apparent to the most casual observer, and not infrequently leads to very erroneous conclusions. The second is slowly revealed to the trained mechanic as he carefully examines the construction of the machine The combination is unique and attractive.

Send for List No. 27, which contains full description.

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Patented May 18, 1897.

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Are the smallest, neatest, most compact and reliable Plate and Film Cameras in existence.

For SNAPSHOTS or TIME EXPOSURES.

No. 2 **POCKET CAMERA** for Plates 2½ by 3½ inches. Fitted with Single Achromatic Lens, "Everset" Monroe Shutter, 3 Stop Diaphragms, Reversible Viewfinder. Measures when closed only 1¾ by 3¾ by 4¾ inches. Complete with 3 Double Plate Holders **27/6**

No. 2A For 3½ by 4¼ Roll Film. This Camera can by the turn of a couple of Fasteners be converted into a Plate Camera taking 3¼ by 4¼ Plates. As a Film Camera, it measures when closed, only 3 by 4½ by 5½ inches. The Lens, Shutter, Diaphragms, &c., are same as above. **55/-**

Send for Pamphlet, how to obtain

A £2:2:0 CAMERA for NOTHING.

Illustrated List of 22 styles from all Dealers, or from

"MONROE" CAMERA CO.,

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A GARMENT WORTH 10/9

which might have been saved had it simply been marked with

MATHER'S NIGRINE.

A Jet Black Marking Fluid, for marking Linen, Cotton, &c. **Will not injure the most delicate Fabric.** Every bottle guaranteed. **Of all Stationers, Chemists, and Stores, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Bottle.** Sample sent on receipt of 13 stamps.

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Helping the Stomach:

The Stomach is like "Fire," or "Water," a good friend but a bad master. As a friend it craves work to do, which is shown by good Appetite, and it sets about its work with so much energy that we have efficient Digestion, and later on perfect Assimilation—the Source of Life and Strength.

On the other hand, the Stomach as a master works fitfully and in a sulky manner. This soon spoils the Appetite and ruins the Digestion. Then the suffering begins. The partially-digested food becomes an irritant, and we have a host of disagreeable Symptoms, such as Nausea, Flatulence, Distention, Pain, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Sleeplessness, and a general tired feeling of Weakness.

Now we can change the Stomach from a despot master into a willing friend by simply helping it with occasional doses of Guy's Tonic until it is shortly able to carry on its work without assistance. This useful Family Medicine is steadily growing in popular favour.

As a direct consequence of taking Guy's Tonic good Appetite returns, and with it the capacity to enjoy food, to digest it, and to gain Strength therefrom. General experience extended over many years proves conclusively that Guy's Tonic corrects and cures both neglect and misuse of the Stomach, and strengthens it for future work.

"Can Eat Anything."

"Hatfield-Peveril, Witham.
"I was a dreadful Sufferer from Indiges-
"tion, no doctors could do me any good. *I*
"*was afraid to eat anything.* Seeing Guy's
"Tonic advertised I gave it a trial. I began
"to feel better after the first bottle. I took
"more till *I was quite well and could eat*
"*anything.* "(Mrs.) E. BRICKMORE."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

- 50 - FREE

Finest Ivory Vellum Visiting Cards, Lady's or Gentleman's. Correct size and style, nicely finished, post free, **1/6.** Get a friend to join you, and we will make you a **GIFT** of a **Real Silver BROOCH,** Hall Marked (worth **2s.** at any jeweller's) for your trouble. Samples—stamp.
LOTUS PRESS (V.C. 5 Dept.), **DUNDEE.**
MONEY BACK if not satisfied.

DIVIDED SKIRTS.

Thousands have been sold, and are acknowledged to be infinitely better than the old fashioned petticoat. No. 1, dark coloured serge, 2/11 per pair, post free; No. 2, velvet corduroy, in tan, 3/6 per pair, post free; No. 3, soft spun serge, 3/11 per pair, post free; No. 4, superior fine coating, 4/11 per pair, post free; No. 5, fine velvet corduroy, in fawn, 5/11 per pair, post free; lining slips, 1/- per pair. The above are about half shop prices.
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New Book of Instructions, **1s.** Complete Outfit, **£1 1s.** Glasses photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and Particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

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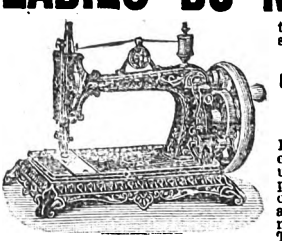

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DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE

Works by hand or treadle. Four Years' Warranty with each Machine. Thousands in use. Admired and praised by 'every-one. Especially adapted for Dress-making, Light Tailoring, and all kinds of Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instructions beyond the Guide Book, which is given, and all accessories, with each Machine. Sent to any part of the country on easy terms, **5/-** per month. *Full particulars post free.* *Only complete.* **40/-**

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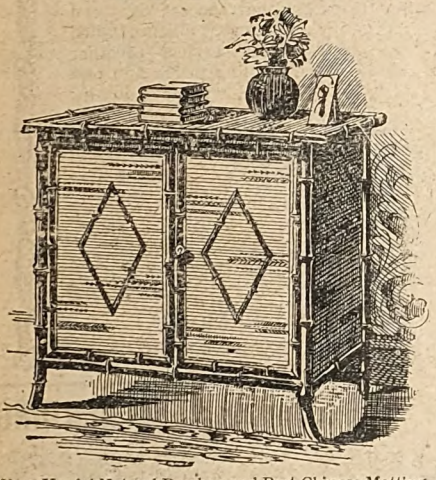

Very Useful Natural Bamboo and Best Chinese Matting **Cupboard,** enclosed by two doors. 3 ft. 6 in. wide, 3 ft. 9 in. high. **25/6**

Solid Silver Oval **Hair Brush** richly chased, full size. **21/-**
Hand Mirror to match, **37/6**
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Solid Silver "James I." **Cream Ewer.**
2½ in. high... **11/6**
3 " " ... **18/9**
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The **"Grandfather" Easy Chair,** with spring seat, upholstered and covered in tapestry, finished with brass or copper nails. **29/6**

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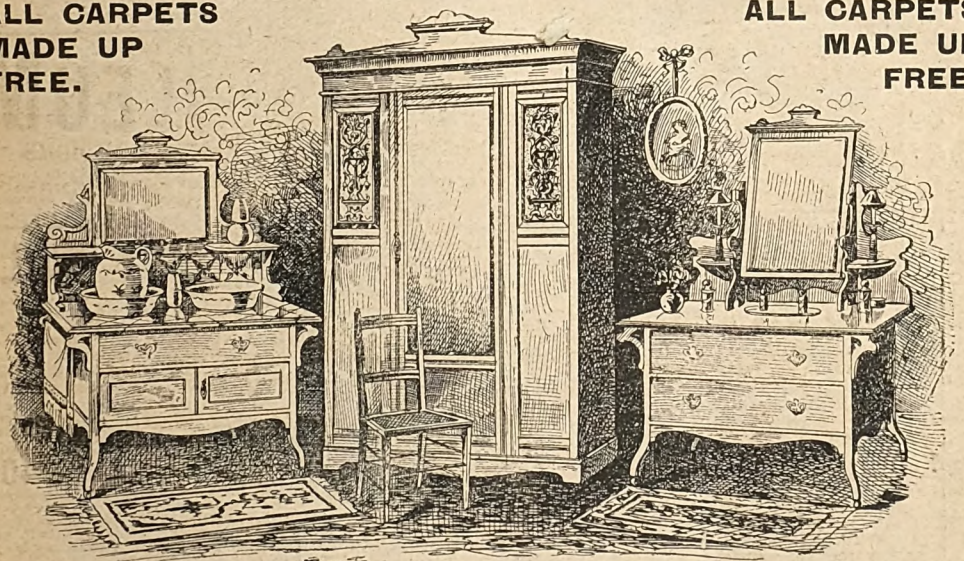
ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE.



The **"Newquay" Bedroom Suite,** in solid Ash or Hazelwood, comprising wardrobe with bevelled edge plate in door, and carved panels, 3 ft. 9 in. wide; dressing chest of drawers with bevelled edge toilet glass attached, 3 ft. 6 in. wide; washstand with coloured marble tiled back with bevelled edge glass over, fitted with deep drawer and double door pedestal cupboard, towel rail each end; two cane seat chairs **£12 18s. 6d.**

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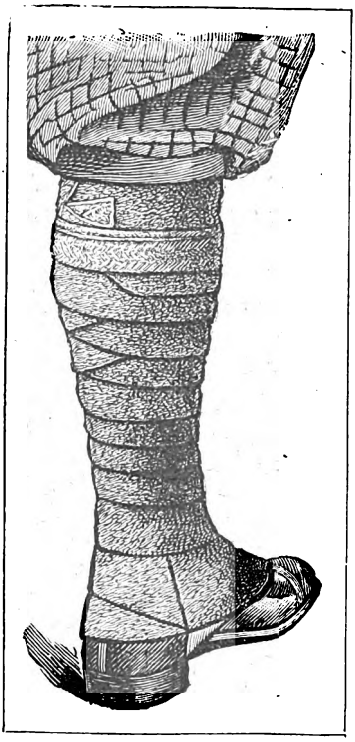

GENTS', in two qualities, 10/6
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Made in Blue, Black, and Khakee, and a variety of mixtures to match their FOBRO Sporting Cloth.

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In case of difficulty apply to Patentees and Manufacturers,

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THE MOST USEFUL INVENTION OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

(Ladies and Gentlemen).

Nothing detracts so much from the general appearance of a lady or gentleman as **Uncomely Feet**, and there can be no doubt that nine out of every ten **Ugly Feet** are due to one very small thing, that is, a **Defective Boot Heel**. As soon as the Boot Heel loses its evenness the strain on every part of the Boot is going in the wrong direction, and the beautiful original symmetry of the Boot becomes a thing of the past. What is required is a **Boot Heel that will be always even.**

This is absolutely secured by wearing **WOOD'S Automatic Revolving HEEL-PAD,**

Doubles the Durability of Boots, prevents Splashing, makes the Tread Silent and Soft as a Grass Lawn, Reduces Fatigue to a Minimum. Prevents Slipping. Can be fixed in half a minute. Patented everywhere. Post free, **1/-** per pair. Send Paper Size of Heel required direct to the Works,

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FOR SALE, HIRE,
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WONDERFUL 2/- A YARD VELVETEEN

In Dainty and Fashionable Tints

Can only be obtained direct from LEWIS'S in Market Street, MANCHESTER, who will forward a large Box of PATTERNS POST FREE on application. FAST PILE, FAST DYED, EVERY INCH GUARANTEED. *Weldon's Ladies' Journal* says:—"LEWIS'S Wonderful Velveteen is the Finest Imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever shown. Thoroughly durable."

If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will Give a New Dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.

Ladies, write for Patterns of LEWIS'S "WONDERFUL" DRESS FABRICS for Present Wear. WONDERFUL in Value, Style, Beauty, and Variety. The Largest and Best Selected Stock in the Kingdom at Strictly Wholesale Prices.

LEWIS'S Pay Carriage on all Orders to any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

Please mention "ROYAL MAGAZINE," and address—

LEWIS'S IN MARKET STREET, **Manchester.**

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3½D.

MASON'S CRYSTALS FOR . . MAKING LEMONADE

PROVED TO BE THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST!

ONE 3½d. PACKET MAKES . . . . .

2 GALLONS

These Crystals are prepared only by

NEWBALL & MASON,
NOTTINGHAM.

A 6d. packet of MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS makes 8 Gallons of delicious Non-Intoxicating Beer. Be sure and try it!

AGENTS WANTED.

Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'

Price **30**/- *Post Free.*

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

Famed Silver

HUNTING WATCH.

Price **15**/- *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch, with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and guaranteed for five years. Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

ALLISON & CO., Jewellers,
197, EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.
ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Road Racer, £10 16/8 monthly.

JUNO CYCLES are the very best.

£10 10s.—17s. 6d. monthly
£12 12s.—21s. 0d. "
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Carriage Paid. Cash Discount.

Write for New Season List of JUNO Cycles and Accessories. Over 100 pages. Sent Post Free.

LISTS POST FREE.

Typewriters, £9 9s. 5s. 9d. monthly.

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75, Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C., & Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

A REVOLUTION IN THE PRICE OF WHITE SHIRTS.

Unlaundried White Shirts.

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt, **2/6** each, **14/6** half dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half dozen, post free.

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WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers,
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OVER SEVENTY YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

ALWAYS NEAT & TIDY.

Martin-Silent Tool Bag, made in one piece of leather. No stitching. The centre strap only has to be buckled to fasten the bag. This strap also automatically fixes the bag tightly against the saddle. The 1899 pattern is greatly improved in substance and quality.

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Our Saddles are the careful production of practical experiments resulting from experience in hard and long distance riding. The fittings are of the finest quality Steel covered with Leather. Made in Light, Medium and Heavy Roadsters and Racing Patterns.

We guarantee Saddles and Bags for Two Years.

Retailed at all Cycle Depots, and fitted to machines, if so specified, without extra cost.

MADE IN SUPERIOR QUALITY ONLY.

Martin-Silent Pump Carriers, 6d. pair. Cannot possibly scratch the enamel.

MARTINS BIRMINGHAM LTD.

HEBDEN'S Silver Gloss

FOR LINEN.

Cheaper and better than Starch Gloss Powders, and gives a dazzling smoothness to the fabric. Sold Everywhere in Blocks, at **3d.** and **6d.** each. **SAMPLES** post paid, on receipt of stamps value of size wanted.

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W. C. HEBDEN, Albany Works, HALIFAX.

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POPULAR PARCEL. DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. CARRIAGE PAID 21/-

Lot **125** contains **1** pair **4** yd. **Drawing-room Curtains,** Superb Lacey Design, about **2** yds. wide; 2 handsome pairs alike for **Dining-room,** Copied Real Lace, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide; 1 pair **3** yd. Floral **Bedroom Curtains,** 50 in. wide; 1 Lace **Table Cover.**

GIVEN AWAY with each Parcel—**6 Lace Covers,** fringed for dressing-table, one 45 in. long, and five smaller.

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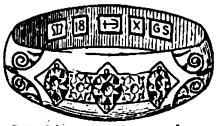

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Magnificent Cluster Ring, **£5 5s.**

And 18-ct. hall-marked, solid gold jewellery at

MANUFACTURER'S FIRST COST.

Send for illustrated price list. You will find it

A PERFECT REVELATION.

SINGLE STONE DIAMOND RING 25/-

Full money refunded on all articles not approved of and sent back by return post.

ED. SANDERSON,

Diamond Merchant and Manufacturing Jeweller,

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Beware of Imitations.

Influenza Tonic.

Armbrecht 100 A1 TONIC WINE

For Fatigue of Mind and Body, Sleeplessness, and DEPRESSED VITALITY.

NATURE'S OWN PICK-ME-UP. A FOE TO FATIGUE.

PRICE 4/- POST FREE, 45/- PER DOZEN.

FREE Tasting Sample to all who send 3 Penny Stamps, addressed to DESK A.,

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ESTABLISHED 1868.

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First introduction into England of the very popular American **line of VIVE Cameras.**

VIVE No. 1

at only

ONE GUINEA

for 4½ by 4½ or **any smaller size of either PLATES** or **FILMS.** Takes **larger** and **better pictures** than any other camera at anywhere near its price.

24 *Glass Plates* or **72 *Cut Films***

can be carried in it and exposed **without reloading.** No dark slides to bother with, nor separate handling of plates or films in loading.

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High grade leather covering and finish throughout. Popular American sale without a parallel.

EVERY CAMERA GUARANTEED

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36 GLASSES **NEW** FOR 4½d.

LEMONADE

A 4½d. Packet makes 36 Glasses of the most healthy and refreshing beverage on earth.

STOWER'S INSTANTANEOUS LEMONADE.

IN SIXPENNY TINS.

STOWER'S JELLY CRYSTALS.

Real Fruit Flavour.

If your Grocers do not keep them, send **6d.** *for a Sample post paid to*

STOWER & Co., Ltd.,

38, Manesty's Lane, LIVERPOOL.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

RAIMES & CO.,

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AND

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

RICH IN FLAVOUR. — APPETISING.

GRANT'S SCOTCH OAT FLOUR

PURE IN QUALITY. — STRENGTHENING.

Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

Ask your Grocer for it. *Sample 1-lb. Tins* **1s.**, *sent Post Free.*

PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER—

JOHN GRANT, Craig Mills, DUNDEE.

Makers of Grant's Guaranteed Pure Scotch Oatmeal.

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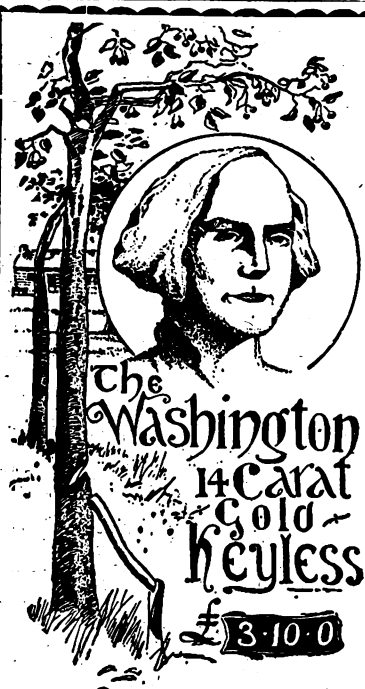


Never told a lie.

The "Washington" 14 carat Gold Keyless Watch

IS one of the finest examples of present-day horological work. The movement is highly finished, fully Jewelled, and fitted with the Latest Modern Improvements. 14 carat Gold Cases, engine turned or plain, and fitted with Crystal Glass Front.
Warranted for Seven Years.

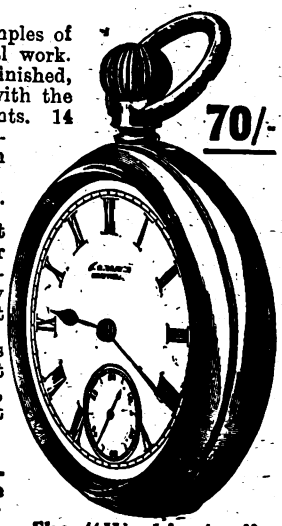
It is supplied on the first payment of 7/-, and your promise to complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount

Seven Days Free Trial is allowed, and if you are not satisfied with the watch, return it, and your deposit will be instantly repaid.

Send for J. G. Graves' Illustrated Catalogue of all the Latest Designs. Free and Carriage Paid.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

J. G. Graves, Dept. 67



The "Washington"
14 carat Gold Keyless.
• • • £3. 10s. 0d.
Division-st., Sheffield.

£5 5s. CHAMPION CYCLES. £5 5s.

12 Months' Guarantee, and fitted with Best Detachable Pneumatic Tyres.
Supplied direct at Wholesale Trade Prices. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.
Send at once and purchase direct from the
CHAMPION CYCLE CO., Wheat Works, Ecclesall Rd., SHEFFIELD.

HINDE'S

Wet the day—Sad the Girls,
"Hinde's" Curlers—Curly Curls.

CURLERS.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS

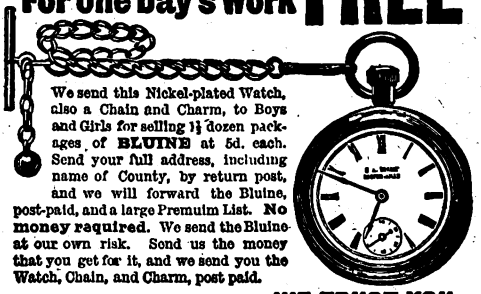
Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The most Perfect Brace made.

Prevents anyone becoming Stooped or Round Shouldered.
ALL SIZES.—**Men's & Women's** (32 in. to 42 in.), **3/9** per pair.
Boys' and Girls' (22 in. to 30 in.), **2/9** per pair.

Send chest measurement (right round under arms) and amount in postal order, and we will send them post paid.

Address B Department,
D. M. MELDRUM & CO.,
13 & 15, REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

WATCH and CHAIN For One Day's Work FREE



We send this Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 6d. each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premuim List. **No money required.** We send the Bluine at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for it, and we send you the Watch, Chain, and Charm, post paid.

BLUINE Manfg. Co., Dept. K. WE TRUST YOU.
241, Gipsy Road, West Norwood, London.

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SHILLING BOTTLES **SKIN LOTION**

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

Silvereta
PLATE POWDER.
HARMLESS & NEVER SCRATCHES.
LUSTRE IS BRIGHTER & LASTS LONGER THAN ANY OTHER
Sold everywhere, or Post Free on receipt of 1/- from the Manufacturers, 2, Lorrimore Street, London, S.E.

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"THE DRAUGHT OF HEALTH."

MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE.

A cooling and refreshing beverage for all seasons—made from Cultivated Limes. *The LANCET* says: "We counsel the public to drink Lime-Fruit Juice wherever and whenever they list." Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice is a most delicious, refreshing drink—and a veritable Draught of Health Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice and Cordials are sold by Druggists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, &c., everywhere.

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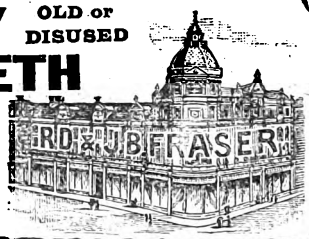
TO THOSE WHO HAVE OLD FALSE TEETH

WE BUY OLD or DISUSED FALSE TEETH



UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN,
or offers made and teeth held over until accepted.
(Estd. 1833.)
R. D. & J. B. FRASER,
PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH, ENGLAND.
Bankers' References: Messrs. Bacon & Co., Ipswich.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT!!

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Miss WHITTING writes (10/8/07): "Cannot say enough about their comfort." Mr. MASON writes (21/6/08): "*Got a pair three years ago, and have worn them every day since.*"

Enclose Length Walking Shoe.	Prices—post free. Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
Quality (colour Brown)—			
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) ..	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3.
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather Soled Shoes (superior	3/6	4/-	4/6
Rubber Shoes (Brown)	—	3/-	3/6

2d. per pair off 3 pairs at one order. *Post free in Great Britain, abroad extra. Single pairs or any quantity supplied.*

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath St., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

TABLE DAINTIES *APPETISING! NUTRITIOUS!*

SPRINGFIELD HOME POTTED MEATS AND SARDINE PASTE

For TEA—For LUNCH—Make Excellent SANDWICHES.

These delicious meats (12 varieties) are now in great demand, and the public are cautioned against inferior brands. **Be sure** your Grocer supplies "Springfield" brand **FREE SAMPLE**—if any difficulty in obtaining mention name of your grocer and send 2d., stamps, to cover postage of Samples.

HORROCKS & WATSON,
Springfield Model Works, SOUTHPORT.

OF ALL CORSETS—THE BEST.

PATENT
J.B SIDE-SPRING Corset

HEALTH! COMFORT! ELEGANCE! *Beautiful in Construction, Unrivalled in Style.*

These Corsets are constructed in accordance with physiological principles, give no undue pressure, but yield to the movements of the body, and the side supports are *unbreakable*. They are modelled in different shapes to suit various types of figures, and yield a most graceful and rounded appearance. Proclaimed by ladies everywhere to be the most perfect Corset obtainable.

Prices 3/11, 5/6, 6/11 and 10/6.

Obtainable from the principal Drapers & Ladies' Outfitters, but if any difficulty in procuring, write for name of nearest agent.

Insist on having the J B. Side-Spring Corset—The Best.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:
J. S. BLAIR,
GREAT ANCOATS STREET, MANCHESTER.

DIVIDED SKIRTS

Are now worn by 9 Ladies out of every 10, and are admitted by all to be an unspeakable relief from crude and cumbersome petticoats.

Our Shape is acknowledged to be the best in the market, and, being the largest Manufacturers in the Kingdom dealing direct with the public, our prices are about half shop prices.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE PAIR.

No. 1, in Scotch Tweed, extra good, 3/11½ a pair. By Post, 3d. extra. Shop prices, 6/6.

No. 2, in Tan Velvet Corduroy, 3/11 per pair. By post, 3d. extra. Shop prices, 7/6.

No. 3, in Black Satin, for Evening wear, at the phenomenal price of 7/11 a pair. By Post, 3d. extra. Shop price, 15/-.

Each pair is provided with a secret purse pocket for travelling.

Washing Slip Linings of cosy cream Swansdown Calico, 1/- a pair extra.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS,
Merchants & Manufacturers,
191, SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE.

The King of all Toffees.

Study your health by eating only pure confections. **"Extra Cream"** is a Toffee of absolute purity and incomparable flavour. Suits everybody's taste.

FREE SAMPLE If any difficulty in procuring, send us your Grocer's or Confectioner's address, and you will receive a Free Sample.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Ltd., The Toffee Mills, HALIFAX

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OVER 200 EXCELLENT PRESS NOTICES AND UPWARDS OF 4,100 TESTIMONIALS.

100 BICYCLE PRIZES

"We have examined the A.B. Cycles, and find them well-made, high-class Machines. The firm are thoroughly straightforward in their dealings."—CYCLING (August 6, 1898).

WHAT TO DO.

Make up the best sentence you can out of eight words, each word commencing with a letter of **ROADSTER** in proper order. Thus, for example, "Right Onwards And Down Steep Tracks Entering Roadways." Enclose two loose stamps for postage of result.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

We ask you to buy nothing, to subscribe nothing, before allowing you to participate in the Prizes. You pay nothing to enter, and even if you receive one of our regret notices—and we make no secret of the fact that hundreds gain no prize whatever—you are only out of pocket for the cost of three penny stamps, which the Post Office gets the benefit of.

FIRST PRIZE—£23 A.B. SAFETY fitted with A.B. TYRES.

We have given away nearly 30 Free Bicycles to winners, each of whom has signed a declaration that he or she is in no way connected with the Firm. We will forward £1,000 to anyone disproving this. Names and full addresses on written application.

SECOND CLASS (9 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £9
THIRD CLASS (12 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £10
FOURTH CLASS (15 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £11
FIFTH CLASS (18 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £12
SIXTH CLASS (20 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £13
CONSOLATION (25 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £14

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE. COMPETITION IS NOW OPEN, and **CLOSES SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899.** Results will be declared as soon as possible, although it may be a fortnight afterwards before all replies are posted.

Winners of Prizes must clear them within a week or ten days, otherwise Machines unclaimed will be passed on to the next in rotation. Enclose two loose stamps for postage of Catalogue and Result of Competition. As so very few persons are able to call and inspect the machines, **WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT** paid for a Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or for one of our Consolation Prizes, **IF THE OWNER IS NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED** with it on arrival. We cannot give any money or other Prizes in lieu of cycles, and consequently cannot enter into any discussion relating thereto. One solution only allowed to each competitor. Disregard of this regulation renders any prize liable to forfeiture. If there are a large number of Competitors Prizes may be increased.

£100 **We offer this Reward to any lady or gentleman able to prove that we have ever, in the whole course of our existence, sold our cheapest machine under £15 cash, either to any ordinary customer, agent, dealer, or shipper. We are continually refusing £14 and £14 10s., both by cheque and remittance through the post and by cash in our showrooms, for the self-same Machines now being offered as Prizes**

Mark Letters "Royal" on top corner of Envelope, and address to the Managing Director,

A.B. CYCLE Co., LTD., 59 & 60, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.

OH! I MUSTN'T FORGET TO PACK SOME OF

HARTMANN'S Hygienic **TOWELETTES.**

INDISPENSABLE FOR TRAVELLING.

Home Use. Save Washing.

INSIST ON HAVING HARTMANN'S.

6d. per dozen, and in **6d.** pkts., half-doz. **1/-**, **1/4**, **2/-** per doz. Special make for use after accouchement, **2/-** per doz. *Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, the Stores, and Chemists* Or direct. Postage 3d. per packet extra. Samples free on application to the MANAGERESS, Hartmann's Depot, 26, Thavies Inn London, E.C.

WEAR **ADAPTED** MAKE **BOOTS**

THE ADAPTED BOOT

FITTED

TRADE MARK

REGD.

AGENTS IN ALL TOWNS

"THE NIMBLE 9D."

GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3ins. by 3ft. 6ins. weighing 40 lbs. ... **30/-**

No. 2—Double Bed Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 50lbs. ... **37/6**

No. 3—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 55lbs. ... **41/3**

No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs. **48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

Please mention this Magazine.

R. M. NEWHAM & CO., *Boston, Lincolnshire.*

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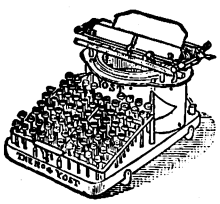
In Packets

The No. 4

Catalogue post free.

YOST TYPEWRITER

Learnt more quickly,
Prints better.
Writes faster,
Lasts longer,
Needs less repairs than any other Typewriter on the market.



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Infallible printer,
Three line spacings,
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Perfect adjustment,
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For Washing-Up

ESTABLISHED 1877.

Cyclist's Outfit, 21/- Astounding Value!

Complete **Worth 30/-**

Comprising 1 Suit, 1 Cap, 1 pair Stockings, 1 Sweater, 1 Belt, 1 pair Shoes, and 1 Tie. **Cycling Capes,** 33 in. long **3/11.** Our New Season's Stock contains all the latest and most up-to-date materials. Do not allow our marvellously low price to mislead you into thinking it impossible to obtain sound material and good workmanship from us. *We guarantee both in every instance,* and no customer is allowed to retain a garment that is not absolutely satisfactory.

Better Qualities, 28/6 & 35/-, include Patent Sweater, Patent Shoes, and the Norfolk Suit.

FREE.—Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Clothing, &c., 62 pages. It will save you pounds. Post Free with any range of patterns desired.

The Gold Medal TAILORS.

HENOCHSBERG & ELLIS. 12, 14, 14A & 16, ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the

Works, BIRMINGHAM.

MANFIELD'S are now supplying their Well-known BOOTS BY POST

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY.—POST FREE.

MANFIELD'S hold one of the largest and most varied stocks in the world, so that a perfect fit can be guaranteed.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, AND SELECT THE STYLE OF BOOT YOU PREFER.

Single pairs post free to any part of the United Kingdom.

When Ordering Boots by post for the first time, the best and simplest method is to send an old, comfortably-fitting Boot or Shoe. Your name and address will be sufficient for future orders.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

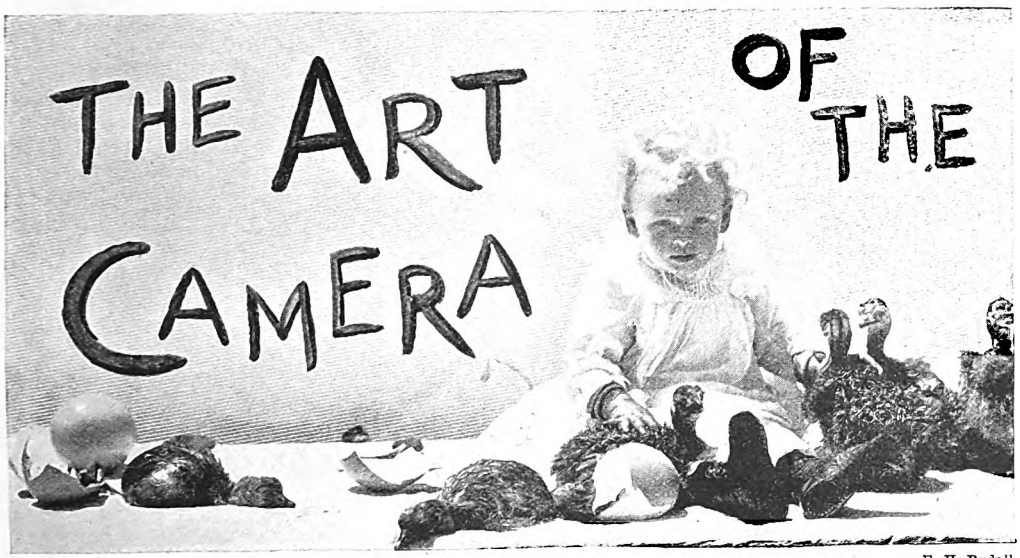

Photo by E. H. Rydall.

Baby Ostriches.

By Roderick Grey.

If Photography were Banned.

Most of us remember that well-known passage in Gibbon in which he declares that had the battle of Tours resulted otherwise than it did "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the Revelation of Mahomet." But has it ever occurred to photographers, amateur or professional, that had Abderame and his Arabs been successful in that decisive battle, the popular art and craft would most probably have been non-existent.

The Mussulman has a conscientious objection to portraiture in any form whatever, whether it be by the hand of the painter or by means of the camera.

The reason, of course, for this curious attitude may be found in the bitter antagonism which Islam has to idolatry. The icons and sacred pictures in the churches of Christendom have always aroused the indignation of Mahomedans on account of the reverence paid to them by the worshippers; and the objection to sacred pictures has extended to portraits of all kinds.

The camera has ever been looked upon with suspicion, and even with horror, by followers of the Prophet, and no truly devout Moslem would any more think of sitting for his photograph than he would of blaspheming the Prophet's name.

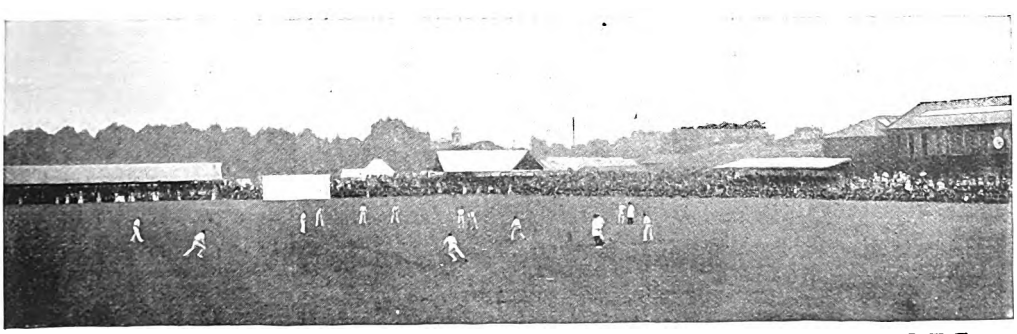

Photo by R. W. Thomas.

"Lord's."

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Undoubtedly there have been occasional lapses even on the part of Moslems of high position. One of the few notable exceptions that I can recall is the Sultan of Turkey, who has on one or two occasions allowed himself to be "taken." But this falling from grace is strongly condemned by many thousands of His Majesty's subjects.

Of course, to say that no Moslem ever allows himself to sit before a camera would be scarcely accurate, as there are here and there followers of Islam who hold the precepts of their faith very lightly, and do not hesitate for personal gain to ignore or explain away even distinct commands in the Koran. Such Moslems, however, are few and far between, and it is practically true that the camera is non-existent in the Mahomedan world.

Had the Arabs of Spain come off victorious in the battle of Tours, and continued their conquering march, Europe to-day would probably have been Mahomedan, and it is more than likely that photography as it exists would have been unknown. Not only would no encouragement have been given for its development, but it would have been condemned by the imams, mullahs, and other heads and exponents of the Faith sitting in places of honour in the capitals of Moslem Europe.

Photo by F. Ollo.

The Fisher Maid.

The Camera as a Wizard.

But the Moslems are not the only people who object to photography for superstitious or religious reasons. In the Islands of Linkkin, lying about mid-way between Japan and Formosa, the camera cannot be used. The natives, an intelligent and benevolent race, most strongly object to photography on the ground that the camera casts an evil spell over those who sit before it, which cannot be counteracted or neutralised by any known remedies. It is said that not more than two or three photographs have ever been taken in these islands, and I can quite believe it.

Travellers in the Dark Continent and in Tibet and China have also found the greatest difficulty in persuading the people to overcome their horror of the camera. These people have not the slightest doubt but that the weird-looking box standing upon three legs, is an instrument quite as powerful as those which fell upon this earth and wrought such havoc in Mr. H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds."

The little kodak is also equally feared and the natives do not seem to be able to overcome their terror. When for a consideration they can be induced to sit for a photograph, they tremble and shiver all over until the operator feels that it will be a charity on his part to release the poor wretches from their position.

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Photography in the Composing-room.

Most people have at least a rudimentary idea of how a paper is printed. They may have the haziest notion of what a modern printing machine can do. A press into which is fed an unbroken strip, perhaps a mile long, of white paper, and from out of which drops a newspaper ready printed, cut, and folded, is a thing that must be seen to be quite believed. It may be a press with two rolls unwinding into it, with the result that a paper—one of the weekly papers, such as *Home Notes* or *Pastimes*—drops out ready printed, cut, bound in a cover printed in colours, and stitched with wire.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Quiet Game.

All this is not understood and not realised by the many who buy and read the modern papers. But at least they have a dim sort of idea that the beginning of everything has something to do with type. They have heard of compositors, but are doubtful of their exact business in a printing establishment.

Well, the compositor *is* the beginning of the whole process—at least, he usually is. His part it is to pick up the little leaden letters, collectively known as type, and build up words and sentences and articles, from which the paper is subsequently printed.

I said just now that the compositor is usually at the beginning of all things printed.

Photo by Lafayette.

The Camp Song.

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Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

The Pets.

He it is who reads writing that the ordinary man would puzzle over in vain. The little a compositor cannot read is in the fullest sense of the word illegible.

Occasionally the compositor misreads, and when he does it as often as not appears as if he had selected a peculiarly plainly written word. Still he is a patient and long-suffering mortal, whose existence, however, is being vigorously assailed by the introduction of type-setting machines.

These are marvellous examples of the ingenuity of man. Really the linotype is quite human in its movements. A man plays on a keyboard, like that of a typewriter, and the machine does the rest—does it as if it were armed with hands and a brain.

It has been a sad blow to "comps," the advent of the type-setting machine. I suppose the latter will gradually become more and more used for daily papers and such like. In illustrated papers the "comp" has, however, congratulated himself that he is, to all intents and purposes, indispensible. That's never an overwise conclusion to come to about yourself. It so very often happens that you are not indispensible.

In Brussels, the other day, some "comps" realised the truth of this. They made another unpleasant discovery at the same time, and that was that type-setting machines were not the only enemies to their existence which they had.

The "comps" of a paper went on strike, and I have no doubt timed the strike for the most inconvenient hour they could select. The paper *had* to come out—sixteen pages of it—and there was no one to do it. Those "comps" smiled.

Then, behold, a brilliant idea, and photography came to the rescue of the proprietors and the rout of the strikers! The necessary letterpress to accompany the illustrations was type-written off on a typewriter.

The type-written pages were then reproduced photo-mechanically, after the manner in which the pictures are reproduced in this magazine, and from this solid and reliable forme the paper was printed. It was a triumph for photography in rather an unexpected quarter.

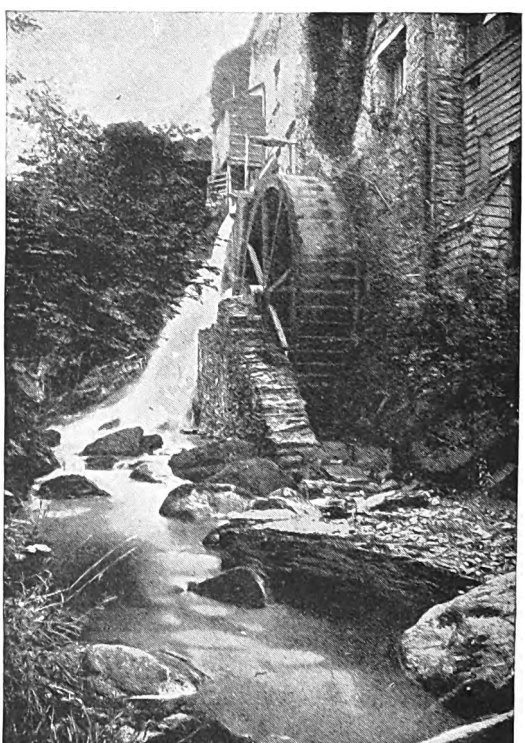

Photo by Photochrom Co.

The Mill Wheel.

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Photo by Lafayette.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

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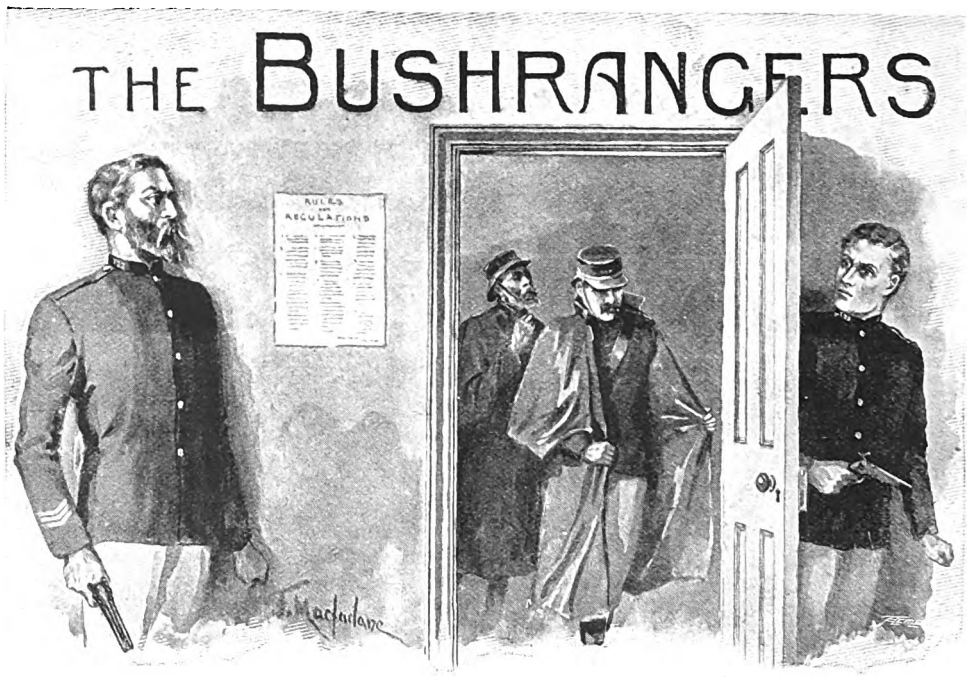

By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

No. II.—TRAPPED!

The deliberate murder by Wingy Nolans of the two constables who were driving and escorting Garnet and O'Dare to Hobart caused a decided sensation in official circles at Port Arthur. There was, however, a compensating satisfaction in the knowledge that sooner or later—and probably sooner—all three men would be caught and hanged.

Gradually, however, it dawned on the official mind that neither Garnet nor his two companions had been captured or been killed or been found starved to death. On the contrary, they were very much alive, and already the name of Captain Jack was forming a frequent topic of conversation in the bush hotels.

Wherever the money came from the man paid punctually all he owed, and moreover paid well. Bush folks of the lower class soon appreciate that in an outlaw, hence the the three desperate men were not as devoid of friends as might have been supposed.

The hiding place they had fixed on proved an excellent one. Away and away westward of the main road, amidst a jumbled heap of hills, there extended a large lake known as Echo Lake. To the west of it ran the Nive river on its road to join the Greater Derwent. Into its upper waters ran the Little Pine river. To the east of this and to the north of the lake spread a stretch of swamp, Surveyor's Marsh it was known as, which had as bad a name as any remote and treacherous swamp might wish to boast. Towards the northern edge arose a queer broken hill, holding in its heart a curious and almost circular little flat.

There the bushrangers had established themselves, and to all intents and purposes the position was impregnable. On three sides there were tracks by which they could enter, tracks with slushy, watery surfaces and good bottoms, on either side of which lay the treacherous, greedy swamp-land. It was handy enough too, for thirty miles or so across country brought them out on to the coach road, above Ross and not far below Campbelltown.

The necessity for an adequate reserve of money to draw upon was, of course, a primary consideration, and it soon became obvious that the wisest and the safest course in the long run was the achievement of some

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enterprise whereby a large sum might be obtained in one venture.

"The plain English of it," said Garnet, "is that we've got to stick up one of the banks."

"You've got it, Cap'n," muttered Nolans. It's a matter of a bank, and I'm for the bank at Tonbridge. That's my lay!"

"It's a bit far," remarked O'Dare, "and the country between here and there is very rough."

"Maybe, but I know a fairish track by keeping well to the westward around by Henderson's back boundary and the Devil's Gap under Old Man's Head. It's a bit of distance round, but there ain't much chaunce o' meetin' no one, and we could do it inside o' six hours."

"What's your opinion, Jack?" asked O'Dare. "The branch at Tonbridge does good business, and there ought to be a tolerable amount of gold in the strong box."

"Possibly," said Garnet slowly, "but we're not going to worry ourselves about Tonbridge."

Garnet paused, and the other two sat waiting.

O'Dare and Nolans, in their implicit trust in Garnet, were united by a common admiration for his cool daring and his splendid generalship. They both, in fact, felt and believed that Garnet was sensible of his responsibility to them as their leader, and would never thrust them into a danger that he considered inadequate to whatever object it was they had in view. Therefore Garnet's condemnation of the Tonbridge project at once ended it, and his two companions waited in silence for the scheme he had probably already decided upon.

"It's not worth the trouble," Garnet said after a moment "It's a paltry little branch. My idea is the Campbelltown branch."

O'Dare and Nolans uttered, simultaneously, exclamations of surprise.

"Why not?" asked Garnet quietly.

"Do you mean to say, Jack, that ——?"

"It's right!" ejaculated Nolans, slapping his thigh. "Cap'n is right. I don't see yet, not jist yet, 'ow it's to be manœuvred, but 'e's right. You bet your last 'appenny 'e's right."

"Yes, but—well, if you've worked it out, we'll see it through," said O'Dare, "but——"

"There ain't no but, mate. It's Campbelltown or glory hallelujah, and I reckon it's a shade o' odds on Campbelltown—leastways, when onst we've figured it out. Tonbridge! Wingy, you're a hass, me boy, a conceited, stuffed up, blitherin' hass, wots been a week thrashin' it out, and then only—Ugh! go ahead, Cap'n, and put me in me proper place for presoomin' to make plans on me own."

"Nonsense, Wingy! Tonbridge's right enough, only—we want something bigger. We want a larger bank account than Tonbridge could give us, and—well Campbelltown seems to me the only one likely to suit. As to figuring it out, I'm inclined to think it'll be easier than it seems, just because no one would ever dream of our ever having a shot at it."

The three men sitting round the fire proceeded eagerly to discuss the details of the desperate venture.

Most of their undertakings were thrashed out of an evening in the glow of the wood

The three men sitting round the fire proceeded to discuss the details of the desperate venture.

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fire, with the black shadows dancing about the mouth of the cave and flitting through the bit of scrub that ran up the spur to the left.

It was late when they rolled themselves in their blankets, and it was early when once more they were up and about. Throughout the day they were busy rounding in the horses and fashioning and strengthening heavy saddle-bags to be carried in the front of their saddles.

Gold is heavy and bulky, and they knew well enough that, once they were possessed of the bullion, it meant a hard ride and a long ride before they could count themselves in any degree safe.

At daylight of the third morning they started, driving three spare horses in front of them.

They followed the eastern track across the swamp until, striking a patch of open, they came to where the bush grew heavier, with its towering pines and thick underscrub. Turning sharp off towards the north-east, they pushed up a narrow bush trail.

For some three miles they kept close to it, winding in and out through the thick tangled undergrowth until suddenly they came out on to a stretch of open country.

Travelling by easy stages, they reached, by the afternoon, a patch of heavy bush. They skirted it for a mile or so, and then turned in at a track at the end of which lay a small grass covered clearing. Around this clearing but within the ring of bush, ran a wattle fence sufficiently strong to make the flat available for keeping a small mob of horses. The three men quickly unsaddled, and then, having turned out their animals, lit a fire and made ready for a night's camp. From a hollow log O'Dare fetched a billy and some tea and flour, which, with the meat they had brought with them, soon afforded them an ample repast.

At daylight the following morning, a fresh start was made, but now without the incumbrance of the spare horses, which were left securely shut in the clearing.

Keeping well away from the main road, the three men cantered steadily along the open country. It was a Sunday, and as the morning wore on the weather developed into a wet drizzle. However, shortly after noon, having forded the Macquarie, the bushrangers reached the edge of the township.

They had timed their approach with well considered nicety. Sunday in a bush township is a slack day in one sense, but busy to the extent of there being an influx of visitors from the country round. In twos, and even threes, shepherds and drovers would ride in to spend their afternoon in the hotel bars, smoking and drinking and as often as not, card playing. During the hour of the midday meal, the streets were more than likely to be deserted, and in this respect the rain was fortunate.

Campbelltown was a place of comparative importance. The main road passing through it was, of course, the chief, though not the only street. It could boast of a bank, that was one of the busiest branches next after Hobart and Launceston, and had three hotels and several fine stores. It also possessed quite an elaborate courthouse, where the magistrate held frequent sitting. Adjoining the building was the police station, a well-built wooden structure, with a yard and stables at the side. Behind was a heavy log hut, subdivided into two cells, frequently occupied by inebriates, many of them in a condition bordering on delirium tremens.

The police contingent consisted of a sergeant and five men, one of whom was in bed, as the result of a fray with a much intoxicated drover. This meant that there were five men to be dealt with, three of whom were likely to be in the station house at dinner.

The police station, as Garnet knew when he arranged to enter from the southern side of the township, was practically the first building they came to.

As they approached Garnet and O'Dare slipped off their horses, leaving Nolans in charge of them. Walking quickly forward, Garnet reached the front entrance, whilst O'Dare opened the yard gate and entered with Nolans, now on foot, at his heels. Letting go of the horses, Nolans shut the gate, while O' Dare rapped at the door.

"Hallo, there?" they heard someone call out, and there came a heavy step across the floor.

As the side door was opened Garnet quickly turned the handle of the front entrance, and, going in, shut it behind him.

When the constable, in his shirt-sleeves, and evidently interrupted in the midst of his meal, threw open the door, he saw two mud-splashed horsemen whose horses were straying across the yard.

"What's the ——" he commenced, and then stopped abruptly.

"Hands up!" said O'Dare harshly, and the trooper found himself looking fairly and squarely down the steadiest held pistol he had ever chanced on.

For a second he stood dazed, and then,

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as his hand made a quick movement to his side, there came a second and harsher command.

"Hands up, or I'll shoot.'

Slowly the man lifted his hands. At the same instant a comrade stepped to his side by the open door.

"Who is it? What ——"

"'Ands up!" came Nolans' sharp reply. "Quickly, ye varmit, 'ands up!"

There was no help for it, and side by side the two men stood, their hands on a level with their ears.

Meanwhile Garnet, having effected his entrance, found himself in a sort of office with a stoutly built rail in one corner forming a species of dock, and a high desk and a form at the side. Crossing the apartment he flung open a door and walked into the kitchen or sitting-room of the building.

As he entered, the second constable was just stepping to the side of the first, whilst the sergeant, a big black-bearded man, was in act of rising from the table. As he heard Garnet he glanced round.

"Move a hand and I'll shoot," said the bushranger quickly.

The man leapt to his feet, the chair falling back with a crash.

"Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!" exclaimed Garnet, and the pistol almost touched the policeman.

"Up, up, quickly, by Heavens, up," he continued, It's no good, sergeant," he added, as the man lifted his hands. "We've been too smart for you this time."

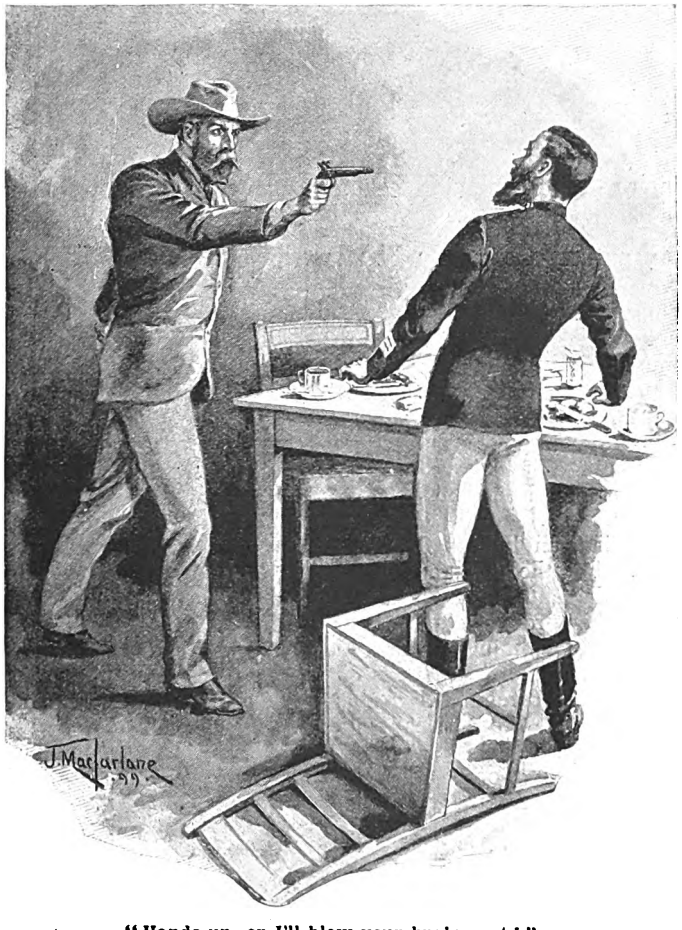
"Captain Jack!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"The same at your service," answered Garnet with a bend of his head. "Now then, back those two men into the room," he called out.

Helpless to resist, the two constables, under cover of O'Dare's and Nolans' pistols, were ordered to step back a pace or two into the kitchen and forced to range themselves, a few feet apart, with their faces to the wall and their hands above their shoulders. In this way O'Dare was able to cover them both, leaving Nolans free to secure the men with handcuffs lying ready available in a cupboard that comprised the police armoury.

It took but a few minutes to complete the task of manacling the three policemen and strapping their legs, each man being first carefully searched for any knife or weapon and for his keys. Then, with the most profuse apologies from Garnet, they were carried like trussed fowls through to the back and locked securely in the cells.

"Now then," said Garnet, as they returned into the kitchen, "off with our togs and into Her Majesty's uniform. You understand? We're a draft sent up here to take charge whilst Sergeant Slade and his men are off, 'on



"Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!"

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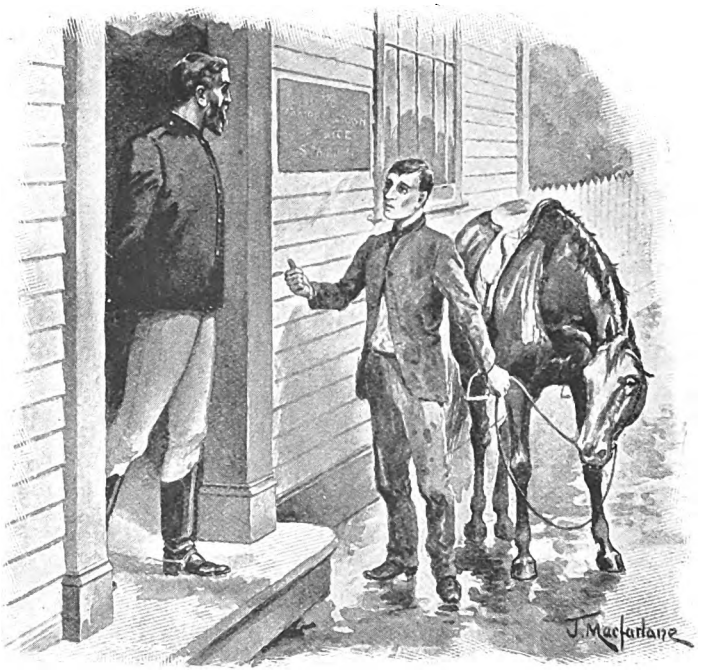

"I want the cove in charge 'ere."

information received,' to capture Garnet and his gang away up beyond Cleveland."

The sergeant's clothes fitted Garnet admirably, whilst O'Dare also was soon equipped. Nolans, being a smaller man than the average constable, experienced somewhat more difficulty, but eventually he would have passed muster with any ordinary citizen as a sturdy representative of law and order.

"Now we'll save this excellent repast from being utterly spoilt," said Garnet, and for the next ten minutes or quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the clatter of knives and forks.

Their plan had so far worked out admirably. For the rest they had only to wait until the afternoon of the followng day when they proposed quietly to walk into the bank a few miuutes before closing time and take possession. One impending risk, however, still remained to be surmounted. Two of the constables belonging to the station had yet to be secured. Some time during the afternoon they would return either singly or together and their quiet capture was imperative.

As it turned out this was effected without the least trouble. After all, the men had little or no chance. They arrived by the main door opening on to the road and stayed for a few minutes to clear some of the mud off their boots. Then they crossed the small office, the while pulling off their wet overcoats, and entered the kitchen.

Garnet was standing back at one side of the door and O'Dare at the other, whilst Nolans, by way of a decoy, sat on a chair near the fireplace with his back to the door and his feet on the mantelpiece. On his lap he rested the double-barrel pistol he was gripping.

"Hullo! Any dinner left?" exclaimed the first constable, as he passed in.

The empty condition of the room apparently struck the man. He paused and glanced quickly round and for the first time perceived Garnet and O'Dare. It was too late!

"Up with your hands, both of you," said Garnet, in a quiet hard tone—"up, up, that's better," he added, as the two men, realising their helplessness, raised their hands.

Nolans jumped quickly from his chair, and rapidly made the two unfortunates secure with handcuffs and some rope.

A few minutes later they were thrust ignominiously into the cell with their comrades. Five of them were now safe prisoners in the bigger of the two cells, the second one being left empty in case the bushrangers had to act up to the character of their disguise by effecting an arrest.

"Thank goodness that's over!" said Garnet. "Now I'm going to leave you in charge, Constable Nolans—I mean Simpson—whilst I take a look round to see that proper law and order is being maintained in the township. You're coming with me, O'Dare, or rather, Constable Ross. By the way, I find from the official records here that I'm Sergeant Sullivan transferred from Hobart Town. You understand?"

Garnet and O'Dare, donning the regulation waterproofs, left the police-station and walked down the main street. The steady downpour kept most of the inhabitants prisoners, and the two bushrangers were enabled to take

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complete stock of the bank premises and its surroundings.

"There won't be the least difficulty," said Garnet. "Everything is as simple as clearing a post and rail fence."

In the course of their stroll, the two bushrangers chanced upon one or two individuals and with a "Good-day" to some and a word or two to others, they quickly set it abroad that Sergeant Slade and his men had been sent out towards the great Western Ranges after Garnet's party, whilst they themselves, not knowing the outlying country over well, had been ordered up from down south to look after the township until Slade's return.

Nolans was by no means sorry to have his mates back with him, and as it chanced it was fortunate for them that they returned when they did. Just when they had made themselves comfortable, when the horses had been fed and seen to, when everything ahead appeared fair and free, they were roused by a hurried patter at the front door.

Garnet, gripping his pistol, strode through the office. He opened the door and found before him a lean, raw-boned youth, hatless and splashed with mud from head to foot. Obviously from the condition of his horse he had been riding hard.

"I want the cove in charge 'ere," he said abruptly.

"That's me. What's the matter?" said Garnet quickly.

"Well, they've stuck up Russell's place, just this side of the Macquarie, and there'll be murder or worse if you ain't quick.

Garnet drew a deep breath. Here was a new complication, an entirely unexpected danger that might involve not only their plans but themselves in destruction! A station was being stuck up and as the officer in charge of the police, he was bound to render assistance.

"Who are you?" he asked rather to gain time for thought.

"Jackson's my name. I'm a 'and on the 'omestead. I managed to get away."

"Hitch up your horse and come inside," said Garnet, and the boy did as he was bade.

"Who's stuck the place up, and when?"

"Bill Garvy, I reckon it is. 'E's got two others with 'im. They rode up this mornin' locked the overseer and three of the 'ands in the 'arness room. I managed to 'ide in some straw in the stable. They've got the boss tied in a chair and were eatin' dinner with the missus and the young lady to wait on 'em when I left. There'll be murder like enough or—or worse, d'ye understand? I managed to sneak away and caught a 'orse down at the yard. Give us a fresh one mister, and my word, I'll get ye back well inside of an 'our. It's no more'en twelve miles."

"Umph! We're short of men. I've only just taken up duty here; but it's urgent, apparently. Simpson, Constable Simpson," he called out, and Nolans, jogged to a memory of his name by O'Dare, hurried into the office.

"Take this lad's horse round to the stables and shift its saddle and bridle on to a fresh one. Saddle up my horse, the spare one, and Constable Ross's, and be smart about it!"

"Yes, sir," said Nolans, and he passed through to the front door to carry out Garnet's instructions.

"Cricky!" he muttered, "there's sum'ut up now, I reckon. It ain't goin' to be plain sailin' arter all! I misdoubted, 'cause it's all gone too smooth."

"Wait here a bit," continued Garnet to the youth, "and I'll see and get you something to eat. You're hungry I expect."

"My word, yes!" answered the young fellow. "I'd like to get something inside o' me afore we start back."

Garnet left the office and passed into the kitchen.

Here you, constable Ross, get a bit of something to eat for the young chap in the next room, and then get ready to ride away over to Russell's homestead with me," he said in a loud voice. "There's no help for it," he added in a rapid whisper. "We've got to play the game now to a finish. It's desperate, but it's our only chance, old chap. Some prowling brutes have stuck up the station, and not satisfied with the loot, are in a killing humour or—or worse. We've trapped the police, and now their duty has trapped us, unless we shut the youth up. That's not possible. There—there are women-folk in this and they're in danger. Tell Wingy when he comes back, or go over to him. I'll give him further instructions before I leave. Now then, now then," he continued once more in a loud voice, "look sharp, look sharp!"

In a few moments O'Dare had placed some cold meat and bread on the table and poured out a nip of spirit from a jar in the cupboard.

"Here you are, my lad," called Garnet, "come in here."

The youth entered and needed no urging to set to work and bolt a wonderfully substantial repast.

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Meanwhile Garnet and O'Dare had equipped themselves in full uniform, with police pistols in their holsters and their own more highly finished weapons in their pockets.

O'Dare was then sent by Garnet to assist Nolans, and presently the horses were led across the yard ready saddled and bridled. The sound of their hoofs seemed to awaken the imprisoned police, for they commenced a series of vigorous shouts and calls. When first shut in they had done this until at length, exhausted, they had ceased. It was a vain effort on their part. The shouts and screams of drunken wretches, dimly echoing from the isolated and closely-built hut, were far too frequent a sound to attract attention, and no one was in the least likely to recognise the men's voices.

Moreover, the report that all of them had left, almost at a minute's notice, on duty tended to disarm suspicion even in the men's families, all of whom were accustomed by frequent experience to such hurried departures.

"They are a bit noisy in there, eh?" coolly remarked Garnet to the youth, as he stepped to his horse.

"My word! Drunks, I expect."

"Exactly. Just half a minute, whilst I give Constable Simpson his instructions. Here, Simpson," he added, and Nolans followed him into the kitchen.

"Jimimy, 'ere's a game!"

"O'Dare has told you?" Garnet asked, speaking softly and rapidly.

"Aye."

"Well, there's no time to count cost. It's a queer accident and it's playing the game in a way we didn't exactly anticipate. But someone must go, and as I am not inclined to give up our chance of the bank funds someone must stay here and see it out. You must feed those chaps in there, or at any rate give them some water, that is, if it is a hot day. A thirty hours' fast won't kill them. We'll be back to-morrow afternoon before two. Mind, if by any chance we are not, you must ride off and we'll meet in the small clearing. The magistrate's away and won't be back till the day after to-morrow. We'll just bring in these brutes, that is, if they've hurt the women, and lock them up and then do the bank game and flit. Don't forget, if we're not here by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, you must vanish. Those chaps may drop one or both of us. But—well, that's got to be risked. Good-bye, Wingy. You thoroughly understand my instructions, Constable Simpson?" he continued loud enough for the youth to hear.

"Yes, sir," answered Nolans respectfully. He walked down the yard and held back the gate whilst Garnet and O'Dare, both on police horses with regulation trappings, rode out closely followed by the youth, also on a police horse.

Garnet and O'Dare gave a parting nod to their companion just before a turn in the road hid them from view.

"Jiminy!" murmured Nolans, as he walked back into the kitchen, "'ere's a game, 'ere's a bit o' pink calico! Me playin' the bloomin' orficer in charge with arf a dozen perlice under lock and key, whilst me mates may get the drop inside o' the next four hours! It's all up with the 'ole show if either of 'em is 'ard 'it. Whilst 'ere—Well! Strike me sky blue pink" (Wingy always had a partiality for pink), "if I 'aven't got a cheek. I'm boss o' this 'ere town," he chuckled, "and there's two 'undred on my 'ead dead or alive. I'll arrest me bloomin' self, b'gosh if I don't, and charge meself in the charge-book and send in a written application for the two 'undred, blest if I don't.

And during the next hour Wingy, with sundry chuckles, proceeded to fill in the necessary forms and papers relative to the arrest of "that desprate karackter Wingfield Nolans," and made an application for the reward.

"i nose him as well as i nose myself," the letter ran, "and if u send me the money i'l put u on his trax, tho' he's desprate enuf to stick up a township."

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SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.

Lord Armstrong.

His Mother.

His Father.

Henry Labouchere.

His Mother.

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His Father.

Herbert Gladstone.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Florence Marryat.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Murray Carson.

His Mother.

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His Father.

Sir Faudel Phillips.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

His Mother.

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THE CHILD WIVES OF INDIA.

By D. L. Woolmer.

A CERTAIN glamour hovers about the idea of a child wife. The immortal Dora of Charles Dickens' creation was richly endowed with fascinating failings, derelictions of duty absolved as often as they occurred. If she should forget her husband's dinner, a playful pencil mark on his nose was sufficient to atone for it. Brilliant imagination may also cast a glamour over the millions of child wives in India. It can even shed a glow of sentiment and pensive beauty on the 174,532 widows under fifteen years of age. But L'Allegro and Il Penseroso are not personified amongst the Hindus. A young wife invited to

> "Come and trip it as you go
> On the light, fantastic toe,"

would probably hide her embarrassed face in her *sari*. An infant widow advised to hail the Cherub contemplation and the pleasures of Melancholy might patiently prepare for an addition to the burden of penance that weighs down her aching shoulders.

Amongst our 280 million Indian fellow subjects every form of conjugal relation will be found, from the grossest polygamy and polyandry to the highest and most rational form of monogamy. The variety in wedding ceremonies indicates what may follow by domestic bliss or otherwise. The Brahmin wife, for instance, is bound for life by numerous symbolic rites, whilst a bridegroom belonging to some of the romantic hills simply stuns his bride by a club and drags her to his hut. The Hons drink beer together, and the Kariahs of Central India are indissolubly united by the act of throwing a pot of water over each other.

The most advanced and enlightened, as well as the most degraded, regard early marriage as the rule. The distinguished Secretaries of the Parsee Law Association made a written statement that, "Amongst our people the custom of infant marriages is far too common for the common good." With the orthodox Hindus of Bengal, the custom is not only common, but universal. Their ancestors and their creed sprang up in North India, and in the valley where their adored Mother Ganges wanders for 1550 miles, they hold most tenaciously to the time honoured rites and customs. There the infant girls are earliest granted that one sacrament of marriage which alone entitles them to spiritual blessings. There the widows are the most rigid in the performance, and their relations in the exaction, of expiatory penance for sins committed in a former state of existence—sins which, they are told, have caused the gods to smite their husbands, so that they themselves are guilty of murder and under a curse.

The last census discovered that the married

Two little wives at school in North India. About 8 or 9 years old.

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A typical young Hindu wife of North India. Age 15 or 16, in reception attire.

ladies of India under nine years old numbered between two and three millions, and the matrons, aged from ten to fourteen, between five and six millions.

The conditions of family life, and the religious conceptions of a father's responsibility differ widely from English ideas. It is about twelve years since the Hindoo lady, Rukmabai, through her lawsuit and letters to the *Times* of India, brought the question of Indian marriage laws before the public of Great Britain and America. She had reached the mature age of eleven when she was married, but continued to live in her parents' house. Her relations belonged to an advanced section of the community, and they gave her the same advantages of education as an English girl of a corresponding class would enjoy. She had grown into a highly-cultivated and refined lady when a coolie —ignorant, consumptive, and without a character—claimed her as his blushing bride.

His claim was legal according to Hindu law, and he appealed to English judges to enforce it. Rukmabai was resolved to resist. After wearisome suits, the Court saw no option save to pass an order that she should join her husband within a month. Should she fail to do so, she would be liable to six months imprisonment. The case closed by a compromise. The lady agreed to pay 2,000 rupees, and the plaintiff undertook to make no attempt to execute the decree of the lower court against her. The lady gained a moral and her husband a legal victory.

When the English assumed the Government of India, it gave emphatic pledges not to interfere with the religious beliefs and domestic usages of the country. The rulers soon came face to face with a great difficulty. Religion and custom obliged a Hindu father to secure for his daughter the protection of a husband before she reached womanhood, and this involved practices which Englishmen objected to sanction. The male population had been decreased by war, so to avoid the disgrace of girls growing up single, large numbers were destroyed at their birth.

In order to assure marriage to every girl, the re-marriage of widows was prohibited, and they were as a rule burnt alive at the funeral pyre with their husbands' dead body. The British Government decided that it was a supreme duty to protect life. Infanticide was decreed to be murder, and the conducting

Married ladies of Madras Presidency, the eldest about eight. Dressed in their best to greet the Countess of Dufferin and Ava.

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A young Hindu wife, not more than 12, out of her element.

or abetting of widow-burning, culpable homicide.

Long after 1829, the year that Lord William Bentinck prohibited the rite of *suttee*, the law was frequently evaded. The remark of the Hindu lady, Rukmabai, "The English have abolished *suttee*, but neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes," discloses a world of misery hidden behind the *purdah*.

A Hindu gentleman's house generally consists of three parts, the *mardana*, or men's apartments, the *zenana*, or women's apartments, and the servants' apartments. To this is often added a place of worship. The rooms are built round a courtyard, and the *zenana* is given the place of security farthest away from the street. It is possible for a little girl to enter the world already provisionally given in marriage. A zealous Hindu father will lose no time in seeing that his infant daughter bears the marriage mark. Marriage contracts are usually made through the barbers. First the horoscope must be consulted. If the tutelary planet decrees long life to the infant, a husband must be chosen whose planet promises a still longer enjoyment of this world, for she must not be a widow.

After the first ceremony, during which her hair is parted and a line of scarlet painted on her forehead, she is regarded as irrevocably married, once and for all. Should the boy or man who has been chosen for her die, she is a widow for ever, whether she has seen him or not.

The Indian marriage market admits of complicated speculations. The heavy cost to the bride's father has often brought him into the clutches of the money lender, and has been the temptation to infanticide when several girls have made their unwelcome appearance in the *zenana*.

An old and unchivalrous joke "the bride is given away, and the bridegroom is very often sold," is literally true in the greater number of Hindu marriages. A few years ago a complaint from Bengal came to England. The educational system for boys was raising the price of bridegrooms to an alarming extent. A boy who had passed his

A rebellious wife. A girl of 15 or 16 discovered by some ladies tied after having been beaten with a table leg.

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A young wife of North India. An unwonted experience for a wife of 12 or 14. Is the camera the Evil Eye?

entrance examination at college was rated at 300 rupees, whilst those who had taken degrees were fetching fancy prices as prospective sons-in-law.

This was very serious. Girls *must* be married. When every other device fails, in some castes, a young maiden is solemnly married to an Ashwatta tree, the so-called *ficus religiosa*. This fate is by no means so hard as the sale of the bride. A Hindu's creed teaches him that his future salvation depends on the rites at his funeral pyre being conducted by his son or his grandson, so if he is childless and has few advantages he feels that a wife is worth paying for. A healthy little girl may discover when the transaction is complete that she is the wife of a leper, or has become one of an old Brahmin priest's numerous wives. In either case, the awful curse of widowhood is imminent.

The *Times of India*, of March 28th, 1891, quoted a case of child-marriage speculation. Surbessur Pal, of Alipore, felt himself an ill-used man. He bought a wife of eight or nine years old. Her father agreed to take 101 rupees for her, and received a deposit of 10 rupees. Another suitor offered her father 300 rupees for her. This offer was accepted also, and the preliminary marriage ceremony completed. Surbessur would not see his rights set aside, and he managed to run away with his child wife. Her father charged him with kidnapping, and, though the prosecution fell through for want of evidence, he obtained possession of his daughter. Not long after, this enterprising man effected a third bargain and consigned his little girl to a new husband. Surbessur charged this bridegroom with committing bigamy, and the Brahmin priest with aiding and abetting the offence.

There is little doubt that with the majority of Hindus, matrimony is only a matter of business, arranged by the *Chataks*, or brokers. As for the girl who is transferred as any other household chattel, from one guardian to another, she generally quietly acquieses in the custom that her mother and grandmother have practised and approved. Usually between the first and second ceremony, she is sent on a visit to her future mother-in-law, and then, before she can possibly know the

The wife of the Hindu priest of a Maharajah. She was married when between 4 and 5 years of age, and was sent immediately to the *zenana* of the bridegroom. She escaped and became a Christian. This photo was taken when she was 16.

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meaning of the word marriage or wife, the great day which makes one of the few breaks in the monotony of life in a zenana arrives, and she finds herself an ephemeral queen. She is arrayed in all the jewellery that her limbs can carry, and sometimes more—for the weight makes it impossible for her to stand up, and rites, more or less elaborate, and varying according to the orthodoxy and district, ratify the bonds which are already recognised by law.

The appearance in an orthodox *zenana* of a white woman is sometimes alarming. What makes her such a strange, ghostly colour? She comes from England, she explains, she has crossed the sea in a ship. What is a ship? She finds that she is talking far above their heads. What is that in her hand? It is a flower. They have never seen one, and proceed to pick it to pieces to find out how it is made. She has an ordinary little doll in her pocket. They cry out for this marvel. "Give it me," says one. "Let me have it for a little while, only just to see if it will grow." "Give it to me and I will give you my baby instead," says another persuasively.

Five girls of Sudra caste, of Travancore, distinguished by their knots of hair. The sixth, a native Christian. In the enlightened native state of Travancore *zenanas* are unknown. Brahmin girls of 6 or 7 years old are frequently married to men of mature age. It is a complaint that the most intelligent and attractive Sudra girls are often taken from school to be temporary wives of the Brahmins, to be cast off when the lawful wives are 12 or 14. These girls are between 11 and 14.

The poor baby! It might echo that cry when handled by a young mother who is more fit to play with a toy. But the child is a title of honour, especially if it is a son. From the day of its birth, the wife is called the "mother of Jehanghir or of Shushilla," or whatever the name of her offspring may be, and she is treated with respect. If she should fail to bring her husband an heir, she will probably be superseded and neglected. A Hindu who has sons is usually content with one wife, unless he is a Brahmin priest, who may divide his favours amongst a hundred, and live at the expense of his numerous father-in-laws.

The cries that resound in these zenanas are never more sad and terrible than when Death carries away an only son. His mother in her anguish bids farewell to hope and favour. A lady visited a Mohammedan *zenana* in Calcutta, found a young girl in abandonment of grief. In the dirge-like way in which a native woman wails out her sorrow, she repeated again and again such refrains as "My lap is empty now. My little one, where has it gone? I promised and vowed to sacrifice a cow. I prayed in everyone's name, even Christ's, but neither He nor Mahommet, nor Ali, nor Bibi Fatima heard my prayer."

It is not uncommon for women to cry till they are blind under such circumstances. They are children in mind and self-control, and there is nothing in their religion to give them comfort.

The lot of a child-wife, even under the most severe of mothers-in-law, is happy compared with that of a child-widow. Some Hindu women lament the abolition of *suttee*. The short, though sharp, suffering was honourable, and it was a means of blessing to themselves and their husband. The alternatives are a life of penance or shame. A widow must never eat more than one meal a day, and that of coarse food; she must fast for twenty-four hours every month, or in the religious district of Krishnagur, every eleventh day, and then

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no crumb must pass her lips, and if she desires merit, no drop of water.

She must not sleep on a bedstead lest this indulgence should cause her husband to fall from a realm of joy; and her shadow must not cross any festivity, lest it bring ill-luck.

Is it any wonder that when a girl's dead body is found in a well, her friends' inquest is quickly concluded with the verdict, "only a widow." Supposing she should enter a new existence as a rat or a chicken, her condition could hardly be worse; she might, indeed, be worshipped in this new form, and, possibly —who can tell?—she might attain the height of a virtuous woman's ambition for another life—and be born again as a cow. A cow is worth ten women, as every Hindu schoolboy knows.

But in India generations succeed one another quickly, and new ideas from the West flow into the ports and travel inland with railways and the electric telegraph. There are, in great cities, signs of reaction against child-marriage and child-widowhood; but in the interior, customs, especially within the *zenanas*, are probably the same as they were on the day that our Gracious Queen ascended the Throne.

A CURIOUS CATASTROPHE.

THE accompanying photograph represents the result of an unusual occurrence, which happened on the 12th of June, 1897, to the Drayton Park Tavern, Drayton Park, Highbury, London, N., at 1.30 in the morning.

The accident occurred through a manhole being dug at the corner of the pavement; this disturbed the ground near the foundations of the corner pillar, which supported the main weight of the building. This pillar can be seen in the photographs sticking out amongst the debris.

At the time of the accident the owner and his wife and baby and two barmaids were sleeping at the top of the house, and though the wife and baby were buried under the ruins, they were successfully rescued by the firemen, and except for the shock were luckily uninjured

Photo by P. J. Mahett.

A total wreck.

The escape of the baby and its mother was truly marvellous. For over an hour they lay buried. The slightest shifting or settling of the mass above and about them and they would have been slowly but surely crushed to death.

The work of rescue, like all such work, required to be done not merely with desperate speed but with the most delicate care. Heavy beams had to be prised upwards and aside, and yet in such a way that no harm should come to those lying helpless underneath.

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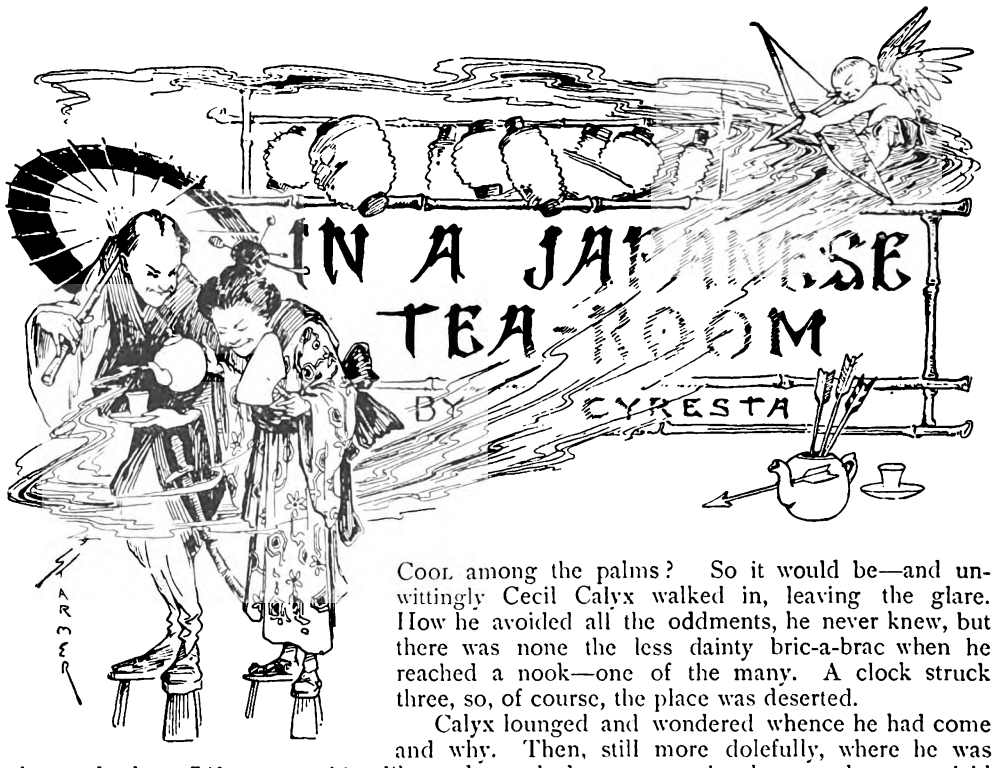

Cool among the palms? So it would be—and unwittingly Cecil Calyx walked in, leaving the glare. How he avoided all the oddments, he never knew, but there was none the less dainty bric-a-brac when he reached a nook—one of the many. A clock struck three, so, of course, the place was deserted.

Calyx lounged and wondered whence he had come and why. Then, still more dolefully, where he was going and why. Life was to him like a damped slate; yet, curiously enough, most vivid to his mind was the picture which had been rudely erased therefrom. This picture—now so blurred—had been of a woman, the erasing done by her hand—equally of course.

Above him hung palms, like those which had allured him at the door. Near him a stand of ferns, supported by a female statue, should have breathed cool fragrance; but the figure—Eastern indeed she was—emitted counteracting venom. He wished he could eliminate the sex—if only for one single hour. Curves feminine, folds feminine, yea—more than all—wiles feminine he cursed.

To assure himself again that the place was empty, he scanned the many alcoves round him. Japanese curtains, tables, draperies, and paper trifles made a veritable corner of Japan (though he hardly knew it); but not a sound crossed the perfumed air. Calyx felt overpowered. Why, femininity might symbolize the place, its subtle fans and butterflies and gaudy paper flowers, its little grinning dolls and dainty egg-shell china with quaint Eastern inscriptions. There was nothing strong or masculine about it. Why was he there? His mood had changed already. The glowing sunshine, of which he caught a glimpse through the glass door, seemed more wholesome. Before him floated river air, a dream of boats, loose flannel garments, muscles, pipes, and like things, in which petticoats hold no part.

He half rose to court the vision, when a tiny voice, trilling a Geisha song, spoilt the silence. A Geisha song! Finishing touch to him. Yet the sweet trilling was what the place needed to give it life. From his quiet corner, he watched the singer flit from table to table, placing little bowls of sugar on each.

The quaint little Japanese gown hung in straight folds over the Japanese figure, and her dark hair was piled high, conforming in style. But the words of the Geisha-song were French and the steps she surreptitiously danced in the middle of the hall were all French.

Yet Calyx did not move when confronted by this essence and embodiment of all the Feminine, however nearly he may have felt asphyxiated by its atmosphere.

There was more sugar to be distributed.

Still trilling, the volatile little figure came towards his table, observed him and—

"Ah, Monsieur!" She dropped some of her sweet burden.

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Calyx waited—hardly a moment.

"Ah, Monsieur! Monsieur wants tea? I am foolish not to have seen. But this place—it is only after three. We have not open till four. There is some mistake with the door—Monsieur found it unlocked—and there was no one here. Ah, I have sorrow!"

"It is of no matter," he replied coldly. "I had hardly thought of tea. If you have none ready I will go somewhere else."

"Non, Monsieur! Ah, non! It shall be ready. See how quickly," and playing with her little fan, which she closed and opened airily across her face as she glanced back at him, she ran out of sight.

So the Geisha was not a Geisha after all!

Calyx threw himself back again on his cushioned seat. He might as well have the tea. After all, why should he run away from a little French girl in a Japanese costume.

From where he sat he could not see into the other alcoves. Indeed, seclusion was all his own. For the first time that afternoon, he allowed his thoughts to wander from the blurred picture on the slate.

Back came the tripping Geisha-lady, not singing now, but with soft rosy lips pursed close together as she bore her dainty paper tray, and on it poised a cone-shaped, thimble cup and spouted, ball-like teapot.

"Monsieur will have his tea alone? With cream and cakes?"

"Can't you see I'm alone?"

The question irritated him.

"Ah, but I thought perhaps the lady who——"

"There is not a lady," cut in Calyx.

"But, indeed, there used to be, Monsieur." The soft dark eyes moistened at the rigour of his tones.

"Used to be?" he repeated stupidly, as though he had never known it.

"Oui, Monsieur. I have seen Monsieur often at the 'Albion,' and there was a sweet lady with him too."

"At the 'Albion'! Oh, you served there, did you? I don't remember."

"I was not a Geisha there, Monsieur, and you do not know me again. But I know Monsieur very well—oh, very well indeed. And the lady I know too. I have seen her here also."

"I have not been in the place before."

"No. She was—without Monsieur. That is true. But now you will bring her? Ah, do!"

"No. I shall never bring her here," he replied bitterly.

"What? She has not—what you call 'chucked' Monsieur? Impossible! Monsieur has only to lift his little finger, and——"

But Calyx had had enough.

"That will do," he said gently. "Pour out my tea for me in real Japanese style, and then fetch another cup and have some with me."

The little Geisha glanced mischievously at the clock, picked up one of the lumps of sugar she had dropped before and, flipping it gently at Calyx, bounded away as fast as her curious little skirt allowed her.

Before Calyx had realised that he had extended hospitality, she was back, rich colour coming and going quickly in her usually pale cheeks.

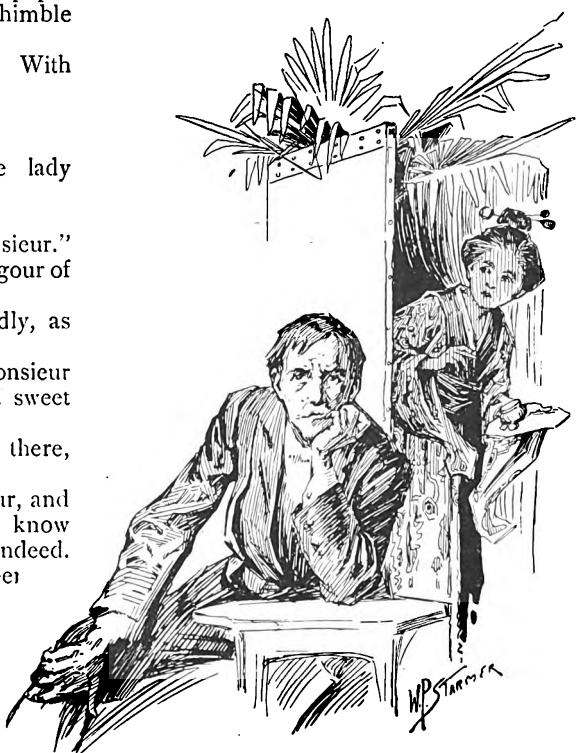
"It is nearly a quarter to four, Monsieur. Soon the door will be opened and the other Geishas will come."

"Let them come. You stay as long as you can."

She seated herself on a queer stool opposite his cushioned lounge. The thick cream poured nimbly under her hands into his cup.

"Monsieur takes sugar?"

"No, thanks. You can have my share."



The volatile little figure came towards the table.

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"Come down there, Lady-Geisha. You will fall."

"Merci!" She dropped three large lumps into the clear amber liquid and peeped below her lashes as she watched it dissolve.

"Monsieur eats nothing."

She passed cakes.

"I don't want any. They are too sweet."

"Then I can have them." She clapped her hands with a trill of delight. "But Monsieur must have a tiny piece of thin rolled bread and butter. See, I will bite it." She pecked off a wee fragment and put the delicate wafer in his hand—touching his fingers as she did so.

Calyx withdrew them quickly but, to please her, placed the dainty morsel in his mouth.

Then he had another and another.

"Ah, Monsieur can eat now, but he does not yet smile. It is all that naughty lady Violet"—she pronounced the name with a soft French accent.

Calyx started.

"What do you know—about Violet?" The words were half involuntary.

"You must not be angry, again," she said, with every feature pleading to him. "I heard you say to the lady 'Violet,' 'Violet'—always Violet—and such sweet other things too."

The man winced. She had called up memories.

"How dare you listen to what I said."

"Ah, Monsieur! The name is so pretty. I would much rather one should call me Violet than my name."

"What is your name, Lady-Geisha?"

She showed her little pearly teeth.

'Mimi—just like a baby."

"And it suits you—for you are a baby, Lady-Geisha," and Calyx reached across the table and caught one rosy little ear in his finger-tips.

"Ah, Monsieur! You must not," she said, shaking her head slowly at him. "What would the lady Violet say?"

"It doesn't matter what she would say, Mimi. Don't talk of her. Have you ever been in love?"

"In love? Monsieur! You make pleasantry. In love?" her face beamed, "in love? Ah, *mille fois*, Monsieur."

"And are you in love now?"

"Monsieur asks that when I am near him. Fie!"

"Well, have you ever been in love with somebody you thought cared for you—and then found he didn't?"

The Lady-Geisha looked grave.

"Non, Monsieur. That is impossible for me."

"Why?"

"Because, when I have been in love—really in love, I mean—the other must always care. How could he help it?" Her round black eyes twinkled invitingly as they met his.

"Well then, I will tell you——"

"Non, Monsieur. You will not tell me that if you have been in love—the girl has not. You—why, you are so—" she paused for an adjective—"so *magnifique*! Any girl——"

"Lady-Geisha you are a sad flatterer. Do you want to hear my story?"

"Not if it is about the lady Violet. She must be so *bête*."

"But I love her——"

"And she loves you, I think also. Is it not so?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You are called Cecil. Is that not so?"

"You little witch. Do you know everything? Who told you?"

"Well, you see, the lady Violet was here with a friend."

Calyx made a gesture of impatience.

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"Oh, it was a girl—Monsieur may rest his mind. I gave them tea. And she said Cecil was to come, and Cecil was to go, and Cecil said this, that, and the other—until I think the friend must hate Cecil—and she must love him."

"But we have quarrelled since then," he said sadly.

Mimi laughed—a real Geisha laugh.

"And is that why Monsieur has—what you call 'mopes'? Impossible!"

"It is quite enough, Mimi."

"But you are engaged to her. You have only to give her one little kiss like that," she blew him a dainty one across the table—"and all will be well again."

"But we are not engaged now. That is all over. Look, this is what she gave me back just now—after we had quarrelled."

Mimi's lips formed an "oh" of delight and wonderment, and her eyes sparkled as brightly as the half-hoop of diamonds in their quaint setting, on which she was gazing.

"Her ring! Ah, Monsieur! She gave you that back? How could she bear to do it? And—why did you not refuse to take it?"

"I don't know, Lady-Geisha. I suppose I was angry."

"How beautiful it is. It shines. Let me hold it a minute?"

Her lips pouted charmingly at his refusal and she watched him replace it carelessly in a pocket. Then she smiled.

"Oh, you two. You make each other unhappy for nothing—quite nothing. Send it her again and tell her she must wear it."

"I can't do that, Lady-Geisha. It would not be—well—dignified."

"What is that you call—dignified? You are not dignified when you are in love. See, I am not dignified."

She clambered on to the stool and bent over towards him.

"Oh, you men! What little fools! Are you not?"

"Come down there, Lady-Geisha. You will fall." He crossed to her side to prevent accidents.

"Monsieur must not touch me. Go away, Monsieur." Her head was just above the level of his. She placed one little hand on his shoulder—her lips neared his forehead—his eyes were on her black ones.

The next moment the clock struck four. At the first sound Mimi was three yards from the tea-table, at the last a number of little Geisha maidens appeared on the scene as if by magic. The door was opened and people began dropping in.

Mimi sighed. "But I did it cleverly," she murmured. Then louder, "Monsieur, I will fetch your little bill."

"All right, Lady-Geisha. Be quick. I want to get away before I meet anyone I know here."

But this Calyx was not fated to do. Before he had moved a step, two young men accosted him where he stood.

"Calyx, old man! What have you been doing with yourself all these ages? You're not going yet? Oh, it's too early for anything. Sit down and tell us all about Macclesfield," and Cecil, though unwilling, was dragged back to talk turf and theatre, politics and other people's love affairs, and to dissemble unpleasant thoughts about his own.

Meanwhile, the Lady-Geisha's thoughts were not much more comforting than his. Calyx had settled his bill, paying a half-crown over and above the amount thereof, and this jingled against something else as Mimi slipped it into her little Japanese pocket.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?" she thought in French. "It was all my mischief to take it from his waistcoat just

"Oh, what has Mademoiselle dropped?"

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after he put it back—and when he thought I was going to kiss him," she laughed to herself softly at the idea. "And now he is speaking to those horrid men, and I can't give it him and say it was a joke. Oh, what will he think—if he finds out it is gone? Perhaps he will call me a thief."

Mimi busied herself among her other customers, furtively glancing at the three men in the secluded corner every now and then, so that she might not lose an opportunity of speaking to Calyx alone.

Then she caught sight of two ladies she knew coming in.

"Ah, that makes it easier," she said. "I have an idea."

She went quickly to the alcove they had chosen, which was lower down on the same side as the one in which Calyx was sitting.

"Tea for two, ladies?" she said in her most professional tone.

"Please."

As she spread out the dainty ware and cakes she listened carefully to the conversation—without appearing to do so, as was her custom.

"Never mind, Violet, said one of them. "It isn't worth all this trouble, I am sure. He will come round to see you to-morrow and make friends.

"I'm afraid not. And it was all my fault really—I was a little beast—and——"

"Probably he thinks the same about himself by this time."

The girl called Violet did not seem to derive much consolation from this remark. She was pulling off her dainty gloves, preparatory to pouring out the tea.

Mimi was not clumsy as a rule, but just then she upset a little stand full of Japanese knick-knacks, which was behind the ladies.

They both started up.

"It is all right, ladies. I am sorry to cause you trouble. There is no harm done."

The Lady-Geisha was on the floor, picking up odds and ends. There was a little cry.

"Oh, what has Mademoiselle dropped?" Mimi was holding up something bright.

"Is it yours, Mademoiselle?"

The lady called Violet took the ring. "Yes, it is mine. But I don't at all understand. I gave it to Cecil—and I thought he took it. Could it have got caught in my dress? How very queer ——"

"Most extraordinary," said her friend. "Are you quite sure that it is your own?"

"Of course! It has the name inside." She had placed it on her engagement finger. "I shall never have the heart to take it off again. But where can it have come from?"

"I picked it off the floor—just under the table, Mademoiselle," said the Lady-Geisha, truthfully enough be it understood.

"Lady-Geisha, I have been looking for you everywhere."

Just then a man's voice was heard ——

"Lady-Geisha, I have been looking for you everywhere. It seems I have lost the ——" there was a sudden break, as Calyx caught sight of the faces behind. He was about to turn away, when a soft voice said:—

"Cecil!" and a white hand with a shining ring on its third finger was held towards him.

Glancing at the jewels, he took the hand in his own. Then he sat down without a word, vowing that nothing should ever again come between him and the owner of that hand.

And Mimi, the Lady-Geisha, brought him another little bill that afternoon, and afterwards had a further reckoning with Calyx, of which the upshot was more half-crowns and——

"You are not angry with me, Monsieur?"

"Angry? You are a little witch, Lady-Geisha."

"Did Mademoiselle want to know what it was you lost?"

"I told her it was a bet, Mimi."

"Ah, Monsieur, I too have been in love."

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HEROES OF THE LIFEBOAT

By G. A. Binnie.

"Man the Lifeboat!" The very words seem to bring to the mind's eye the ghoul-like howl of the wind, and the crashing roar of murderous seas that ring their war-cry on the defiant rocks: the piteous boom of deep despair that moans for help from out the darkness, relieved by a rocket's bright flash to Heaven, as if to signal that the aid of man had gone by. The clanging bell, the hurried tramp, and hoarse cries: frightened women, flickering lanterns, and loud hurrahs snapped by the wind and dashed into darkness, as if in vengeful fury, proclaim that the lifeboat and her gallant crew are once again on their mission of mercy to the poor unknown souls "way out there, sir!"

And what of the men who man her, and the many that dot our shores? Heroes—most true and devoted heroes—every one of them, each worthy to be told of individually. But space forbids, and only a few have I picked out, not as exceptional cases, but rather as splendid examples of British lifeboatmen.

The name of Charles E. Fish may well be accorded first place as a hero among heroes. The splendid heroism revealed in the rescue of the crew from the wreck of the *Indian Chief* by the lifeboat *Bradford*, of Ramsgate, has never been surpassed, and Mr. Fish may well be proud to have been the coxswain of such a gallant crew.

For his part in the rescue of the crew of the *Indian Chief*, Mr. Fish was specially decorated by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. The grand total of 877 lives saved stand to his credit and the Royal National Life-boat Institution bestowed the first gold second-service clasp ever granted in this country upon Coxwain Fish.

Photo by **Crew of the Lifeboat "Bradford."** Young.

The heroes of the rescue of the crew of the *Indian Chief*, wrecked on the Long Sand.

Robert Bickerstaffe the coxswain of the *Robert William* of Blackpool has been instrumental in saving 780 lives. He received two of his medals for the plucky rescue of the crew of the *Bessie Jones*

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Photo by Hogben.
Charles E. Fish.
Coxswain of the Ramsgate Lifeboat.

that many can remember, with everything apparently against them, they did such yeoman service that not a single life was lost.

Another medal was granted to Coxswain Bickerstaffe by the Royal Humane Society for rescuing a man from drowning in 16ft. of water and about 100 yards from the shore. The gold medal was presented by his crew as a token of esteem after 18 years service.

John Greer belongs to the *Albert Edward* of Clacton-on-Sea. He has saved 292 lives and served in the Coast-Guard boat before the lifeboat came to Clacton. Mr. Greer holds the silver medal and the long service medal from the Institution with testimonial, and also received, for a previous rescue, the Institution's thanks inscribed on vellum. For saving the crew of the *Madeleine*, sixteen men, Mr. Greer was awarded a medal and testimonial from the French Government.

John Owston is the coxswain of the *Queensbury* lifeboat of Scarborough. He has saved some 200 lives in all, and received the silver medal of the Institution for distinguished bravery, in taking, in the teeth of a severe gale, the crews numbering twenty-five men and one woman, out of four vessels in one day.

Robert William Hook, coxswain of the Lowestoft lifeboat, is the proud possessor of five medals, and has been the means of saving 600 lives. Of the three medals which Mr. Hook is wearing in his photograph, the middle one is for saving the crew of the Norwegian barque *Berthon*, November 14th, 1882. The one on the right is from the Institution, and that on the left for saving seven out of twelve of the crew of *The Osip*, an Austrian brig, under circumstances of exceptional bravery and daring on the "black" January 13th, 1866, when the Gorleston lifeboat was capsized, and twelve of her crew drowned.

The first time the boat put off the men were reluctantly compelled to return, but later in the day they set off again.

The atmosphere was thick with fog and rain, and the sea such that the "good-byes" were sobbed, not spoken. But victory was at the helm of the gallant little band, and Mr. Hook was presented with a pair of binocular glasses by the Austrian Government as a memento of a gallant and dangerous rescue.

Photo by Mitchell.
Robert Bickerstaffe.
Coxswain of the *Robert William*, Blackpool.

A melancholy interest attaches itself to the portrait of Mr. Huggett. He is coxswain of the new lifeboat house and lifeboat established at Eastbourne to the memory of the late William Terris, so cruelly assassinated a short while since. Happily, the services on this coast have so far been few, but Mr. Huggett has assisted in saving some fifty or more lives.

Henry Hood is the coxswain of the lifeboat *Job Hindley*, Seaton-Carew, West Hartlepool, and was decorated by her Majesty the Queen with the Albert Medal on the occasion of the wreck of the schooner *Atlas of Drammen*, March 11th, 1884.

The vessel

Photo by Fries.
John Greer.
Coxswain of the *Albert Edward*, of Clacton.

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was wrecked on the Long Scar rocks off Seaton-Carew, and, finding it impossible to take the lifeboat among the rocks, Hood, and two lifeboat-men, John and Mathew Franklin, determined to land on the reef and make a thorough search for the wreck. With much difficulty and danger, the sea breaking over them, and the coxswain on one occasion being washed off the rocks, they at last discovered the wreck.

Hood, hearing a voice, and seeing some dark object in the surf, rushed into the sea and rescued the mate of the vessel in a most exhausted condition.

The wreck was then hailed, and the remaining four men, by means of the communicating line, were got on to the rocks. The rescuers and the rescued then made for the lifeboat, and after a perilous journey across the rocks, which were being swept by the sea, they at last reached it, and made for the shore.

In addition to the Albert Medal Mr. Hood was also presented with the Silver Medal of the Institution in recognition of his most gallant conduct on this occasion.

James Hill has been coxswain of the Porthoustock lifeboat (Cornwall) for twenty-nine years, and has saved ninety-four lives.

The silver medal of the Institution was voted to him for his good services in putting off twice and rescuing forty-four persons, on the occasion of the wreck of the ill-fated *Mohegan* on the Manacle Rocks, on the 14th October, 1898. Had it not been for the brave and persevering efforts of Coxswain Hill and his crew, few, if any, of the 106 persons on board would have lived to tell the tale.

J. William Tinning, coxswain of the Blyth No. 2 lifeboat, Northumberland, received the silver medal of the Institution for his attempted rescue of Mark A. Fairburn, assistant coxswain of the lifeboat.

Photo by Bourne.
Jesse Huggett.
Coxswain of the Eastbourne Lifeboat.

Photo by Cromack.
John Owston.
Coxswain of the *Queensbury*, of Scarborough.

Whilst on service on the 16th October, 1898, the boat was struck by two heavy seas and was capsized. She righted immediately, and some of the crew regained her, others swimming to the shore.

Fairburn, however, who, contrary to the regulations of the Institution, was not wearing a lifebelt, was carried out to sea, clinging to one of the oars. Tinning, observing him, at once jumped overboard, swam to him, and, at great risk, succeeded in getting him to shore. Unfortunately, he was in a state of collapse, and all efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing.

In addition to this, Mr. Tinning's life-saving record comprises four from drowning, four from fire, and one from the front of an express train, and he is truly a hero in every sense of the word. He holds six life-saving medals.

James Cable has been instrumental in saving many lives, and is coxswain of the Aldeburgh lifeboat. He received the silver medal of the Institution for a gallant rescue off Aldeburgh on the 20th November, 1893. No lifeboat in the recollection of the oldest man there had ever been launched in such a surf.

It was a race against time, for the wreck was heading straight for a shoal which lies

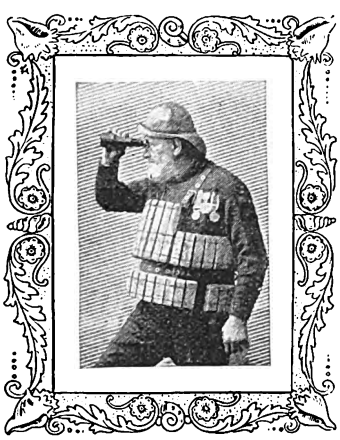

Photo by Boughton.
Robert Hook.
Coxswain of the Lowestoft Lifeboat.

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Photo by Clenetty.

Henry Hood.

Coxswain of the *Job Hindley*, Seaton-Carew.

some fifty fathoms off the southernmost end of the town. They were just in time, and the *Aldeburgh*, with her fourteen rescued passengers, made for Harwich, twenty-one miles distant, and the nearest place of safety for landing.

In the meantime another vessel in distress appeared off Aldeburgh, and a telegram was awaiting Coxswain Cable at Harwich. By five o'clock he and his brave crew were beating up in the teeth of the gale and against the tide towards the Shipwash Bank, which lay fourteen miles off, and where the signals of distress had been seen. This time they arrived too late. They only found a mass of wreckage, and returned to Harwich. On the following morning, soon after midday, the people of Aldeburgh were on the beach to welcome back Cable and his crew after an absence of more than twenty-four hours.

E. W. Woods, coxswain of Gorleston No. 1, *Mark Lane*, has assisted in saving 329 lives from 1882 to the present time.

The rescue for which he received the silver medal of the Institution was that from the *Ada*, a ketch of Portsmouth, on October 14th, 1891. A great gale was blowing, with a tremendous sea, and there was immense difficulty in forming a crew. Mr. Woods, however, collected one, and going out, did not return until he had saved everyone on the wreck.

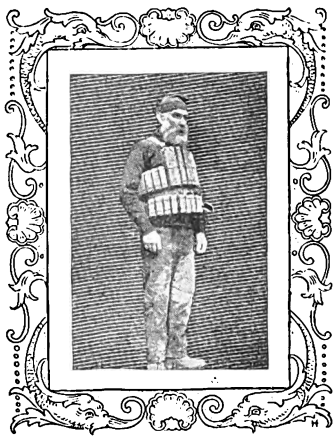

Photo by Rev. W. Diggens.

James Hill.

Coxswain of the Porthoustock Lifeboat.

The following day Mr. Woods, not content with his previous efforts, went out again, and the vessel itself was brought in.

William Grant, long coxswain of the Margate lifeboat, has a record extending over many years. Fifty years ago, when commerce was carried on chiefly by sailing ships, and the sea's harvest was woefully abundant, Mr. Grant had ten large luggers, especially equipped for saving life. On December 21st, 1848, 116 persons were rescued from a German emigrant ship by two of these luggers, and this is but one of many cases before the present lifeboats were introduced.

The medal of the Institution was awarded for saving the crew of the *Sarah*, of Sunderland, and the clasps for Second Service six years after.

Photo by Fine Art Photo Co.

John Tinning.

Coxswain of the Blyth No. 2 Lifeboat.

Mr. Grant was coxswain of the *Angelina and Hannah*, and had the pleasure of going off in her to welcome the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, when she arrived off Margate on March 8th, 1863. He was also coxswain of the *Quiver*, and has been the means of saving so many lives that he has lost count of their number.

Richard Roberts, coxswain of the Deal Lifeboat, the *Mary Somerville* has been identified with the whole of her splendid record.

Coxswain Roberts is another of our heroes of the Goodwin Sands, whose name is known far and wide. The lives he has saved total up to 409; and the deeds of gallantry in which he has taken part prove him to be a man of exceptional courage. As an instance, in 1899, he mounted the fore air-box of the lifeboat and rescued in his arms five Frenchmen from the *D'Artagnan*. Amongst other medals Roberts was awarded the Second Service clasp of the institution in 1894.

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Photo by Atty.

James Cable.

Coxswain of the Aldeburgh Lifeboat.

No article dealing with "Heroes of the Lifeboat" would be complete that did not include a mention of two gallant clerical life-savers. The Rev. D. Bryson, Vicar of Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, is distinctly a minister of mind and muscle, and he showed his mettle a year or two ago by acting as coxswain of the local lifeboat during a terrific storm which kept the fishing boats outside the harbour. The smacks were tossed to and fro and could not cross the bar without assistance, and Mr. Bryson having called for volunteers, his courage became contagious. Almost every man in the village volunteered for service, and the lifeboat was launched. Even the women lent willing hands.

A terrible battle with the elements then took place, but at last the lifeboat reached the nearest distressed fishing-smack, and, attaching a rope, towed it safely over the bar into the harbour, amid the cheers and huzzas of the women on shore. Again the lifeboat went out, the rowers being urged to increased efforts by the gallant vicar. Two more smacks were towed into harbour, and then the storm abated and the remaining fishing-boats were able to cross the bar without assistance.

Photo by Miller.

G. W. Woods.

Coxswain of the *Mark Lane*, Gorleston.

The other clergyman who performed a similarly gallant exploit is the Rev. Charles Cobb, now Vicar of Rainham, near Chatham. We will let Mr. Cobb describe the incident in his own words:

"On the morning of January 6th, 1867, a French lugger, the *Courriere de Dieppe*, was seen, during a gale of wind, off the coast of Dymchurch breaking up, with two sailors clinging to the mast.

"A large number of villagers looking on saw one of these poor fellows washed off and drowned. It was Sunday morning, and the news having been brought to the Vicarage, I went down immediately to the shore and saw one of the coastguards standing undressed with a rope around him waiting to go to the rescue. Giving my coat, etc., to a bystander, I swam to the wreck. The rocket apparatus, after some attempts, succeeded in firing a rope to the vessel, but the man was too exhausted for me to intrust him to it.

"In the meantime the wreck was drifting in, and, after a time, the coastguard came to our help, and the man was got ashore. I was given the Albert Medal of the first class, and the coastguard the Albert Medal of the second class. The Emperor of the French sent me a gold medal, and the Royal Lifeboat Institution and the Royal Humane Society both awarded me their silver medals."

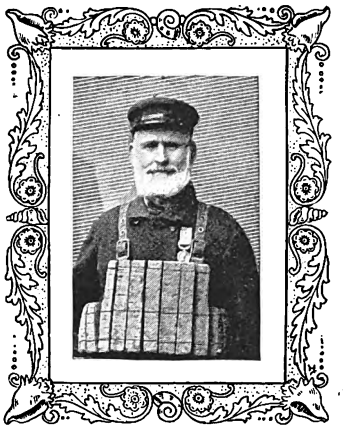

Photo by Houghton.

W. Grant.

Coxswain of the Margate Lifeboat.

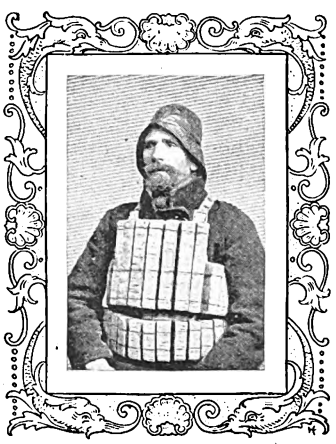

Photo by Brown.

R. Roberts.

Coxswain of the *Mary Somerville*, of Deal.

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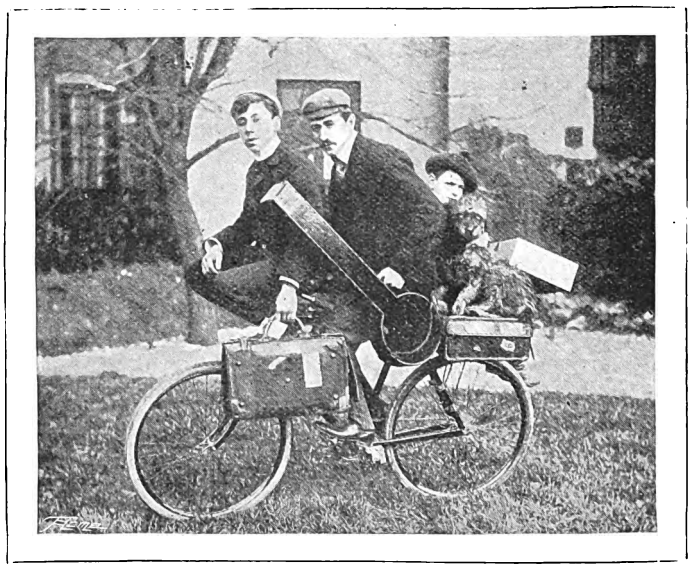
WHAT A BICYCLE CAN CARRY.

By H. T. Vincent.

The bicycle is an unsociable affair, so far as in itself it is apparently a one-horse, or rather one-man—or woman—affair. Not but what we have heard of sociable bicyles and tandems "built for two"—nay, even for as many as ten. But then they cease to resemble the trim "safety, and begin rather to appear like overgrown centipedes.

But that a two-wheeled, single saddle, ordinary everyday bicycle should be capable of carrying a small community—with a quantity of goods and chattels and live stock into the bargain—is hard to believe.



Off for the Holidays.

It can, as the accompanying illustrations testify. Nor are the burdens arranged in each picture merely for a photographic effect. Lieutenant Lee actually rides about, and did ride about while being photographed, with the loads on his machine which we see.

It is not a mere matter of piling people up after the manner of a pile of bricks. It requires very considerable skill to manage a machine under such circumstances, and I should advise the tyro to be chary of how he endeavours to carry the loads Lieutenant Lee succeeds in doing.

In the first illustration the holiday party are really well provided with bags for their clothes and a banjo for the evening. The dog, to judge by his attitude, is not unaccustomed to the experience he is undergoing.

After the art of cycling has been thoroughly acquired, one is apt to forget to a large extent how much one depends on the manipulation of the front wheel to preserve one's balance. The minute turn that may be necessary at any moment to restore perfect equilibrium gradually becomes almost an instinct.

But watch a beginner passing through the agony of learning to ride a bicycle. The sight was once a common one. It was to be seen on almost every private lawn, down every secluded lane, even in the quiet streets of London. It is a more unique spectacle now, for everyone can bicycle or almost everyone.

Still the sight is to be seen, and in the desperate and spasmodic twists of the front wheel one realises how one's momentary loss of balance is immediately restored.

If you fancy yourself as more or less of an expert cyclist, seat a man with a bag on your handle bars and try a short spin—that is to say if you and the man and the bag and

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A Lift on the Road.

the bicycle are adequately insured.

The first instinctive appeal to the front wheel to preserve your balance is answered by your difficulty in quickly turning it, and whilst you are struggling a catastrophe is more than likely to happen. Finally, try it with one hand as Lieutenant Lee is here seen doing.

The feat as shown in the second illustration is not without an element of utility. It shows one way in which a rider and his machine can be carried with, at any rate, an appearance of ease.

Not but what it must require a considerable amount of pluck on the part of a small boy to trust himself with even so skilled a rider as Lieutenant Lee under him. However it may prove a useful experiment to practice on youthful prospective brothers-in-law.

The last illustration shows the bicycle decidedly full up. To carry such a load in such a way requires not only extreme skill on the part of the cyclist, but no little nerve on the part of the small boy forming the summit of the pyramid.

Of course, almost anybody can, if a bicycle is fastened securely, pile a huge load on it. The great feat is in being able to ride about with it.

Full Up.

Photographs by Russell and Son, Southsea.

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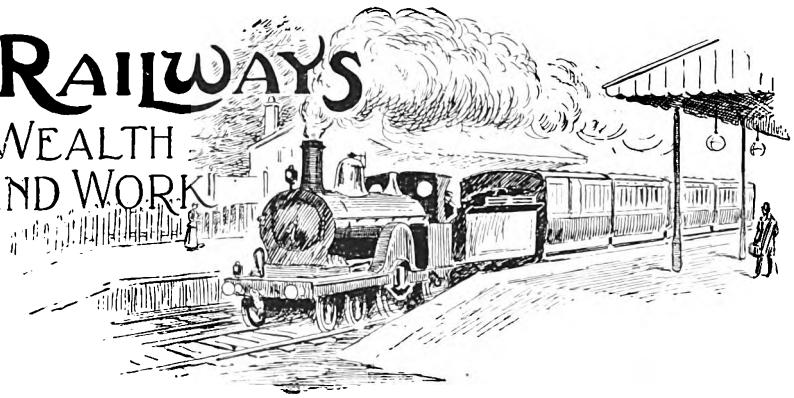
Our Railways

Their Wealth and Work



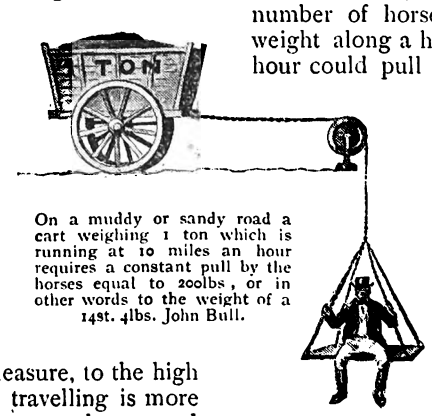
By Leonard Fox.

We are so accustomed to travelling by railroad that the question of the advantage of railways over roads, as a means of quick and easy transport, no longer arises. We have rather to resort to discussing the relative speed and comfort of different lines, never for one moment remembering that the worst third-class carriage in a Parliamentary train is a far better conveyance than the best stage coach of the "good old days."

'Tis true that Mr. Pickwick made merry on his travels both by coach and post-chaise, but it was at the stopping places and not *en route* that the fun generally began.

In contrast to this, we need only remember poor Becky Sharpe, on top of the coach in the rain, to make way for a paying passenger inside.

Though we are still waiting for a new Dickens to paint the humours and pleasures of travelling in a dining car at sixty miles an hour, and of a new Thackeray to wither with his sarcasm the third-class cattle van, yet there are few if any who would want to make the journey, say from London to York, by road in preference to the rail.



On a muddy or sandy road a cart weighing 1 ton which is running at 10 miles an hour requires a constant pull by the horses equal to 200lbs., or in other words to the weight of a 14st. 4lbs. John Bull.

The advent of the motor car has perhaps turned our attention again, in some measure, to the high road, but the question of travelling is more than that of the difference between horses and engines. The poetry and pleasure of a coach and spanking team of four, bowling along a good road, are all very well in their way. But roads are not always good, and sometimes even four horses could not pull the coach out of a rut.

Putting aside, however, the comparison between a locomotive and a horse for mere pulling purposes, let us pause for a moment to see how easy the task of the locomotive has been made for it. A glance at the first illustration will show clearly how much less work a locomotive on rails has to do in order to achieve the same end as a poor, long-suffering horse on a good road, much less on a bad one. Reduced to figures our illustration shows that to keep a load of 1 ton moving at the rate of ten miles an hour there must be a constant pull equivalent:—

On a bad road to 200lbs. weight.
On a good road to 50lbs. weight.
On a railway line to 8lbs. weight.

In other words, this means that the same number of horses that could pull a ton weight along a heavy road at ten miles an hour could pull 25 tons along a railroad at the same speed, always supposing that in the first alternative the unfortunate horses could get along at all. I am giving them the benefit of theory over practice.

It was a recognition of this difference between rails and a roadway which led, in 1825, to the construction of the railway between Stockton and Darlington—the first public railway in England. It was intended to draw carriages or trucks along this line by means of horses, and the introduction of the steam

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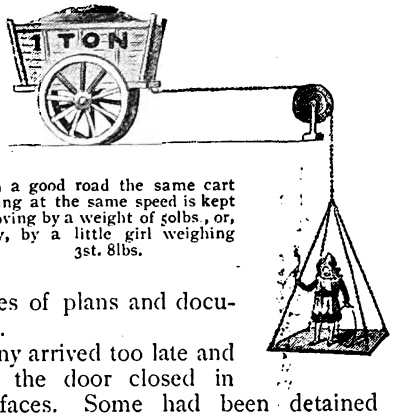
locomotive was only an after-thought, or rather an improvement, which mainly owed its inception to the genius of Stevenson.

The success of the railroad having once been established, it was not long before fresh lines were projected and fresh schemes conceived for railways in every direction. It was not, however, until 1829 that the Liverpool and Manchester railway was opened, and in 1845 the railway mania was at its height.

Those whose recollection does not extend back so far, find it difficult to realise the excitement which possessed the public mind in that year.

It had been announced that all railway bills desiring the sanction of Parliament had to be deposited at the Board of Trade Office by midnight on the 30th November. Up to the last minute furiously driven carriages were rushing up to the door, quickly to shoot out their load of excited applicants, with huge

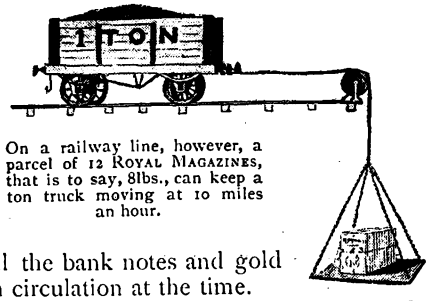


On a good road the same cart going at the same speed is kept moving by a weight of 50lbs., or, say, by a little girl weighing 3st. 8lbs.

bundles of plans and documents.

Many arrived too late and found the door closed in their faces. Some had been detained by unforeseen accidents, and some by accidents neither unforeseen nor undesired by the agents of rival schemes. Like disappointed "pitites" on an important first night, they jostled and clamoured about the door, and, finding supplications vain, cursed the misfortune that had made them perhaps but a few minutes late.

There were presented in all some 1263 bills, asking leave to raise capital to the value of 563 million pounds. A certain percentage had to be deposited with each bill to cover the cost of parliamentary expenses. These deposits amounted to 59 million pounds, or to 20 million pounds more than



On a railway line, however, a parcel of 12 ROYAL MAGAZINES, that is to say, 8lbs., can keep a ton truck moving at 10 miles an hour.

all the bank notes and gold in circulation at the time.

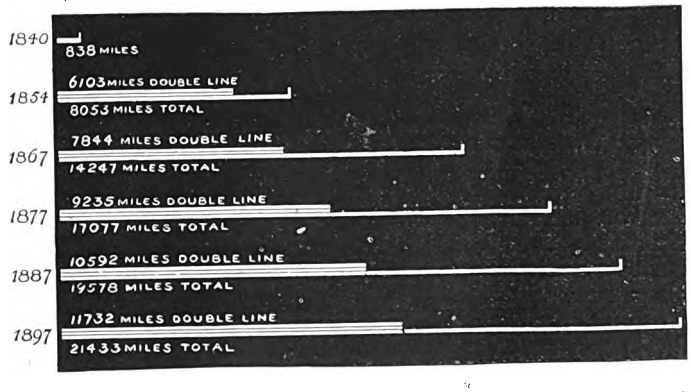
The public took fright at these colossal figures and a panic ensued. Of the 1263 bills only 120 survived and the rest spelt loss and ruin for their instigators. In spite of the feverish agitation and the subsequent crash, the growth of the railways has proved steady and regular, as can be seen by a glance at our fourth illustration.

The increase in the proportion of single lines is the most noticeable feature and a rather curious one. When we remember that Great Britain is only six or seven hundred miles long, 21,000 miles of railway seems a fair allowance for our little islands. Yet such a length of line is already open for traffic.

The cost of these railways, expressed in mere figures can convey but little to our minds. It is too colossal for anyone to grasp. Let us, therefore, split it up into small units, and look at it more in detail.

Of course the expense of running railways through towns and through rural districts differs greatly, but I have been able, from official sources to ascertain the average cost of all the railways in the British Islands.

If we compare this figure with the cost of the underground railway through the City of London, which was the most costly piece of



The above represents the length of railway lines open for traffic at the end of each of the years mentioned. The double line shows in each case the proportion of double railway track (up and down line) to the total length.

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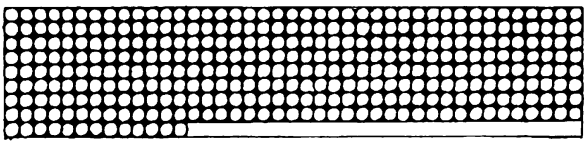
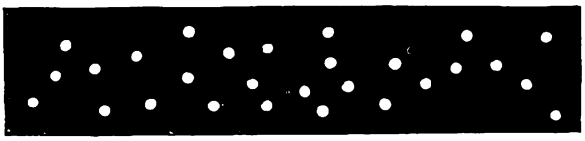


One yard of the Underg.ound Railway through the City of London. It shows how the money it cost would have sufficed to cover it with eight rows of golden sovereigns, and still have left over some £21,000 for every mile.

A golden yard of the Underground.

One yard of the average railway in the United Kingdom. It shows the cost to have been 28 sovereigns for every yard.



line ever constructed, we arrive at some interesting contrasts.

Six hundred thousand pounds a mile, the cost of the underground, is not a very instructive figure. What it amounts to, however, is that every yard of the line cost 341 golden sovereigns. That means, as shown in our illustration, that, if the whole length were paved with eight rows of sovereigns, there would be left over a comfortable fortune of £21,000 for every mile.

The average cost of all the railways is more moderate than this, but even they cost £28 for every yard.

Of course, the capital of all the companies cannot be said to represent the payment to them of a like amount of cash, as, by various feats of financial juggling, the shares of the companies have been chopped and changed about until the capitals have grown some 12 per cent. larger.

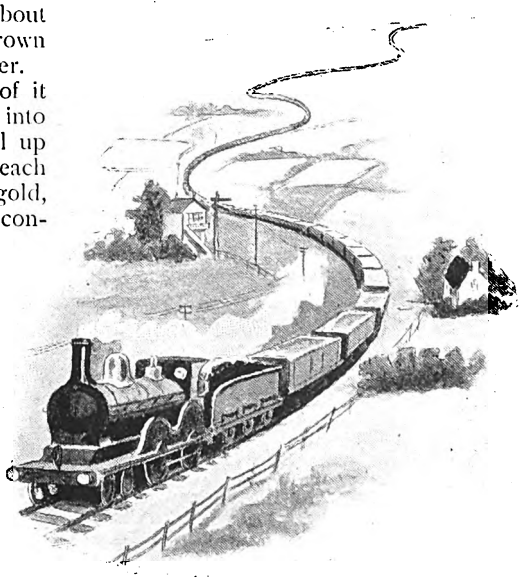
Still, if the whole of it could be converted into gold coins and loaded up on railway trucks, each holding ten tons of gold, the train would have to consist of 858 trucks.

This pile of gold, however, cannot be said unfairly to represent the value of the railways, seeing that they pay dividends to the extent of nearly 4 per cent. on this sum, or, in other words, the lucky shareholders divide 330 tons of gold between them every year.

Our illustration gives another view of these dividends, which are sufficient to pay, every year, a pound to every inhabitant of the United Kingdom—some 40 million souls.

Most of us have probably, now and again, indulged in a grumble because our particular railway company will not run its trains at sixty miles an hour, without stopping, from where we enter to where we alight. When we remember the 330 tons of gold they have to accumulate for their shareholders and see what it means to increase the speed of the train, we may look with more indulgence on the authorities who direct the traffic.

An engine can draw five times as much weight at 20 miles an hour as it can at 60 miles. It is not to be wondered at, then, that railway company directors refuse to run the trains any faster than the long suffering public make them.



It would require a train of 858 trucks, each containing 10 tons of gold, to carry the total capital of the railways if converted into sovereigns.

Whilst we are considering the speed of trains, which is certainly a matter of greater importance in passenger traffic than in the carriage of goods, we may note with interest the number of those who, in 1897, made use of the trains, as compared with those who travelled in 1854, when the first returns were published.

He is a sturdy individual, the typical passenger of 1897, representing,

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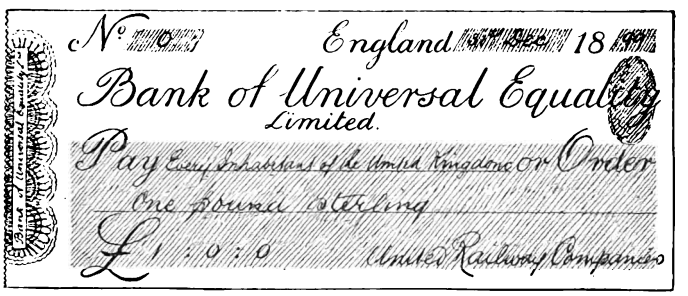
as he does, over 1030 millions. He would have little difficulty in carrying in his hand his prototype of 1854, a mere midget representing only 111 millions.

The season ticket holder is not included, for, once he has paid his money, he is no longer of interest to anyone but himself. This fact is very often brought home to him, but still he is equal to a further increase of about 10 per cent. to the passenger traffic.

A thousand and thirty millions of people! Think of it, or, since most probably you will find this figure beyond your comprehension, let us analyse it a little.



A cheque of one pound which might be paid annually to each inhabitant of the United Kingdom out of the dividends of all the railway companies.

It means almost exactly three times the united populations of Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Spain.

As far as Great Britain is concerned, it means just about twenty-six times her entire number of inhabitants, the population of Great Britain being taken at 39,500,000.

If it could possibly be arranged to marshall so gigantic a gathering as the railway passengers of 1897, and range them in rows of fifty and set them to march past a given point, it would take two years all but a few days to complete the procession. This, too, would mean a constant march day and night without pause or intermission.

It is appalling to imagine how long it would take fifty, or even a hundred, booking-clerks to issue tickets to such a multitude.

Let us pause for a moment to glance at the tickets which would have to be issued.

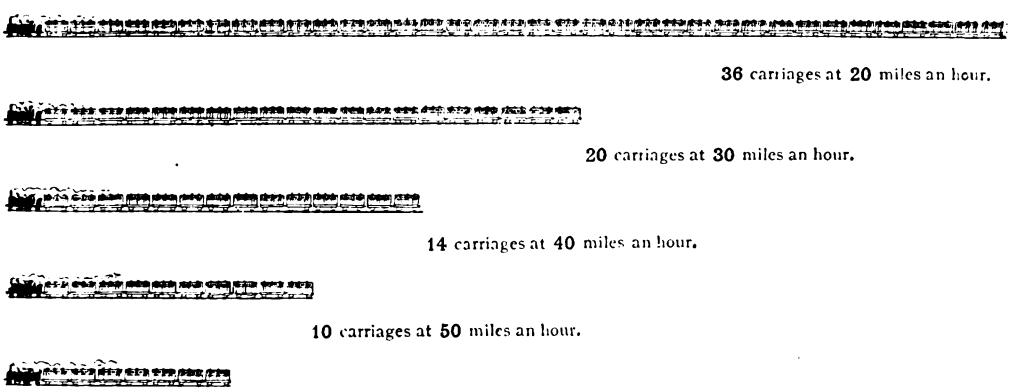
In the first place, seeing as I have already remarked that the 1030 million passengers do not include the long-suffering season-ticket holder, it might be thought that 1030 millions of tickets were issued during the year 1897.

Yet not exactly 1030 millions; for the greater number of the passengers studied economy and availed themselves of the reduction to be obtained by purchasing return tickets.

About two-thirds of the tickets issued may, indeed, be taken as return tickets, so that the actual number of the familiar bits of pasteboard issued to the travelling public may be reckoned as 720 millions.

Laid flat these tickets would cover an area of a little more than 319 acres. Laid end to end they would extend a distance of 25,568 miles 320 yards. They would make

The amount an engine can draw at different speeds.


36 carriages at 20 miles an hour.
20 carriages at 30 miles an hour.
14 carriages at 40 miles an hour.
10 carriages at 50 miles an hour.
7 carriages at 60 miles an hour.

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a band round the globe, and yet have 568 miles over.

When we come to consider the goods traffic which is carried on over our railway system, we are again met by figures which by their very magnitude smother their real meaning.

Can the mind conceive a mass of goods weighing a million tons? Yet our railways in 1897 carried no less than 374 million tons.

To get even a faint idea of what this means let us consider, for the sake of comparison, the goods traffic of 1860 and 1897 side by side, and try to realise what the figures would represent. I give them roughly in millions, for what matters a few thousand or even hundreds of thousands in considering such a total.

In 1860 the railways carried 82 million tons of goods.

In 1897 the railways carried 374 million tons of goods.

Now, if we measure out on a nice, level piece of ground two squares, with sides respectively 1170 feet and 2000 feet, and if we build up on them two great masses of clay, so as to form gigantic cubes, in the one case 1170 feet high, and in the other 2000 feet, we should about represent the goods carried respectively during the two years under consideration.

The giant, representing the passengers of 1897, can hold in his hand the midget representing the passengers of 1854, the height of both figures being in exact proportion.

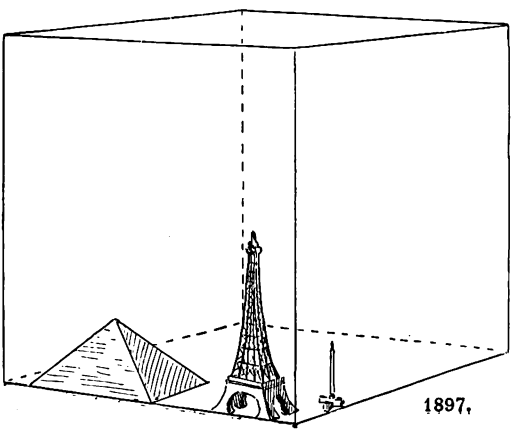
Having made our mud pies, let us compare them with something we have seen or heard of.

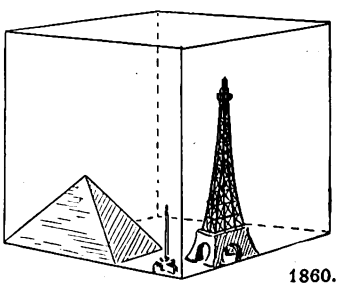
First of all let us take the Great Pyramid. It is a fairly large structure, one of the marvels of the world. Many of my readers may probably have seen, and even climbed it, and everyone else will have a tolerable idea of its size from photographs and pictures. The base measures nearly 14 acres in area, the height being 481 feet.

Yet, in spite of that, it is simply lost inside even the smaller cube, much less the larger.

Take the Eiffel Tower as the highest erection raised by man. It is just a thousand feet in height, yet it is a mere pigmy compared with the huge cube.

Finally I have added the Nelson Column. It makes a very sorry exhibition, and is barely noticeable, although it is 173 feet high.





Cubes of clay in proportion representing the goods carried by the railways in 1897 and 1860 respectively. The larger cube measures 2000ft. in each direction, and the Great Pyramid, the Eiffel Tower, and Nelson's column are in due proportion.

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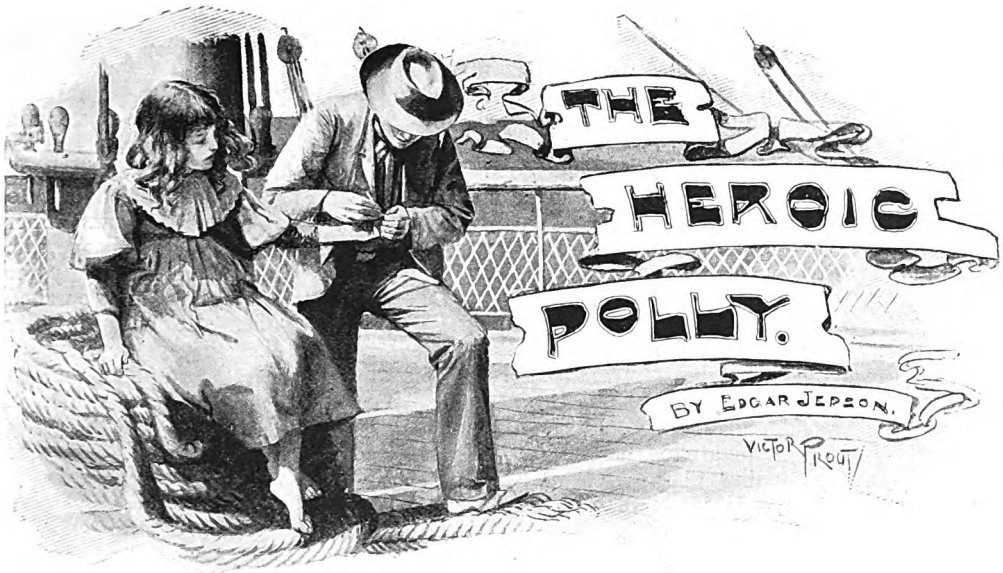

Of all children Polly was the reddest-haired, and the most unfortunate. All lifeless things seemed leagued to work her mischief; the ship for ever lurched to throw her against anything newly tarred or painted; the nail, where no nail should have been, for ever tore her clothes; a slippery deck, or a coil of rope, for ever tripped her, that she might fall with her hand on a splinter. She was unfortunate, moreover, in her mother, who had died by accident; in her father, an Irishman, an unlucky digger, and a drunkard; and in her upbringing, the rough training of the mining camp, where courage was the only virtue, straight-shooting the only accomplishment; beyond any girl-child ever born she possessed both. Man, indeed, tried to make amends to her for outrageous fortune; Jack had grown expert in removing paint and tar from human skin; I had grown expert in extracting splinters from her hands; the Captain had learned to plaster her scratches better than any doctor; and never did the ship sail over an easy sea but one of an idle watch was mending a rent in Polly's frock.

Now, on the *Golden Hope*, that cruise, we all of us needed all our luck. There was nothing wrong with the ship, indeed, a clipper, and good for fifteen knots on a fair wind. But she was shorthanded, and manned at that with the scum of the seaports, for with the fire of the gold-fever in his veins what man would stick to seafaring who could buy a pick? Worse still, she carried gold-dust; Jack and I had a hundred thousand dollars apiece in notes; and when we came to breakfast the first morning—we had gone aboard in the dark—we found James Withstraw sitting at the table. Of all the gamblers on the Pacific slope Thin Jim, as they called him, for his thin face, thin hands, and thin body had the worst name. There, where you killed your enemy as you could, with warning or without, the feeling among the hardest men was that at play, at shooting, or with the knife James Withstraw never gave his man a chance; and we knew that he was on the *Golden Hope* for the gold. We took his presence coolly enough, we had been in tight places before; but when we went on deck we skinned our eyes, and a sorry sight met them. The crew were rascals plain enough, and among the broken diggers lounging on the fore-deck we recognised three of the hardest men of Bloody Gulch, where we had first met James Withstraw.

We looked at one another, and I saw Jack's jaw set: "Thin Jim holds both bowers," he said.

We had held the dust once or twice at the price of men's lives, and it seemed that we might have to hold the notes at the same price. Then Polly came dancing down the deck with her blue eyes alight, and her face like a white flower; and we forgot Thin Jim, and the dollars, and our throats. Before night we had squared her father, and the Captain; and Polly, instead of berthing for'ard with that digger crowd, was a cabin passenger, with a state-room of her own.

The days wore on; the *Golden Hope* ploughed through a level sea; we yarned, and

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gambled with the officers; we played with Polly, we talked with Polly, and we comforted Polly in her many afflictions; we were as civil to Thin Jim as we could bring ourselves to be; but night and day we watched continually. He never showed his hand. He talked to the crew and the diggers no more than Jack and I; and for anything their faces told, as they talked, they might have been speaking of albatrosses. Then came Polly's luck, and it was battle, and murder, and sudden death.

We were gambling on the quarter-deck, Thin Jim, Jack, and I. The *Golden Hope* met one of those waves from nowhere one meets in mid-ocean, pitched, and lurched. Polly, who had just come aft, lost her footing rolled down the sloping deck; upset the empty barrel that served us for card-table, and scattered the cards in a fluttering shower.

Withstraw snatched her to her feet, and as his face went white with uncontrollable passion, dealt her two or three cruel slaps with his long, thin hand before I could catch her from him, and send him and his chair flying with my foot. He crashed into the scuppers, was on his feet in a trice, whipped out his knife, and leapt at me. Cumbered with the child, I stood a poor chance; but Jack's sharp "Hands up!" and ready revolver stopped him short; and he stood pouring forth a stream of vile cursing at the three of us, in a tremble of raging helplessness.

"Hold your tongue!" cried Jack, and his tone brought silence; and while I soothed poor little Polly, on whose white cheeks the brute's fingers had branded themselves in vivid scarlet, Thin Jim got his rage under control, and slowly sheathed his knife. The child quivered and shook with the violence of her effort to check her streaming tears; for, for all her frail air, Polly was of the temper of wrought steel. But the stinging, burning pain would not be denied, and forced the tears from her eyes, and the sobs from her throat.

Withstraw came forward, mumbling excuses, smiling suavely; but his shifty eyes still shone with an ugly light, and his thin lips were atwitch.

"Git!" I said in a snarl, and lifted Polly in my arms, with her face against my shoulder, for I thought that the shame at being seen by us to cry might be hurting her more than the slaps. The convulsive quivering ceased; and in the comforting darkness the sobs came unchecked, the tears flowed in relieving freedom.

Jack picked up the cards slowly, righted the barrel, and began a long yarn about the doings of some road agents; I kept asking him questions to get it clearer. Thin Jim had gone forward; the sobs came fainter and fainter. Presently they fell quiet. Polly slipped out of my arms on to the deck, shook her red curls over her tear-stained face to hide it, and sat down with her elbows on her knees, her face resting on her hands, the posture she seemed to find most easy for talking. She was silent awhile, and we waited on her pleasure; then she began in her gentle, drawling voice that always rang as pleasant as soft music, "I'm durned sorry I spoiled yer game, boys. I couldn't help it, though, could I?"

"Of course, you couldn't; don't you trouble about it," said Jack cheerfully.

"All the same, that Thin Jim is a mean skunk; and ef I'd had a gun, I'd hev wiped him out for sure." I saw her eyes flash through the veil of her hair; and I believed it.

"I wish you had," said Jack, "I guess we shouldn't have worn mourning long."

"Why didn't you drop him in his tracks? You had him covered," she said.

"Well, you see, he hadn't a gun," said Jack.

"You Britishers are too durned high-falutin'; waitin' for Thin Jim to get out his gun!" said Polly, with measured scorn.

"Britisher yourself!" said Jack. "At any rate, Frank tickled his scalp in the scuppers."

"Yes; an' first chance he'll plug Frank through the back of his head. I'll hev to luk after him myself, I guess; and anyhow I've got to get even with the mean skunk," said Polly, and her eyes flashed again.

"Good luck to your shooting then," said Jack.

Eight bells struck; I picked up Polly and carried her down to the door of her cabin. She was quick bathing her face and arranging her hair; and when Thin Jim came down, black and sulky, she was sitting at the table, and greeted him with a scowl. In the middle of helping the soup, the Captain stopped short and said:

"Why—what in thunder is that red mark on the child's face?"

Polly's face flushed all one scarlet; and Thin Jim said, quickly and suavely:

"Polly was very clumsy, and I corrected her. I'm afraid I was rather severe. The fact is I lost my temper."

The Captain, too, was short tempered, and the less likely to excuse it in another man. Besides, though he never petted the child, I

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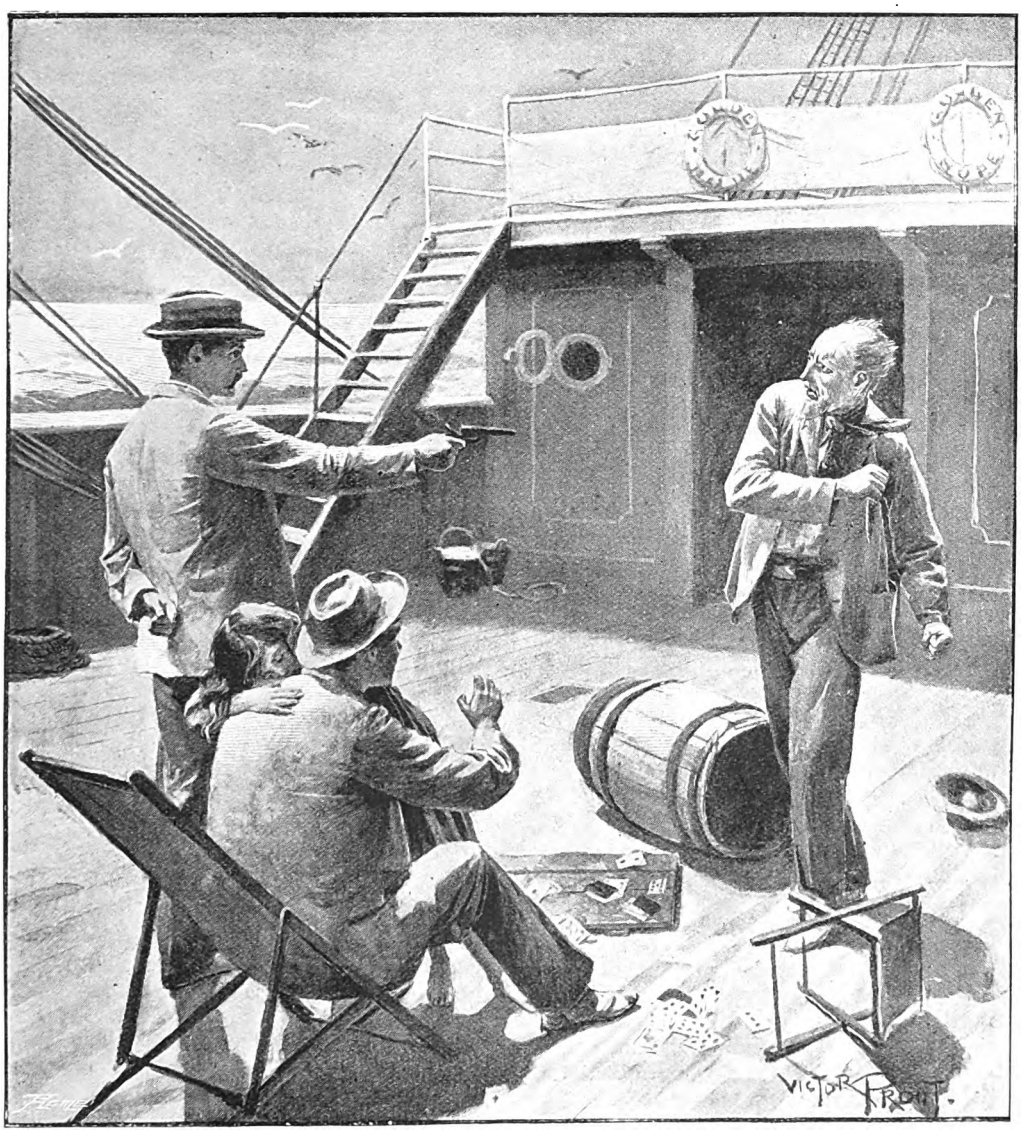

Jack's sharp "Hands up!" and ready revolver stopped him short.

had seen that he had a quick eye for her wants at table, and that the tit-bits were always on Polly's plate. He burst out, "Temper be——," caught himself up for the child—"I'll have no such doings on my ship; I'll have none of your 'longshore tricks here, no knocking children about here! Who the ——"—he caught himself up again—"who are you, sir, to go correcting my passengers? You'll get corrected yourself with a vengeance if I've any more of it!"

"I didn't pay for a cabin passage to travel with a digger's brat," snarled Withstraw.

"If you give me any of your insolence you'll travel in irons, as sure as my name's John Trail!" roared the Captain.

Withstraw swallowed his rage. Polly gazed at his discomfited air smiling like an angel, and said with gentle dignity, "Don't you trouble about me, Captain; I guess I kin play a lone hand all right."

"You eat your soup, missy, or I'll have you put in irons next," said the Captain, gruffly.

Polly was silent; Withstraw sulked; Jack talked to the Captain and the first mate fit-

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fully; the storm still hung on the air. As soon as dinner came to an end, Withstraw and the mate went on deck; and presently Polly, who seemed gloomy, stole away after them.

"I don't like that man," said the Captain.

"You'll like him less before you've done with him," I said.

"There's something wrong somewhere, and I shouldn't wonder if he's at the bottom of it. There's too much whispering in corners on this ship for me," said the captain.

Jack told him briefly what we suspected; it was the first time that he had given us a reason.

"Well," he said at the end, "they'll do nothing this side of the continent. Ships have to be sailed."

The three of us settled down to poker. The wind had fallen very light, the sun blazed down, and the silence on the deck was only broken now and again by a creaking of the yards. We had played for an hour, stopping at whiles to yarn, when there came a pattering down the companion-ladder, and Polly burst into the cabin. It was so foreign to her usual leisurely fashion of moving that we stopped playing to look at her. She leaned back against the door panting; her white face could not pale, but I saw that her scarlet lips were a faint pink; and she gasped out, "Boys—they're—goin' ter cut yer throats—you'll hev to be smart!"

Jack and I were on our feet, with our revolvers cocked, before she had finished.

"Steady, gentlemen! steady, please!" said the captain, quietly. "Tell us all about it. Polly."

"I was goin' right for'ard," she began, still panting. "I wanted ter think et right out. As I was goin' past the fo'c'sle, I heard Thin Jim talkin'—an' I stopped to hear what he mout be doin' down thar. He was speakin' low at first, an' then he says quite loud, 'You understand then, you'll all be on deck at four bells—an' at the first stroke you'll rush aft, an' shoot straight. I'll take the Captain myself.'"

The Captain rose very slowly, took a revolver from a locker, and put it in his pocket; and then said:

"Now, gentlemen, this is serious. But we've got an hour. There's us three, and the two mates. We want more. The carpenter's a good man: he's sailed with me before. The bo's'n and the hands I won't answer for; but three or four of those digger men are all right. That's nine, at any rate—"

"And me," said Polly.

"You'll stay in this cabin, whatever happens," I said, firmly.

"I won't—I won't!" cried Polly, in sudden heat of passion.

"Yes, you will, Missy!" said the Captain, sharply; and Polly's anger faded to woebegone misery.

"But the difficulty is to get together," said the Captain. "Come on deck gentlemen, and let us see how it is to be done."

We went on deck, and looked forward. The ship was very quiet—the watch were in the bows; three of the diggers, Polly's father among them, were playing cards in the waist; and the two mates were looking over their game. Thin Jim was nowhere to be seen. The captain thought for a while, and then said quickly, "I have it! Pass the word for'ard for the carpenter, Mr. Thomas!" he bawled to the second mate.

When the carpenter came, he said, "I want you to rig me up an awning, Mr. Wilson. Hi! you digger men, will you lend a hand here for a bottle of rum? I'm short handed; and this is a landsman's job."

The carpenter went forward for his tools; the three diggers put up their cards and sauntered aft, and the two mates followed them. The men in the bows took no notice, and two of them helped the carpenter bring his tool-chest aft. When they had set it down, and gone for'ard, the captain stopped talking about the awning, and said, "Now, my lads, we're in a hole. Do you want your throats cutting?"

"Not me, begorra," said Polly's father.

"I thought there'd be trouble, when I seed Thin Jim aboard," said the second digger. The third whistled softly.

"Well, they're going to be cut at four bells," said the Captain; "and it'll take all you can do to stop it. Are your revolvers loaded?"

They nodded.

"Well, you'd better reload them. Most likely some one has spoiled the cartridges. Can you load revolvers, missy?" said the Captain, turning to Polly.

"Yes," said Polly.

"Then, go down and get a box of cartridges, and we'll hand the revolvers to you one at a time. It won't do to let any one for'ard see what we're about. You, Mr. Wrain, go down and get yourself a revolver, and bring up one for Mr. Wilson, loaded, mind; and the rest of you set about this awning job as though you hadn't a thought else on your mind. If there's any surprising to be done, we'll do it ourselves. See?"

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The Captain was as brisk and cheerful as if he were arranging a picnic. Polly went eagerly below; Wrain followed her; the diggers fell to work gaily; they had had too rough a time of it to be taken aback at the thought of a little shooting. The mates and carpenter were given revolvers, and those of the diggers were reloaded. The minutes dragged on very slowly.

After three bells struck the men began to come on deck from the fo'c'sle; they did not seem to have any spirit to talk, and wore an uneasy air. At about ten minutes to the four bells I took Polly below, almost by force, and, as soon as the cabin door was shut, she broke down, and began to cry, wailing softly:

"You might let me stay on deck, oh, you might! I guess I could wipe out one or two of them, I could!"

"Now Polly," I said, soothingly, "we all know you're as brave as a lion. But you can't take a hand in this game. We should all be looking after you instead of shooting straight; don't you see?"

"Boys—they're goin' ter cut yer throats—you'll hev to be smart."

Polly refused to be comforted. She sat down, laid her arms on the table, her head in her arms, and sobbed:

"Yes, I see thet. You needn't; but you would, and it's durned hard, it is."

Then a horrid thought flashed on me; if we failed; and the child were left to those scoundrelly blackguards.

"My God!" I muttered, and my voice caught.

"Look here, Polly!" I said, "here's my knife. Now, if we go under, we shan't be able to see to you. So, promise me, that when they start breaking in the door, you'll drive it into your left side, just where your heart beats. You must, dear."

The child raised a piteous face, and tried hard to set her quivering lips.

"I will," she said; "I will, honour. But—I hed rather take it fighting—with you."

"We ain't dead yet, dear," I said, as cheerfully as I might. "Give me a kiss for luck."

I bent down; she threw her arms round my neck, and pressed her lips to mine; then let me go, and buried her face in her hands, her thumbs thrust into her ears.

I slipped out, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket; only a locked door could have kept Polly from the fight.

When I came on deck, I became aware that a strange hush had fallen on the ship, and that I alone perceived it; the others, their minds tense with waiting, did not notice it. They had fallen motionless too—the men round the carpenter in strained attitudes at their work, the mutineers gathered in the waist in strained attitudes of affected ease. In another moment they might have seen it and been warned, when I made a poor joke in a loud voice, and eased the strain. There was a dry, husky laugh on the quarter-deck, and I saw a relaxing ripple run through the crowd in the waist. Then the silence fell heavy again, and we moved into two groups, one on either side of the companion-way. For the last minute or two the silence was like a grip round the body.

"Four bells, Mr. Byles!" the captain called to the bo's'n, who was taking the watch; and one of the hands stepped to the bell. I swear I heard his bare feet fall on the deck; there came a faint clicking of cocking revolvers.

At the first stroke, heartening themselves with a screeching yell, the mutineers rushed aft; but of the fight I know little. I remember emptying my revolver as fast as I could into the thick of them; seeing men drop, and

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the rush waver; knowing somehow that on the other side Thin Jim had shot the Captain, and driven the true men back; finding myself in the centre of the quarter-deck in the midst of a tumbling, cursing, shooting, stabbing crowd. Then came a blinding flash that split into all the stars that ever shone, and I went down, clubbed.

I was next aware of a voice coming very faintly, as it seemed, from miles away:

"Give him another bucketful or two, boys," it said.

I was aware, faintly, that some one was drenching me with water, then, of a sudden, I came to all my senses. My head ached that I could scarce open my eyes, and when I did, the dazzle of sunlight closed them with a fresh, racking pang. As it passed, I opened them again, and saw Thin Jim sitting on a chair facing me; Jack lay on one side of it, face downward, in a pool of blood the carpenter's axe clenched in his hand. Further away lay a huddle of corpses.

"Oh, ho, my fine English gentleman, you're, alive again, are you. Just pass a rope round him, boys; he might run away," said Thin Jim, with a sneering chuckle, and I saw that he was in a bitter rage, and cold after the fight.

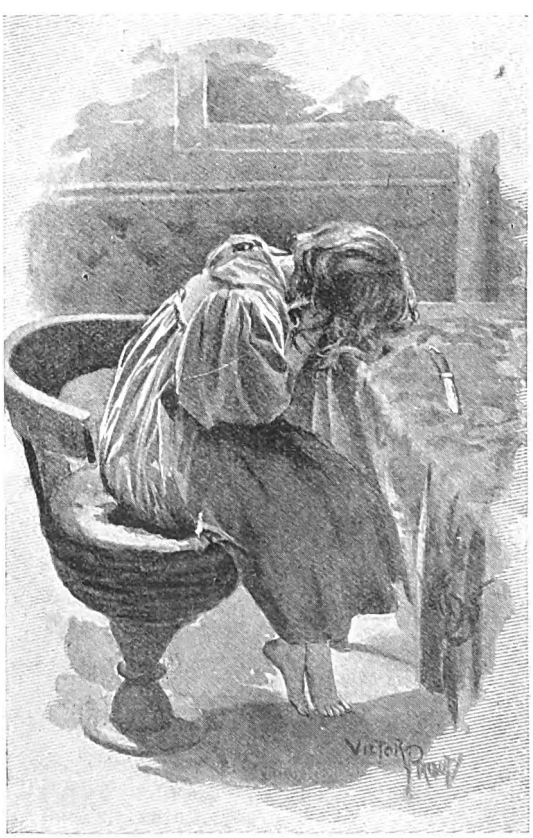
I lay propped up against the bulwarks; and two of the hands heaved me up, ran a rope round me under the arms, and bound me standing to the shrouds. With myself and Thin Jim they seemed the only living men on the *Golden Hope*.

"Now, my friend," he said, when they had done, "I'm going to pay my just debts. I'm going to teach you not to be so handy kicking over a gentleman in his chair. I should hev been content to wipe you out nicely with a bullet or a knife, but you and your pard hev spoiled my game, and I'm going to flog you first, and hang you afterwards. I'll cut you to ribands! thin, narrow ribands!" He shrieked it out in a sudden frenzy, fell quiet again, and went on. "Twist him round, boys, and let him view the fine marine scenery while we lick the life out of him."

As they stepped, grinning, to my side, I saw, over his shoulder, Polly's head come out of the cabin skylight on the further side; and as they loosened the rope I stopped breathing, to watch her writhe and twist her body through it.

All their backs were turned to her. She twisted out, and slipped softly on to the deck. Then she clambered back on to the skylight with a revolver in her hand, rose on the edge, poised herself on firm feet, and her wild eyes went steady as she levelled the revolver.

"Crack!" and the man on my right spun round and pitched forward. "Crack!" and the man on my left dropped in a gurgling heap. The barrel came to the level of Thin Jim, and then came Polly's luck. The trigger fell with an empty click — the other chambers had been discharged.



She buried her face in her hands.

Thin Jim sprang on to the skylight, the child leaped down and fled. He was too quick for her, caught her by the hair, shook her like a rat, dragged her along struggling with all her might, and sat down in his chair, panting and trembling; the last peril had shattered his strained nerves. I had always sized the man up for a coward.

"So, so ——" he began, in an uneven voice, "So, so—I'll—I'll—I'll stop your mischief

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first anyhow, you little beast!" He broke into a curious, quavering laugh that rose to a scream, for all the world like a hysteric girl; and I saw a very drunkenness of cruelty come upon the man. He ripped out his knife, thrust the child between his knees, forced her down till the back of her head lay right across his thigh, and I could see the line on her throat where the whiter skin had been shielded by her frock from the sun.

"Quiet, little beast! Quiet!" he cried, as she struggled with furious, desperate eyes; then to me, "Look, my fine gentleman, look!" And with a madman's grin he raised the knife. I roared at him, straining with cracking muscles at the rope. Then I shut my eyes; I couldn't bear to see, and tried to shut my ears not to hear the child's scream. An age seemed to pass, and the scream did not come. There was a dead stillness. I could not endure the suspense, and I opened my eyes. Thin Jim and Polly had not stirred; but his eyes were turned from the child over her head, and he was staring in a frozen, spell-bound fascination at the muzzle of a revolver which Jack, propped on his elbow, held towards him.

I saw Thin Jim sitting in a chair facing me.

Jack's face was the face of a man at his last gasp. The revolver wavered and waggled in his nerveless grip; but even as I looked, with a supreme effort he held it steady an instant. There was a spurtle of flame, a ringing crack, and Thin Jim toppled over, dragging Polly with him.

"My pile ——— Polly," muttered Jack, and he fell back. A minute later I was free, holding Polly in my arms, hugging her, kissing her, sobbing and laughing in the extreme reaction from my horror—she and I the only survivors of the luckless crew of the *Golden Hope*.

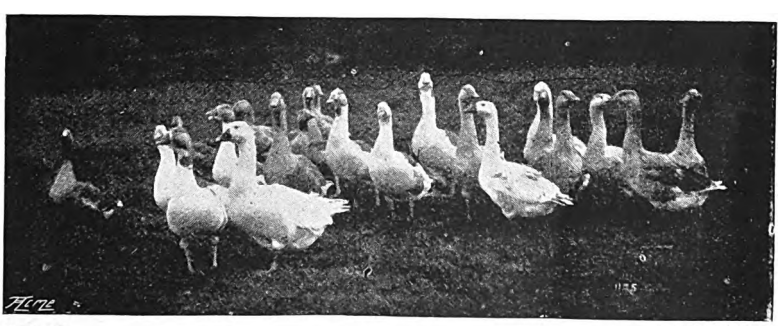

Photo by C. Reid Wishaw

"Who said Michaelmas!"

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LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

You don't mind my finishing my letter?

Let me think. You want to see the new quarterly?

You know I've refused every request for an interview except yours.

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I believe the *Anglo-Saxon* will prove a big success.

Of course it is an innovation charging so high a price.

But if it's as good for a guinea as the ROYAL is for threepence, I'm sure it will succeed.

Pets? Oh, yes. But I think these two little black pugs are my favourites. Aren't they quaint little chaps?

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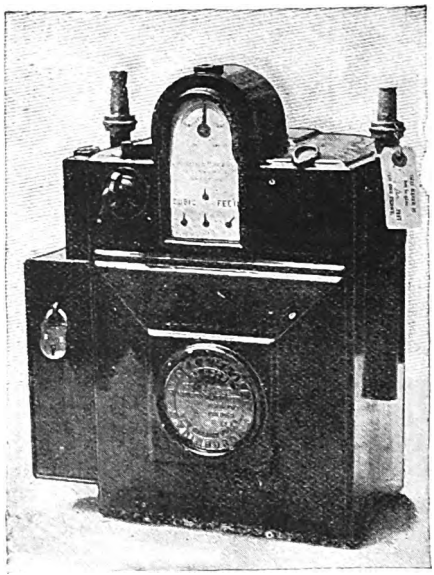
PENNY-WORTHS OF GAS.

By Canning Williams.

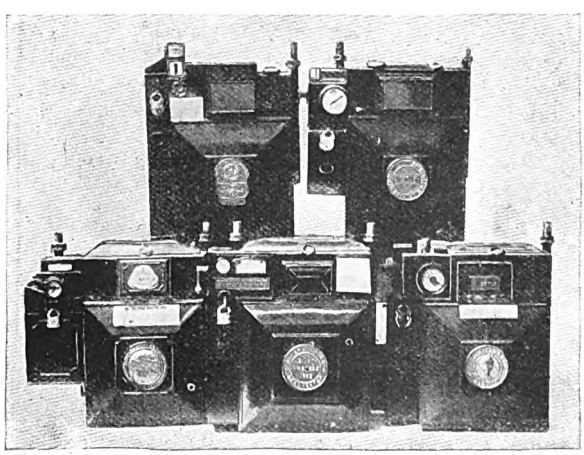


A penny-in-the-slot meter.

The inventor of the first "penny-in-the-slot" machine could scarcely have imagined that his ingenious idea would be applied to gas meters, and that he would thus be the indirect means of not only adding to the comfort of thousands of homes in this and other countries, but also of assisting many gas-works to hold their ground in face of the competition of "the light of the future," as electricians proudly term their illuminant.

It was in the year 1888 that the first penny-in-the-slot gas meter—invented by a Mr. Brownhill, of Walsall—was introduced, but it was not until five or six years had passed, during which many improvements had been made on the original invention, that the idea of selling gas by the pennyworth was favoured by those in authority in the gas world.

That the "prepayment" gas meter, as it is termed by "the trade," meets a want among the large section of the public who buy by the pennyworth is evident from the fact that in London alone there are now over 200,000 of the meters in use. Indeed, there is scarcely a gas undertaking of note in the United Kingdom that has not adopted, or is not about to adopt, the "prepayment system," and thereby increase the number of its consumers, and consequently augment its sale of gas and resultant profits.



A group of "penny-slots."

The following interesting details, furnished in October, 1897, by the chief engineer of one of the London gas companies, give an idea of the magnitude of the "penny-in-the-slot" gas business in his company's district:

"The introduction of meters on this principle has been attended by results that verge on the marvellous, as much as ten tons' weight in coppers having been removed from them in one collection. The effect of the almighty penny on the company's revenue may be gathered from the fact that these consumers number 61,000, and that the average takings from each are £3 a year. Prior to the introduction of the coin-meter, Sunday was an extremely slack day for gas, but now the demand between twelve and two o'clock, when thousands of dinners are being cooked in the gas stoves, is enormous — so great, in fact, that at times it has been a problem to get sufficient gas through the mains to

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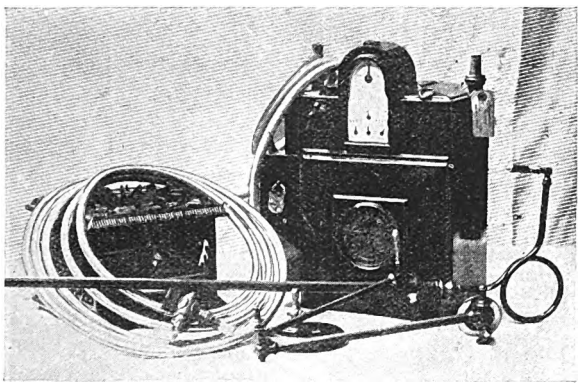
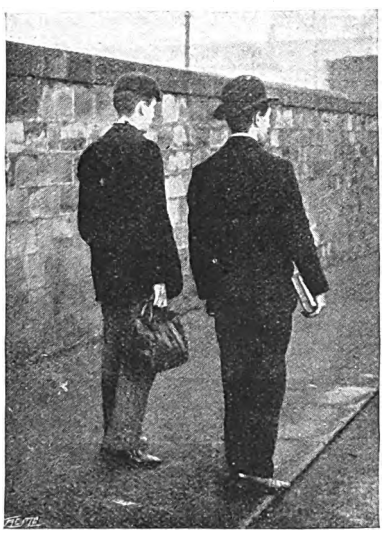
meet the demands of the exigent housewives who are superintending the baking of the family joint. There has been at times an actual dearth of copper money in South London, owing to the fact that a sum of £10,000 in pennies has been locked up in the company's gas-meters."



The outfit supplied free of charge by the Gas Company.

It is not intended, however, to write an essay on the general question of pre-payment gas supply, but to give a few details, illustrated with photographs specially taken for this article, of how the system is worked in the town in which the writer resides (and which for present purposes he will name "Gaston"), together with one or two little matters of human interest arising out of the arrangement, which he has been able to glean.

First of all, then, let it be stated that the "penny-slots" (as the consumers style them) were introduced into "Gaston" in the year 1894, and at once became popular. In fact, so rapidly did the orders pour in during the first year that the gas company's staff of fitters found themselves unable to keep abreast of the demand. At the present time there are over a thousand of the meters doing yeoman service for the company. This number is equal to a steady gain of four meters a week during five years, which, in a comparatively small town, already well supplied with gas, is a satisfactory record, and speaks volumes for the practical utility of the appliance.



The pre-payment collector and his assistant doing their daily round.

The applicant for a "penny slot," after going through the preliminary form signing at the gas office, is supplied with a meter and fittings, which latter generally comprise a pendant, a bracket, and a breakfast "griller," with the necessary connections, &c. (*See* photograph).

These things are provided and fixed by the Company "free of charge," but remain their property, The consumer, therefore, is put to no expense until he drops his first penny in the slot. But, as this is a world in which one rarely gets anything worth having without paying for it in one way or another, an extra charge is made for the gas supplied to prepayment consumers. This extra charge, amounting at "Gaston" to eightpence per thousand cubic feet, and varying throughout the country from about sixpence to a shilling per thousand, is for the hire of the appliances, and to meet the cost of collection, which is relatively higher under this system than under the ordinary method of credit accounts.

In other words, whereas the "quarterly" consumer at "Gaston" gets his gas at the rate of thirty-one feet for a penny, the buyer of pennyworths of that commodity obtains twenty-five feet.

But what, it may be asked, is twenty-five cubic feet of gas? A simple reply is that it is sufficient to supply one ordinary light for about five hours.

The next illustration is a snap-shot of the pre-payment collector and his assistant, who visit the "copper mines" once in six weeks. The assistant carries a stout leather bag for the reception of the coins, and the collector is provided with the indispensable book in which he enters the "amount due" and the "amount received," which, be it whispered,

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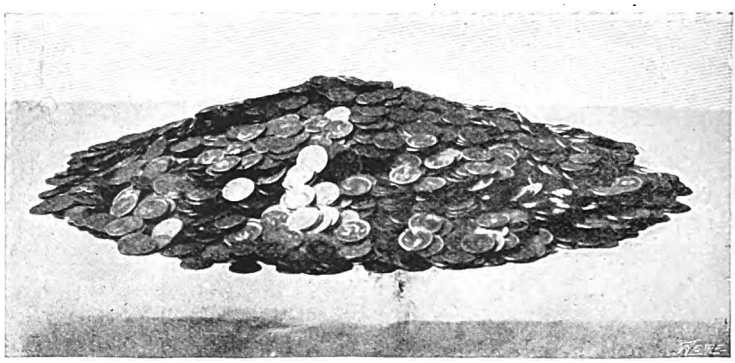
do not always agree, for, alas, the "penny-slot," though a marvel of mechanical skill, is not an absolutely perfect instrument; that is to say, the prepayment part of it, through variations of pressure in the mains and other causes, does not always work in exact harmony with the index which registers the quantity of gas used. The consequence of this is that what are known as "shorts" and "overs" in the cash are of frequent occurrence. The "overs" are returned to the consumers to whom they belong, when there are smiles and satisfaction on both sides; and, in common fairness to the Company, the "shorts" are demanded, when lively dialogues, and remarks uncomplimentary to the meters and their owners ensue. But, after all, the consumers have no just cause for complaint on this score, because it is clearly explained to them, on their making application for the meters, that "both the Company and the consumer are bound by the index reading of the meter, which is under Government test; and any amount which may be placed in the meter over and above the value of the gas registered by the meter, will be refunded by the Company, and any deficiency in the same must be made up by the consumer." Indeed, they sign an agreement in which a clause to this effect is inserted.



A good day's haul.

There are occasions, too, though happily rare, when there is a woful deficit in—or an entire absence of—the cash. Inquiries by the collector usually elicit no explanation—nobody knows anything about it, oh dear no!—and he is forced to conclude that some mysterious evaporation of copper has taken place since his last visit! A warning, and the attachment of a less easily pickable padlock, generally prevent, in an equally mysterious way, further evaporation taking place!

In justice, however, to the great bulk of the consumers, it should be added that these very occasional pilferings are due, as a rule, to the tricks of boys, who deserve nothing so much as a sound thrashing at the hands of their fathers.

The next two illustrations show "a good day's work"—the first being a photo of the coins in the "loose," and the second that of the same "bagged." A hard-working collector empties about eighty meter-boxes of their bronze contents in the course of a day, the sum recorded varying from £10 to £24. The value of the coins depicted is £22 12s. 11d.

"Bagged."

During the year ending 31st March last, £1446 was taken from the meters, and, as a shilling's worth of pence weighs $3\frac{3}{4}$ozs., a simple calculation shows the total weight of the coppers dealt with in the twelve months to be 3 tons 58lbs. If placed in line the pennies would extend for over $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and, if piled one on

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Packed and ready—

top of another, would make a column 1700ft. high.

It must not, however, be supposed that the coins are taken to the office in the "loose," for that would entail a great waste of time in the subsequent counting and bagging. To avoid this, the assistant carries a supply of paper bags marked "Copper, 5s.," and every chance of filling one is taken *en route*.

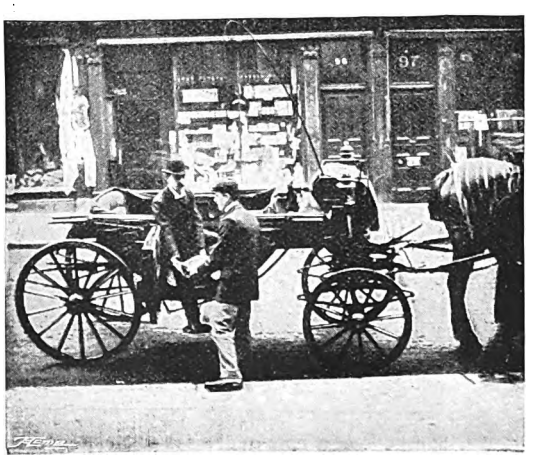
Twice a day during the collection, a load of pennies is brought to the office, and, having been distributed in boxes each holding five pounds' worth, is deposited in the strong room. The boxes thus employed are obtained from a local confectioner, most of them bearing that pleasant but most unofficial-looking word "chocolate." Once or twice a week during the round the boxes of coppers are taken in a cab to the bank (did ever coppers aspire to such an honour?) whence they are again put into circulation.

The prepayment collector, though engaged in this very heavy business, is an exceedingly light-hearted man (as befits a *gas* company's official), and could doubtless entertain an audience, were he so ambitious as to appear before one, with many a good story and incident of his rounds.

He very often makes some curious "finds" in the pence boxes, and as the people in whose meters the articles are found seldom know anything as to how they got there, and consequently do not claim them, he quietly places them in his pocket, and subsequently adds them to his collection, which is rapidly assuming considerable proportions.

The probable explanation of these singular discoveries is that a quantity of pence in a gas meter has some strange affinity for "washers," "tallies," discs of tin, French pennies, and other things, and draws them into itself in the dead of the night when nobody is about to observe the process! Here, again, fairness demands that it should be said that the presence of these "foreign" substances is sometimes honestly accounted for by the consumers who have made use of them, the cause not unfrequently being the want of a penny at the time when the substitute was used. The handsome coin in the centre of the group in the photograph is a bronze one, dated 1763, and hails, the writer is informed, from a Russian province. It may even possess greater value than it was thought to have had when it was "attracted" into the meter in which it was found.

The meters, too, are occasionally used as savings' banks by persons who fear to trust themselves with money not immediately required lest it should burn a hole in their pockets, and be found wanting when rent-day or the proverbial "rainy day" arrived. Quite recently the collector found no less a sum than £1 18s. 8d. so "banked." It was made up of a sovereign, a half-sovereign, shillings, sixpences, threepenny-bits, and half-pennies, coins which, through being smaller than a penny, slipped through the slot, and fell into the coin-box without affecting the prepayment part of the



to be taken to the Bank.

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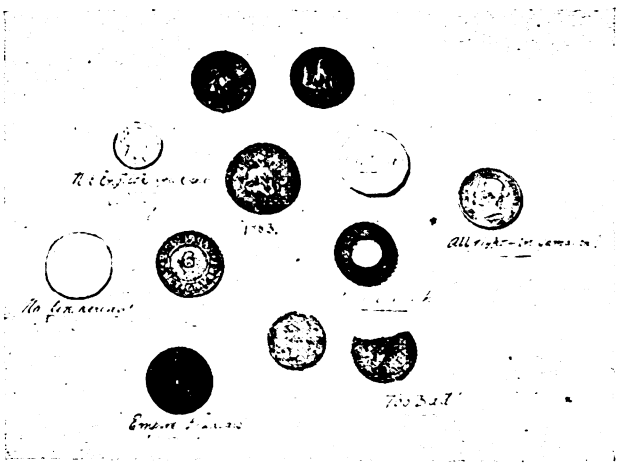
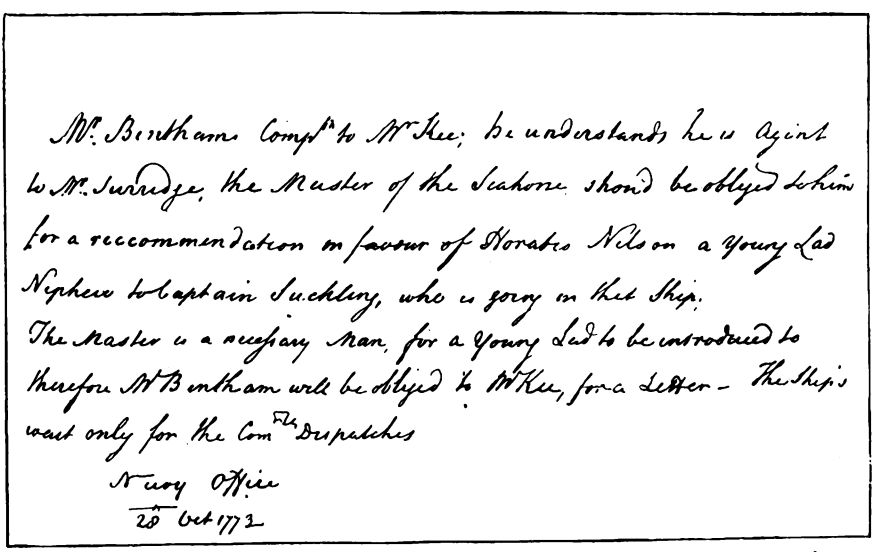
mechanism. "Deposits" of florins and shillings—contributions towards the rent, the doctor's bill, "club-money," &c.,—are frequently discovered, and in these cases without exception, strange to say, the fact of their being there *is* known to the owners of them!



A few of the "foreign" substances that get "attracted" into the meters.

That the meters can be put to uses other than those for which they are intended is also shown in the following happy idea. The proprietor of a private hotel at "Gaston," who possesses a billiard-room, determined to utilise a pre-payment meter as a means of obtaining subscriptions to his gas bill, which had been largely increased by the users of the balls and cues. A notice now appears in the billiard room to the effect that those players who use the billiard-table at night must keep the penny-in-the-slot meter provided with the necessary stimulus to its proper working. By this novel arrangement, the billiard-room is not only self-supporting in the matter of light, and the players free from the landlord's anxious references to his gas bill, but also actually affords a profit of about 20 per cent., which goes towards reducing the cost of lighting the rest of the hotel. *Verb. sap.*

THE "YOUNG LAD" NELSON.



Mr. Bentham Compts to Mr Kee; he understands he is Agint to Mr. Surridge, the Master of the Seahorse, should be obliged to him for a recommendation in favour of Horatio Nelson a Young Lad Nephew to Captain Suckling, who is going in that Ship. The Master is a necessary Man, for a Young Lad to be introduced to therefore Mr Bentham will be obliged to Mr Kee, for a Letter - The Ship's want only for the Comd Dispatches

Navy Office
26 Oct 1772

Facsimile of a note addressed to Mr. Kee, a Navy Agent, asking for a letter of introduction for the future hero of Trafalgar.

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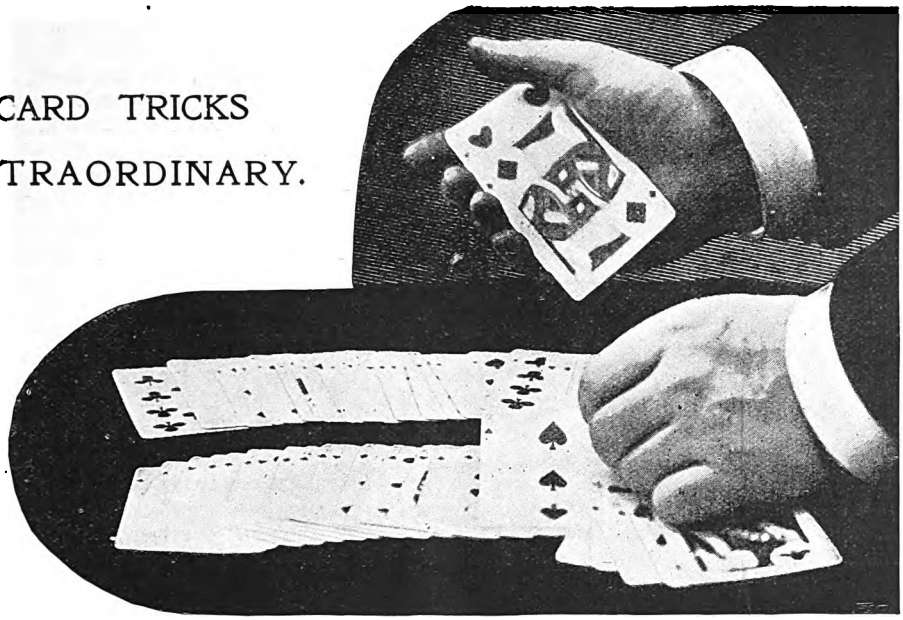
CARD TRICKS EXTRAORDINARY.



The best way to pick up the cards.

By Ellsworth Douglass.

Illustrated with Explanatory Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

I propose here to describe a family of thirteen tricks which I have worked out, and to explain the relation which exists between the various tricks, and the mysteriously simple formula which renders them possible. I am no professional conjurer or disciple of legerdemain, but I have privately performed these tricks in the drawing-rooms of friends all over America, in England, Mexico, Cuba, and France, and they have never failed to mystify, and have never been quite accurately guessed. Yet when you have learned their secret they are all very simple, and can be performed by anyone after half an hour of study and a few hours' practice.

The series of tricks depends upon a pre-arrangement of the pack, which, if the company at first suspects, it soon puts aside as untenable when it sees the cards apparently shuffled and successively cut dozens of times. Below is the secret key which unlocks all their mysteries. Memorise it thoroughly; make yourself so familiar with its words that they will instantly suggest to you the corresponding cards :—

EIGHT KINGS THREA-TENED TO SELL NINE FAIR LADIES FOR ONE SICK KNAVE.
8 king 3 10 2 7 9 5 queen 4 1 6 knave.

I found this formula of the magic thirteen in an old book on the black art long ago, and with it was given the sixth trick herein mentioned. The other tricks are my own invention, but are all based on this formula. Be able to begin in it anywhere and run through to the end. Most of the words are identical with the cards they stand for—"sick" is almost six, and "for" lacks but little of four. The least easy is "sell," which by its two first letters suggests seven; and "fair," which by its first letter and number of letters suggests five.

This formula helps you to remember the thirteen cards, for there are only four suits of the same thirteen cards in a pack. You must also remember that the suits follow each other uniformly in this order: Hearts, diamonds, spades, clubs. That is, the two reds first, and then the two blacks.

First get a pack of cards and spread them out on a table in two or three lines, faces up, and with all their indexes showing, as in the first photograph. This is only for convenience in finding the cards to arrange the pack. Pick them up, placing them one upon another in your hand as follows, bearing in mind your magic formula and the sequence of suits:

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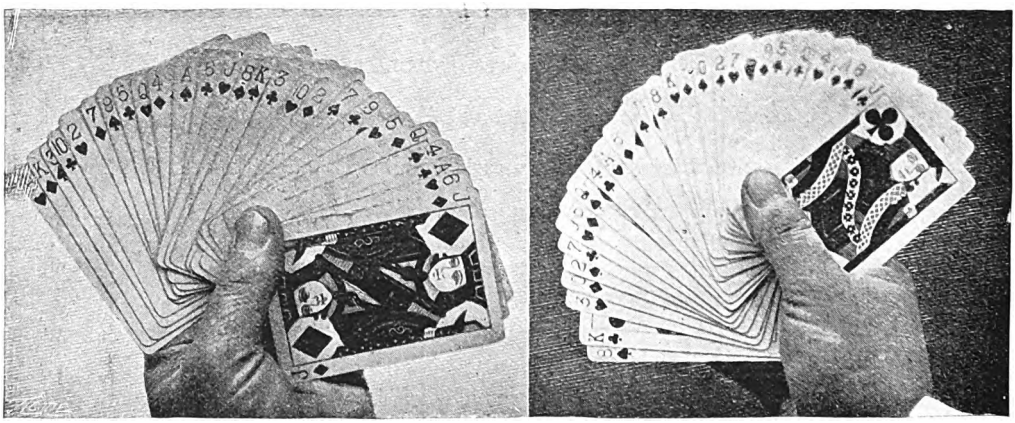
Eight of hearts, king of diamonds, three of spades, ten of clubs, two of hearts, seven of diamonds, nine of spades, five of clubs, queen of hearts, four of diamonds, ace of spades, six of clubs, and knave of hearts. This gives you an arrangement the same as the first thirteen cards held in the left hand in our second illustration. Continue to arrange the remainder of the pack as shown in these photographs, and then you will have organised the cards into a well-trained regiment which will obey your every command, provided you keep faith with it and merely cut, but never actually shuffle it. You may cut a hundred times and the cards still keep this order, a fact the public never suspects, and usually refuses to believe, even when it is explained.

For practice try telling the top card after a cut. Strike the top card of the lower portion with the part cut off, saying, "I can tell you what that card is." Meantime you have seen the bottom card of the part cut off. In our photograph it is the three of diamonds. Run through the formula mentally—eight kings threa-tened; this being the three, it is sure that a ten will follow it, and lie on top of the lower portion. A spade must follow a diamond; therefore you know it is the ten of spades. Look and see; if it is not so, you have not arranged the pack correctly, or you have inadvertently shuffled a little, instead of merely cutting. Practice this interpretation of the formula and suit-order after different cuttings, till you are quite apt at naming each successive card.

Now to perform the tricks. Of course, your pack has been prepared and tested in secret, and you will have placed it where it is usually kept, instead of having it in your pocket. When you bring it out, cultivate the habit of cutting it in your hands successively while you are talking. This allays suspicion of preliminary arrangement.

I.—TO SECURE ALL THE TRUMPS IN WHIST.

Ask a friend to cut you a trump for whist. Show it to all the company, taking noticeable care not to look at it yourself. As you need to see the bottom card for most of the other tricks, it is well to be scrupulous about it this time, and thus dispel suspicion. Explain that, since four play at whist, the dealer receives every fourth card. You must not actually deal, but count off from the top four cards, keeping them in the order that they were, and pushing them together like a trick in whist; you show the company the bottom or fourth card—it must be a trump. Put the four on the bottom of the pack, and count off the top another four in the same way, and every fourth card must be a trump, because every fourth card is the same suit as the bottom card. This trick does itself, quite independent of your efforts, and if a new trump is cut, still every fourth card down from the top will be one of the new trumps, which cannot fail to puzzle the oldest whist player. Pass quickly from one trick to another, to forestall speculation as to how they are done.



The order in which the pack should be arranged, reading from left to right to left.

II.—TO GIVE EACH OF YOUR OPPONENTS AT POKER FOUR OF A KIND, AND YET RESERVE FOUR ACES FOR YOURSELF.

It is well to say you learned this in America, and it is the only thing you ever learned about poker which did not cost you dearly.

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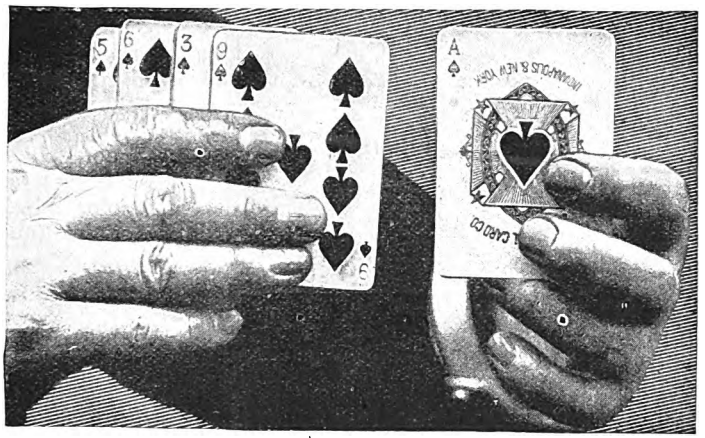
Cut the pack successively until you see an eight or a king come at the bottom. Then look through the middle of the pack, by running the index edges quickly under your thumb until you find the same card (which must be exactly in the middle); then half way from the bottom to the middle you find the same card again, and likewise the fourth halfway from the top to the middle. The pack is now divided exactly into four quarters with an eight on the bottom of each. You show the four eights, and say that anybody could hunt up four eights, but it is rather strange that next under the eights will be found four knaves. To show these, take the bottom eight and place it on the top of the pack and push down each other eight in the place where it is. Treat the knaves in the same way and you reveal four sixes next below. In like manner after the sixes will be found the four aces which you have reserved for yourself. The illustration shows the aces just below the sixes. If you began with kings instead of eights the aces would come one hand farther on, but they will always be after the sixes, because of the formula "one sick knave."



Dealing thirteen trumps to yourself at whist.

Two most excellent poker hands.

If you have correctly handled the cards, putting the bottom one on top each time and pushing the others down in their places in the pack, instead of taking them out and misplacing them, you can proceed with the next tricks without any re-arrangement.

III.—AFTER CUTTING, TO NAME THE TENTH, TWELFTH, TWENTIETH OR ANY OTHER CARD, SIMPLY BY LOOKING AT THE EDGE OF THE PACK.

Cut several times, catching sight of the bottom card after the last cut. Grasp the pack firmly in one hand and offer to name any card mentioned by the company. If the sixth is demanded, you mentally go through the formula, beginning with the card on the bottom, till you come to the sixth beyond. Suppose the knave of spades is on the bottom; that being the end of the formula, you begin it anew with the top card—Eight kings threatened to sell, the sixth card is a seven. Now to find its suit you must remember that every fourth card is the same suit as the one on the bottom, which was spades. Then the fifth will be clubs, and the sixth hearts; therefore the sixth card is the seven of hearts. To prove it, you count aloud down to the sixth, and exhibit it.

Should a deeper card be demanded, it is easier to go by the thirteens, since every thirteenth must always be the same as the bottom card, only one, two or three suits advanced, depending on whether it is the thirteenth, twenty-sixth, or thirty-ninth. Thus, if the bottom card is the knave of spades, the thirteenth from the top will be knave of clubs, the twenty-sixth will be the knave of hearts, and the thirty-ninth will be the knave of diamonds. Now if the fifteenth is demanded, you count on two from the thirteenth (knave of clubs) which gives you the king of

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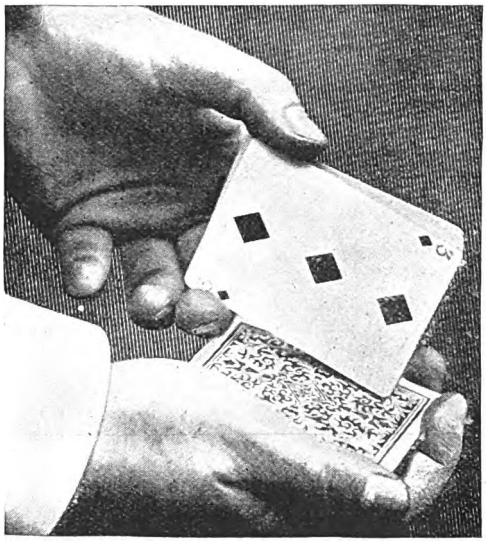


After cutting, to name the tenth, twelfth, or any card.

diamonds. If the twenty-fifth is asked for, you know it is the one before the knave of hearts, therefore the six of clubs. If the fortieth is asked, it is one beyond the thirty-ninth (knave of diamonds), therefore the eight of spades. This trick affords good practice to learn the formula. It is all the more mystifying, as you do not even see or feel the card you are asked to name.

IV.—TO NAME, INSTANTLY, ANY CARD DRAWN WITHOUT HAVING IT RETURNED TO THE PACK.

Though this is very simple, it beats all other card-drawing tricks. Offer the pack to have a card drawn. If you know how to force a card, appear to be trying to do that, to throw the company off its guard. No matter where the card is chosen, you must quickly cut the pack at that point, which brings the card just before the one taken, to the bottom. You simply lift the part of the pack above the card drawn and place it below the other part, catching sight of the card then on the bottom. The card drawn will follow it in the formula. If the eight of hearts is on the bottom you shout out king of diamonds, before the drawer has had a chance to look at the card himself. Return it to the bottom or top of the pack (never to the middle), and offer to be drawn again.

V.—TO CUT THE PACK EXACTLY IN HALVES AND QUARTERS.

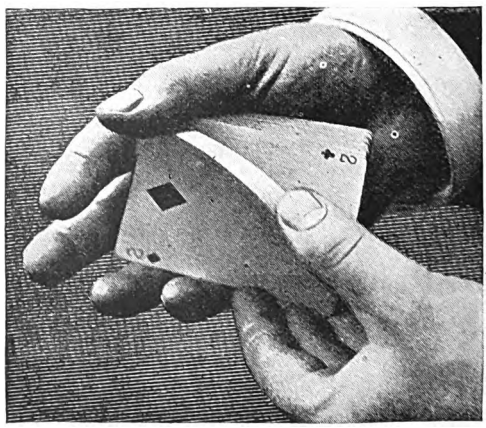
Note the card on the bottom. Suppose it to be the deuce of diamonds. Look hastily through the indexes in the middle till you find a deuce there, in the manner shown in the illustration. Cut there with a deuce on the bottom of each portion, and you will have just twenty-six cards in each hand. Cut these portions of the pack where another deuce occurs, and you will have thirteen cards in each lot. Replace these quarters in their original order, and you are ready for the next trick.

VI.—TO TELL OFF ANY NUMBER OF CARDS FROM THE TOP DOWNWARD, THOUGH BLINDFOLDED.

After numerous cuttings, see and remember the bottom card. Then shut your eyes and be blindfolded. Suppose the bottom card was the three of clubs; the top card always follows the bottom card in the formula, therefore it will be a ten, and the sequence of suits indicates hearts. Name the ten of hearts, and then show it. The others will simply follow the formula—deuce of diamonds, seven of spades, nine of clubs, five of hearts, and so on. You may vary the trick by saying you will call off the next five at once, if someone will write them down.

VII.—TO TELL BY WEIGHT THE EXACT NUMBER OF CARDS CUT OFF THE PACK.

Cut plentifully, see the bottom card, and ask someone to favour you by cutting any number off the top. Take the cards cut off in the palm of your right hand, face up, and with the tips of all your fingers showing around them. You must be able to judge whether you have nearer thirteen, twenty-six,



Dividing the pack into two halves or four quarters.

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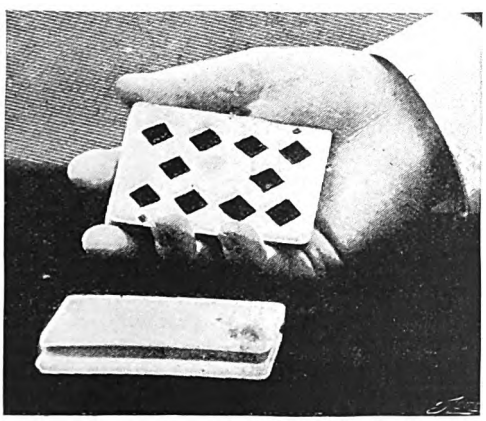
or thirty-nine cards in your hand. Suppose the knave of hearts was on the bottom, and the card you are now looking at is the ten of diamonds. The thirteenth card will be the knave again, so you count on your finger-tips, as you run the formula over in your mind, from knave to ten, thus—eight kings threatened. The ten you are looking at comes four cards after the knave, which was thirteenth. Four plus thirteen gives seventeen as the number of cards you have in your hand. After appearing to weigh them carefully, you announce seventeen cards, and count through to prove you are right. In counting always keep the cards in the order they were, taking care not to slip one over the other.

Suppose a deeper cut was made, giving you palpably more than half the pack in your hand, and less than three-quarters. The deuce of clubs being the last of the cards cut off, you have two thirteens and a few more, the exact number of which you determine by counting round your finger-tips mentally from the knave on the bottom to the deuce, thus—eight kings threa-tened to. The two comes five cards beyond the twenty-sixth, and you therefore have thirty-one cards in your hand. If only a few cards are cut off, and you have the ace of clubs as the last one, you will know that the ace comes two cards before the knave, and therefore you have two less than thirteen, or eleven cards. Test the pack by these examples; then a little practice will enable you to tell the exact number of cards you have by adding to or subtracting from the thirteens. Of course, you will pretend to weigh the cards in your hand while you are mentally counting your finger-tips.



To tell by weight the number of cards cut off the top.

The method of doing a false shuffle.

VIII.—TO FIND ANY CARD CALLED FOR BY COUNTING BLINDFOLDED THROUGH THE PACK.

This is the king of card tricks. It may seem wonderful to tell the whole fifty-two cards one after the other; but if you can quickly find any card called for by the company, though blindfolded, you have reached the acme of skill in handling the magic thirteen.

Before proceeding with this, it is well to pretend to shuffle. There is an easy false shuffle, which will pass in most companies for a genuine mixing of the cards, though in reality only a succession of cuts. Take a large part of the cards from the bottom and drop some of them on the other side of the pack. But, as shown in the illustration, drop from the rear portion of the cards held in hand, instead of from the front portion, as is usually done in the ordinary shuffle. Then drop some on the bottom of the pack from the upper part of those held in your hand; afterwards drop what you have left on the top of the pack. This operation requires practice to keep from dropping cards from the middle of those you hold. They must always be dropped from the lower side when they fall on the top of the pack, and from the upper side when they fall on the bottom. When you have learned this with precision, you can do it several times between each trick. Having finished, you catch a furtive glimpse of the bottom card and remember it; then don the blindfold. Suppose the company asks you to find the ace of diamonds, the five of diamonds having been on the bottom. Run through

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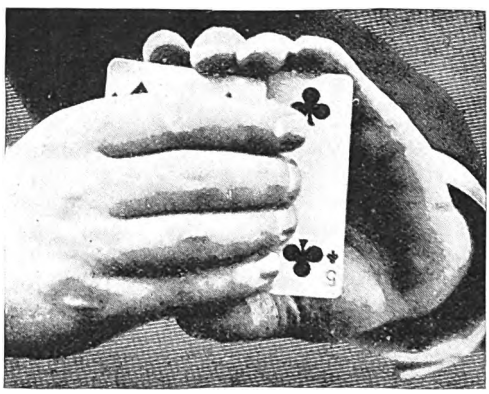
your formula, passing by one card for each word of it until you come to an ace, remembering that every fourth card will be the same suit as the bottom card (diamonds).

The top card is a queen, next will be four; there is an ace the third card. As the fourth card will be a diamond, the third card must be a heart; therefore you have the ace of hearts. Take it off with all the cards above it, and put them on the bottom; then count down to the thirteenth card, which must be ace of diamonds desired. The ace of spades would be the twenty-sixth card, and the ace of clubs the thirty-ninth.

Suppose with the five of diamonds on the bottom, you were asked to find the seven of spades. Run through the formula from "fair," which stands for five, passing a card for each word of it—"ladies for one sick knave eight kings threa-tened to sell." Stop with that card, as it is a seven, while every fourth card (the "sick" and the "threa-") has been diamond. This is the third card from "threa-", and must be a heart, for it comes just before a diamond. Cut off this card, with all above it, and, counting down to the next seven (thirteenth card), it will be a diamond, and the following seven (twenty-sixth card) will be the seven of spades desired. No other trick shows such a mastery of the entire pack as this one, but considerable practice is required.



Preparing the pack so that the top card may turn face uppermost.

IX.—TO MAKE A CARD LEAP FROM THE PACK WHEN FALLING, AND LIE FACE UPWARD.

Do not try this until you have almost finished your tricks, as it is likely to result in a disarrangement of the pack. Cut, and see the bottom card. Suppose it is the nine of spades; then the top card will be the five of clubs. Hold one hand over the top of the pack, and with the thumb of the other push the top card only, about one inch beyond the edge of the pack, as shown in the illustration. Now fling the pack flat upon a table, covered with a cloth to prevent bouncing, from a height of about eighteen inches, and with a little more force than its falling velocity. The resistance of the air will hold back the top card, and make it turn over and land face up on top of the pack. As the company does not know that it was on top, it appears to have leaped from the pack in its fall, in obedience to your command. If the cards scatter a little in a rebound from the table, you can usually pick them up again in their original order. If not, your tricks are at an end.

X.—AFTER A CUT TO DEAL FIVE CARDS AND INSTANTLY NAME THEM.

This is a neat but simple variation of telling the cards from the top down. Cut and see the bottom card, and quickly deal five from the top. If the king of spades was on the bottom the formula suggests three of clubs, ten of hearts, deuce of diamonds, seven of spades and nine of clubs as the first five. Show each card after naming it, and put them back on the top in the same order they were; cut and try it again.

XI.—TO FIND BIG AND LITTLE CASINO AND THE FOUR ACES.

Run through the pack face down, until from the bottom card you have traced the big casino (ten of diamonds) and have it on top. Push it up a little, and also the one next under it, which is always the little casino (deuce of spades). Now run through the pack, passing a card for each word of the formula until you find an ace; thirteen, twenty-six and thirty-nine cards further on the other three aces will lie.

XII.—TO NAME THE NEIGHBOURS OF ANY CARD.

Now propose to hide the cards altogether. Not behind you, where you might proceed to arrange them with your hands, but in your inside coat pocket. Now propose to tell the cards which lie next above and below the king of hearts in that pack. Someone may object that you may have seen his neighbours just now; so you say that you can tell the cards which lie next above and below any card

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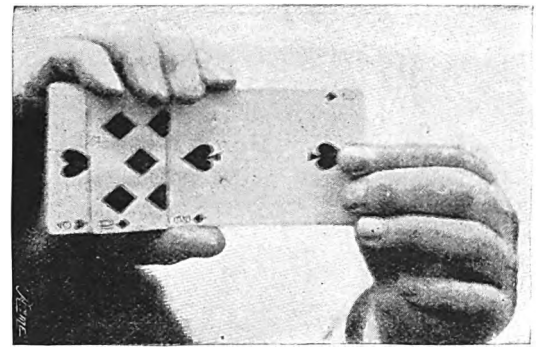
which may be mentioned by the company. If the ace of spades is named, you know by the formula that the four of diamonds is above and the six of clubs below it. After so stating, take out the cards (seeing the one on the bottom) and count through from the top till you come to the ace of spades. Lift it with the one before and after it to prove that you are right.

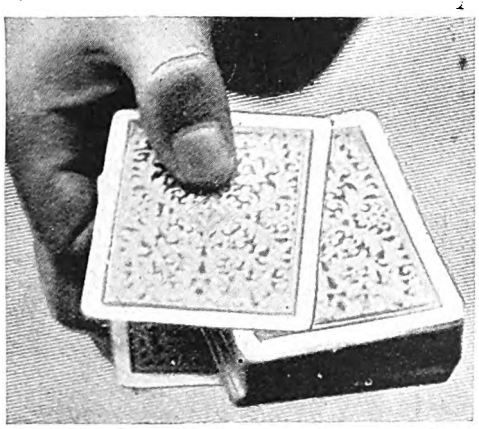


The best method of showing the pack for people to choose a card.

XIII.—TO FIND IN YOUR POCKET THE TWO CARDS WHICH THE COMPANY HAS NOTED IN THE PACK.

You introduce this as follows:—

"I will now show you a trick which proves conclusively that all these things are accomplished by mesmerism. I will make you think you see cards which you do not see at all! I simply face the bottom of the pack toward you, like this. I run the cards over from the bottom to the top; you can see each one clearly and unmistakably, while I cannot see them at all. Now, if anyone is here who thinks himself particularly hard to mesmerise, will he please make a mental note of any two consecutive cards. Remember which came first and which followed. Now, to be perfectly sure of yourself, jot down privately the two cards in the order that you saw them, so that you can prove afterwards to the company that I did not force you to forget or change your mind. With my eyes fixed upon you I cut and shuffle a little, merely to give time for my will to dominate yours. Now, please tell me merely the second card which you thought you saw? You say it was the ten of diamonds? That is, you think it was. As a matter of fact, I believe the ten of diamonds has remained quietly in my coat pocket since the last trick! I have willed you to think you saw the deuce of spades first and the ten of diamonds second. But these cards are not in the pack! I fling it down and feel in my pocket, and find those very cards. Let me see your memorandum, please. Let the company see that those were the same two you noted down. Evidently, you must have been mesmerised, and you wrote down the names of the two cards which I had purposely left in my pocket!



Method of holding the pack when it is desired to throw it down but retain two cards.

Much of the success of this trick depends on its hypnotic setting. Of course when the first card has been named to you, the second is revealed by the formula. Run through the pack until you have the first card which has been named to you, *i.e.*, the ten of diamonds, on the bottom, and it follows that their second card, the deuce of spades, will be on the top. Whilst you are stating that the person who thought he saw the ten of diamonds and the deuce of spades is mistaken, as they are not in the pack but have remained in your pocket since the last trick, you fling the pack quickly to the table, holding the cards rather tightly, and allowing all between the top and bottom ones to slip out, as shown in the illustration. At the same moment you quickly carry your hand, with the two cards in it, to your inner coat pocket, where the pack has recently been. You then apparently draw from this pocket the two cards which have been noted. This requires a little practice, but when done quickly with a frock coat on, it creates astonishment. The cards used should be comparatively new, so that they will slip easily.

These are the thirteen tricks of the Magic Thirteen, which, if carefully performed, will absolutely defy detection. They ought to afford an hour's entertainment in any drawing-room, and will well repay you the trouble of learning them.

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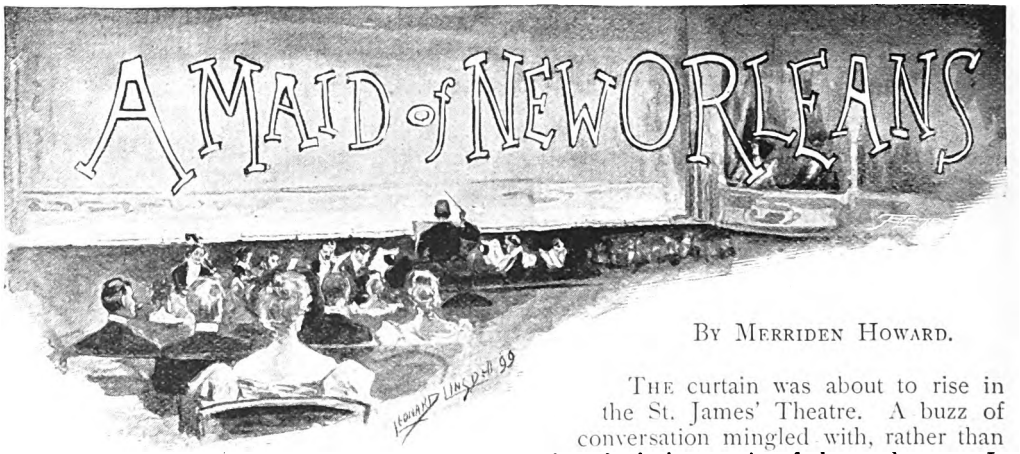

By Merriden Howard.

The curtain was about to rise in the St. James' Theatre. A buzz of conversation mingled with, rather than disturbed, the music of the orchestra. It was a fashionable audience, and there was something impressive in this massing of splendour, beauty, and wealth. Particularly noticeable this, to me, because I was there to look around, to make comments, to amuse myself by means of these people. I doubt whether anyone has stauncher friends than I have; probably because I see little of them. By desire the most sociable of persons, I chance by disposition to be retiring. Consequently, I experience times of dreadful loneliness; when I could cry for weariness of my own thoughts. This was one of those evenings, when I sweepingly envied everybody who had anyone *with* them.

After leaving my office I had gone for a lonely walk to fill up the time till I could dine. I had dined by myself, ordering a good dinner to improve my spirits, but not having the appetite to eat it. Finally, I had turned into the St. James' to try to throw off a feeling of moroseness, which was becoming nauseating.

Sitting in the theatre waiting for the curtain to rise, I even asked myself why I did not marry as other people did. It was a question which occurred to me during these moments of loneliness. Whereupon, very properly, my mind was diverted into a fresh channel by the entrance of a party of four people. There was an old gentleman of extremely refined and haughty bearing, with a consort who, if she was a little more haughty, was certainly less refined, and a young couple. These sitting next to me I became interested in at once. They were both extremely handsome, particularly the girl, for the man wore an air of combined boredom and dissipation, which considerably detracted from his good looks. The girl, on the other hand, was in the full bloom of youth and beauty. She was tall and slim, with a superb carriage, which made her look taller than her companion, although in actual measurement she must have been a good deal shorter. Her hair was very black and rather wayward; her eyes, too, were black and so large and lustrous that with her very white face they gave her the appearance of a Spanish beauty. Her peculiarly vivacious manner, however, and one or two sentences which I happened to overhear told me that she was an American. The mere propinquity of a pretty and refined woman always has an enlivening effect upon me, and so it was on this occasion. As she sat next to me, I had only the one glimpse of her face until between the first and second acts she turned partly in her seat and took a sweeping glance round the theatre. In turning she caught my eyes, and, though she looked away quickly, she flashed back again for one brief instant in a curious way that made my own lashes drop.

Then she turned to her companion.

"The poor devils in the gallery," she said.

I noticed a sort of tremour in the old gentleman who was three seats away from me. The younger man looked up casually. "Oh, I don't know," he said in his drawling way. "They are crowded, hot, can't see, can't hear, but probably like it better; the upper circles are more sociable than the upper classes. Sociability is everything," and with this he almost turned his back on his fair companion.

I observed a soft rose-bloom suddenly creep for one instant into her cheek, and happening at that moment to catch the direction of her gaze I became aware that Viola

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Christian, the actress, was sitting in the manager's box. She was smiling in our direction; not at me certainly; not at the old couple—they were looking demurely at the pattern on the curtain. Equally certain she was not smiling at my next door neighbour, who, in her turn, was not exactly smiling towards the box. The only one of our party (if I may speak in this way with reference to strangers) who was smiling, it seemed to me, was the man with the dreary eyes, the dissipated mouth, the dismal drawl.

It was nothing to do with me, of course. But on account of my lonely mood, on account, too, of my next-door neighbour's pretty face, I felt annoyance that I who would have given a great deal to speak even a few words with her could not, while the man who could and ought to was turning his back upon her.

I am aware it matters little to any one what I thought or felt. But I mention these facts because the little scene I witnessed helps to explain the extraordinary events which followed.

The curtain dropped on the final scene. There was a movement among the audience. The girl next to me gathered her wraps together, and looked towards her escort. He was struggling into his coat and was absorbed in making gestures in the direction of the manager's box. She shrugged her shoulders and she smiled a little disdainfully. I offered my services very humbly — hardly audibly. She accepted them gracefully but coldly, and I hoped I had not seemed presumptuous. I hoped this very much indeed, as we all went out single file into the entrance hall. The old gentleman, who was refined and haughty, and his consort, who was less refined but even more haughty, grew a little bit flurried in the crush at the entrance.

"Here is our carriage, my dear," cried the old gentleman. "Come along. For goodness sake, come along. We can't keep everyone waiting. Lord Arthur can take Beatrice in his brougham."

He shouted to me over his shoulder.

"You'll take Beatrice, won't you?"

In the throng I had changed places with the young couple. Now when I turned I discovered the girl some way behind, and Lord Arthur (I am only calling him by the name the haughty old gentleman gave him) was branching off in another direction to shake hands with Viola Christian. He whispered something to her; she laughed and nodded. I perceived she was taking his arm, and noticed that she followed him through the crowd. As they passed me I heard him say to her:

"Thank heaven, I have shaken off these people. They will think I have mistaken the place where we had agreed to have supper, or they may think what they like. Come along."

He swept a way for himself through the crowd, sending call boys flying for his carriage. It appeared instantly, and, ushering Miss Christian in, he followed her and slammed the door. I alone knew that he had never heard the haughty old gentleman's message, and taking the only course that was open to me I sprang towards the carriage and laid my hand on the open window.

I offered my services.

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All the thanks I got was a rap over the knuckles.

"No, no," he called out sharply. "I can't listen to you now. Get away there, you fool." The next instant the carriage was out of sight.

I turned round and saw Beatrice (if I heard the name aright) standing lonesomely near the entrance which was now rapidly being emptied. She was looking round in all directions; certainly she had not seen the old couple depart; it was possible even that she might not have suspected Lord Arthur's desertion.

So she waited there evidently wondering what had become of them. I watched her wonder, and did a little wondering on my own account. When she found they were gone she would have to call a cab; and already all the boys had run off and all the cabs in the immediate vicinity had melted away. I should then be able to make myself useful.

I waited on the bottom step of the theatre. The attendants were beginning to close the doors. Beatrice came out on to the top step. She was frowning now and stamping her foot impatiently.

I heard her coming down the steps.

I turned my face in the opposite direction because there was enough timidity in my disposition to make me feel hesitation in going up to her and explaining a great deal of which it was presumptuous of me to have any knowledge.

Then I heard her coming down the steps.

"Oh, excuse me," she said, "but have you seen the people I was with? We sat next to you I think, and I haven't the remotest idea what has become of them."

There was something very nice about her address. Speaking to me, an absolute stranger, her look was rather haughty and her voice reserved; at the same time, she spoke frankly, as much as to say, "You see what a hole it puts me into."

I own to nervousness when I raised my hat and turned in her direction.

"I noticed a little misunderstanding, I said, and it was really on that account that I waited here. Your party consisted of three beside yourself I believe. Well, the elderly gentleman in going to his carriage called out directions over his shoulder that were evidently intended for your escort; instead of which *I* received them."

"May I ask what those directions were," she said coldly.

"To drive you home," I answered.

"I see," she said, "Well, where *is* he?"

"Well, apparently. . . . ," I began.

"Yes, yes," she cried, impatiently.

"Apparently," I said, "he is driving someone else home."

She stared at me for a moment as if she could only believe that her ears had deceived her. And then she smiled a little in a way which made it quite impossible for me to read what was in her mind.

"A stupid mistake," she said. "In other words I am left here without an escort. And here I suppose I shall have to remain until they find out their loss, and come to look for me."

"You will find it rather cold, waiting," I said, glancing at the closed doors of the theatre. "If you will permit me—"

"If I will permit you?" she repeated inquiringly.

I changed the drift of my sentence slightly.

"I will call a cab," I said.

She shook her head. While I had been speaking she had been scanning my face. I suppose she had made up her mind that I was not the man to take advantage of her

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position, because her reserve suddenly disappeared, and she laughed a little softly.

"It's no use calling a cab," she said. "You see I haven't the faintest idea where to drive to. I must tell you how it is. Momma and I have been on the Continent, and in Paris we met the friends with whom I went to the theatre to-night. They asked us to come over to London for a week or two, and as momma could not leave I came by myself. We stopped last night at the Savoy, while the servants went home with the luggage, and we were to have gone to their place to-night after the play. I don't know where their place is. It's somewhere near here. That's all I know; but it might as well be at the other end of the world for all the chance I have of finding it. Now you see?"

I was staggered for a moment with the immensity of the calamity. Then the idea of driving to some hotel and consulting a directory occurred to me.

"I have got just enough head to have thought of that," she said, with another of those smiles. "Oh yes, I have thought of everything. They live in a flat somewhere, and their name isn't in the directory."

"Then," I said, "there is nothing for it but to wait here until they come back to look for you."

It had been her suggestion originally, but, woman-like, she had changed her mind.

"Do you suggest that I should sit here, on the edge of this step, in this biting cold for two hours?" she enquired. "Say now, do you really suggest that?"

"I could suggest better things," I said. "For instance, we might go to the Prince's Restaurant and have supper. We may find your friends there; if we don't we can go back to the theatre in an hour's time. They are not likely to be there before then."

"That's not a bad idea," she cried, with a distinct note of approval. "Of course it's not the right thing to do; but neither is it right for a girl of my age——"

"And attractions," I suggested.

She frowned imperiously.

"For any one of my age," she continued, to spend the night sitting on a doorstep in a side street off St. James's. But I hate to inflict myself on you."

"Oh, as for that," said I, "I'm terribly distressed at your position; but it's rather fun for me. Suppose for a moment that you were a bachelor, and suppose you had a pretty girl——"

"Pretty girl's and fiddlesticks," she said. "Let's get something to eat. I'm dying of hunger. Say, you don't know Mr. and Mrs. Dedlock or you wouldn't call this fun."

"It's their fault," I said. "Or, rather, the other man's fault——"

"We wont refer to that, I think," she remarked, with a sweep back to her old hauteur. "I enjoy riding in hansoms," she added as we hailed a passing cab, and climbed in. "I am not allowed to ride in hansoms at home—with a man."

Her friends were not at the Prince's, but we had rather an amusing supper notwithstanding.

Afterwards we drove back to the theatre. The street was absolutely deserted, and a fine rain was falling. We sat in the cab for half an hour waiting. As time went by and there was no sign of any search party from the Dedlocks, the adventure grew less amusing. Big Ben had already struck one, and the responsibilities of my position began to assume immense proportions. Beatrice (I prefer to call her that for short, although we had by now discovered one another's names) lived, she told me, in New Orleans, U.S.A.; her mother was in Paris, her friends were in London, she did not know where and I knew still less, and the question remained what was I to do with her? I felt that something must be done soon not only on her account. I daresay I am more susceptible than other men; anyway, I found myself coming strangely under her influence. It was ridiculous, of course, to fall in love within three hours, still more preposterous to have this sort of thing coming on in a hansom cab.

"The best thing I can suggest," I said, squeezing her hand by way of sympathy, "is that we should drive to Scotland Yard. . . ."

"And deposit me there like any other piece of lost property," she inquired with some indignation.

"Leave your name and address there, and then I think the wisest plan would be for you to go back to the Savoy Hotel. Inquiries are sure to be made at Scotland Yard, and they can direct anyone who comes there to go on to the hotel. . . ."

"And if they don't come I am to go to bed in these clothes, I suppose," she exclaimed disdainfully, "and breakfast in them to-morrow, and—oh, you are just like an Englishman," she ended, energetically.

The cabman had slyly opened his peep-hole, and was peering down on us. I have no doubt our proceedings were puzzling him. They were puzzling me.

"I had not thought of the clothes

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question," I admitted. "I see its importance now, but I had not thought of it. There are lots of my sister's things left at my rooms in Whitehall Court. Perhaps I might pack a trunk for you, and send it round to the hotel after I have driven you there."

"As if *you* would know what to put in," she said, ungratefully.

I admitted it would be better if she came and made her own selection.

She sat back in the cab, biting the tips of her gloves, and thinking. Both of us kept a sharp look-out for any sign of the Dedlock party, but there seemed no hope of salvation in that direction.

"All right," said Beatrice, at last.

She put up the trap door herself, and said "Scotland Yard."

We did not speak much during the drive there, and she was equally silent on the way to Whitehall Court.

There was a bright fire burning in my rooms, which she rushed to gratefully, taking off her long gloves and warming her hands over the flames.

"What a pretty room," she cried, glancing round over her shoulder. "And sandwiches. Did we really have supper? I'm dying of hunger."

I moved the table with the sandwiches and wine near the fire, and then proceeded to unearth one of my sister's trunks, which she had left behind. I also emptied the contents of a great many drawers and wardrobes on to the sofa.

My sister has some taste in the matter of clothes, I believe. At all events Beatrice did not express any dissatisfaction. She settled herself comfortably on the floor and gave me instructions what to bring her. I could not help thinking how graceful and pretty she looked. The firelight playing on her face gave it a warm colouring that was very becoming. I think, although it may be treasonable to say so, that she was rather enjoying the adventure. But now and then she knitted her pretty brows together and told me to be quicker.

"It's dreadfully, dreadfully late," she said. "I don't know what they will think of me at the hotel. I feel so ridiculous. It's not very complimentary to a girl to lose her, is it? I believe you are being slow on purpose."

"Positively I have never exerted myself so furiously," I said, sitting on the sofa in order to fold up a garment that had come unwound. "What I so much admire is the philosophic way in which you look at the matter. You say to yourself you are lost and you may or may not be found. It is quite possible that you won't be found. In the meanwhile you look after yourself. You say to yourself it can't be helped, so you help yourself——"

"To your clothes," she said, sitting back on her heels and laughing.

I glanced at the garment in my hand and shook my head. But she snatched it from me and packed it away.

"It's a queer business," she said shaking her pretty head. "It looks like an elopement."

"I don't know *what* it looks like," I said.

"You needn't be unpleasant," she said. "Oh, hurry, please hurry."

We were engaged in this way, when she suddenly slammed down the lid of the trunk, and sprang to her feet.

I went to her side in amazement.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said, "only—only your blinds aren't drawn and—"

"I never trouble to draw them," I answered, "but, of course—"

It was not until I was very near the window that I noticed what had startled her. Someone was standing at a window on the opposite side of the court, and watching us through a pair of binoculars.

"Well of all the—oh, I say, come here. That's your friend, Mr. Dedlock. Well, of all the extraordinary coincidences. I say that's one of the most wonderful bits of luck—"

I drew the curtain with a crash.

"After all I don't know though," I said.

We stood facing one another. Beatrice pointed to the trunk and the scattered clothes, and to the sandwiches on the table.

"It's dreadfully compromising," she said.

"It's devilish awkward. We've found 'em. That's a good thing. But—"

My eyes wandered again to the trunk and the clothes.

"They'll have to take our explanation," I observed. But there was no confidence in the way I said it.

Beatrice ran to the window and drew back the curtains. There were two people there now. I recognised Mrs. Dedlock. Judging from appearances there was a spirit of unrest troubling them.

Beatrice kissed both hands to them jauntily.

"Perhaps this will be a lesson to them," she said, "I don't propose to be left behind at theatres like an old umbrella."

"There is such a thing as being accused of stealing umbrellas," I observed moodily.

"Don't be a coward. I'll make it all

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right for *you*. Honest Injun' I will. Why you've been the finest thing in the world. May I open the window? Hullo, Mr. Dedlock, I'm waiting for you here. Room 33 in the East wing of the building. Will you send for me? I'm dreadfully glad to see you again."

"You needn't say so," I said.

"Oh, but I am," she remarked, turning to me. "But I'm real grateful to you. . . . He's coming I think."

"I'm afraid there will be trouble," I observed, lighting a cigarette.

"There's certain to be," she answered calmly. "I'm going to make trouble. You leave it to me."

We drew together over the fire. There was something regal in the poise of that beautiful head, in the perfect lines of her neck and shoulders. What a figure she had and how proud she looked standing there half amused, half annoyed, at the thought of the scene which must follow. The trunk still remained in the centre of the room, and we neither of us thought of removing the little table with the wine on it, which was indiscreet.

"I can't get over the fact of your friends actually living in this building," I said. "It's one of those extraordinary coincidences. If my sister had been here you might have lived under the same roof for a week without discovering them. You might have lived here for ever——"

"Oh, might I?" she said, helping herself to another sandwich. "I don't quite see——"

"I suppose the idea *is* ridiculous," I said.

She looked me full in the face and laughed.

"Nothing could be very ridiculous after this escapade," she said clasping her hands behind her. "I hope you will tell them how well I have behaved."

"Your behaviour has been exemplary," I admitted.

"We have been wonders, *I* think," she said. "It's a pity you felt your responsibilities *quite* so much," she added, glancing at me sideways, and giving one of the smouldering logs a push with her dainty satin shoe.

There was a bright fire burning in my room, which she rushed to gratefully.

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I asked why.

"Oh, you *are* dull," she said.

"I don't feel it so much now that Mr. Dedlock's on his way round," I remarked, with a glance over my shoulder towards the door.

I spoke a little unsteadily, but my heart was beating fast.

She moved away from the fire and seated herself on the sofa.

I went up behind her and seeing it lying idle I took one of her hands in mine. She was looking at the fire and did not notice it.

"Perhaps we may never come across one another again," I said, playing with her rings.

"It's more than likely," she answered, with a pretty gesture of her fair shoulders.

She withdrew her hand from mine abstractedly, and rested it on the arm of the sofa. It was such an abstracted movement that I ventured to capture it again.

"I guess," she said, "that the Dedlocks will hustle me back to France. They are not much of hustlers, *generally*," she remarked, showing her pretty teeth, "but I'm afraid this will look like a case for momma."

"I wish it did," I said.

I had taken her other hand. Her lips looked very red set in that white, white face, and those roguish black eyes challenged me to I dare not think what flights of hope and—

"I am disappointed in you," she cried, jumping up from the sofa with an offended air. "Yes, I am. Very, very disappointed. I thought you were such a good chaperon."

"I can't help it," I said. "Even the chaperon will turn when it's not trod upon."

She had quitted me altogether, and had gone over to the hearth rug, where she stood with her back turned, beating the carpet with her foot.

"You don't hate me more than I hate myself," I said, going after her. "Come back to the sofa, please, come back."

"Not I," she said. "I'm up to *your* fine antics, Mr. Chaperon. I didn't think you would behave like that. I'm very angry."

She wouldn't look at me even, and so I went up to her and got in front of her.

"I don't believe you are angry at all," I said, "It's no good your turning away and frowning. Mr. Dedlock will be here in a minute and . . ."

"Well promise you will never do a thing like that again," she said. "Promise faithfully. I don't *want* to quarrel with you."

I don't believe she did want to very much. At least I thought it was good enough to run the risk, and I don't say there might not have been a quarrel again. But at the moment the door opened, and Mr. Dedlock came into the room. Either because he had been hurrying or because he was really astonished, he was out of breath.

"What the devil is the meaning of this," he panted, entering the room by a few feet. "Beatrice, my dear girl! Am I to believe the evidence of my senses, sir?"

His manner was not very polite, and because of the anxiety I had had on his account I was somewhat annoyed at his abruptness.

"Even the lateness of the hour, sir," I said, "would hardly be an excuse for your not doing so."

He advanced two or three steps.

"I don't want excuses, sir. I want explanations. Can it be possible," he continued, apostrophising himself, "in London, at the end of the nineteenth century, that a girl should be actually absconded from her proper guardians in a fashionable theatre! Snatched away. Spirited from them. Carried off. You were packing, I think," he continued, turning to Beatrice. He put out an angry finger, and stood pointing to the offending trunk. "What is the meaning of it all?"

"You will pardon me, my dear Mr. Dedlock," said Miss Beatrice, in the calmest manner, "but have you met Sir James Dorton?—Sir James, my friend Mr. Dedlock."

The old boy bowed most distantly.

"I don't want to know him," he said. "I want to know the meaning of this—this—this elopement. 'Pon my word, the most outrageous affair! Am I not to have an explanation? Am I to stand here as if it was not four o'clock in the morning——?"

"I am afraid I can hardly put the clock back, Mr. Dedlock," I observed, "but if I may offer you a chair——"

The old boy's dignity seemed eaten up with his anger. He stamped on the carpet as if the pattern was a fire which he was trying to extinguish.

"Sit down, sir? Certainly not. Insulting, sir. Insulting. Beatrice, I am waiting for explanation. You have caused myself and Mrs. Dedlock the gravest anxiety. And as for Lord Arthur; leaving him in the lurch in that manner. Beatrice, my child," his voice wavered a little, "think of your mother."

"I am thinking of momma," said Miss Beatrice. "She must never hear of this."

"Indeed," said the old boy. "Indeed. On the contrary, she shall be told everything. Everything, madam. I will take care that

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you have the opportunity of telling her yourself. At once! To-morrow."

"It would never do to tell her the whole truth," observed Beatrice, seating herself on the trunk. "Poor momma, what would she think?"

"She shall hear the whole truth," said the old boy, banging his hands together. "Not a word shall be modified. I am glad you have some feeling. Glad, very glad. A little spark of lady-like feeling. An elopement! Under my very eyes. Oh, these American girls."

He appealed to the ceiling, but the ceiling was an old friend of mine, and on our side.

"But surely, my dear Mr. Dedlock," said Miss Beatrice, arranging the folds of her gown, "you will have some consideration for momma. You won't tell her that I was deserted. Left quite alone in the London streets. Without an escort—without *anything*. That I might have tramped the streets all night if it had not been for Sir James, who so kindly took pity on me, and looked after me until it was possible to find you again. Honestly now, what became of you? Did you forget me? I hope you weren't tired of me? I know Lord Arthur was. At least, I think he *must* have been, to have gone off with that actress; don't you Sir James?"

I took one of her hands in mine.

Mr. Dedlock drew himself up to a grand height.

"Beatrice," he said, "I consider your tone most improper. I don't know what you are referring to. I hoped to find you repentant. I did not expect to be defied, Madam. To be insulted!"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Dedlock," she cried, jumping up and going over to his side. "Please, please don't talk like that. I know quite well it was an accident. I know it couldn't be helped. But it was an awkward position, wasn't it? You see the only thing I could do was to get some clothes and go to an hotel until I could find you again. If you will go to Scotland Yard—"

"I am going home, Beatrice," said the old boy wrathfully. "And I'm going to take you with me. You are making matters worse by your excuses. Deserted indeed. A pretty story. Tired of you, indeed! I suppose if you did miss us you had the sense to come home, didn't you. A pretty story. You found your way here soon enough. Come if you please. Good evening, sir, and I hope you are ashamed of yourselves, both of you. An elopement. Under our very eyes. In the nineteenth century. In the very heart of London. The audacity!"

Beatrice was looking about for her opera cloak. I found it on one of the chairs, and put it over her shoulders.

"It can't be helped," she said, turning to me demurely, "I'm not going to explain any more. I think explanations are undignified. Don't you? I wish it *had* been an elopement." And she laughed in her merry way.

"So do I," I said, and I meant it. The old boy seized her arm and tucked it away under his, like a police officer with a prisoner.

At the door she turned round.

"Next time I really will elope—with *someone*," she said. "Honest Injun, I will."

And she did.

She is looking over my shoulder now—the merriest, gentlest, sweetest wife in England.

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WOMEN WHO WEAR TROUSERS AND MEN WHO WEAR PETTICOATS.

By Herbert Vivian.

Clothes are supposed to be merely a matter of fashion, but a man attempting to go about, say in London or Paris, in the garments of the opposite sex, would soon find himself at loggerheads with the police as well as with public opinion. Allowances are made no doubt for the sartorial vagaries of lady-cyclists, though recent cases of innkeepers putting their feet down and refusing to give them accommodation have shown that popular prejudices are not easily over-ridden.

In remoter countries, however, the authorities are so delighted when they can persuade people to wear any clothes at all, that they are not so squeamish about restricting the sexes to any particular garment.

When I went to an Arab country for the first time, I found it a standing puzzle to determine the sex of the people I saw in the streets.

In the streets of Tunis, even the most elaborate costume was of very little assistance to me, and a great strapping man going about in a kind of woollen night-dress, particularly if he had no beard or if he were walking in front of me, seemed obviously a woman, while a girl walking about unconcernedly in a jerkin and a pair of white linen knickerbockers was pronounced with equal certainty to be a boy. A similar difficulty presents itself to the natives in those parts, and I was told that, unless there was a beard to put the matter beyond doubt, the first question among themselves when they saw a European was: "Is that a man or woman?"

A little Jewish dancing girl.

There are, of course, many gradations in the character of the Oriental female trouser. I have seen Carthaginian women whose nether garment was scarcely distinguishable from the new woman's divided skirt; and others whose whole costume was almost identical with that of the average boy in Southern Europe. In Turkish harems the full knickerbocker is almost universal. This suggests the curious reflection that, whereas with us "the woman who wears the breeches" is an expression to denote one who rules her husband and has it all her own way, those women who really do wear breeches in Oriental countries are the extreme types of female subjection, regarded by their husbands

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A Jewish dancing girl of Tunis.

as mere chattels and even denied by religion the possession of a soul.

As most of us cannot safely penetrate into a harem to examine the richest specimens of female trousering, our best chance is to frequent the melancholy music halls of the East, where Jewish women display the bravest assortment of finery of this kind. The little dancing girl in the accompanying illustration has contented herself with plain silk knickerbockers, which are certainly useful in the exercise of her art, for allowing freedom to the limbs and enabling us to appreciate the intricacies of her steps.

The next costume, with its wealth of gold brocade upon the thickest silks of vivid hues, is certainly more magnificent, but at the same time more cumbersome. However, the girl's dancing is of the slow dreamy order, and consists of little more than swaying and pirouetting with more or less grace to the accompaniment of barbaric tom-toms and monotonous wailing songs.

She is evidently very much admired by the frequenters of her establishment, though, according to our notions, she has anything but a pleasing expression; and the layers of paint upon her face and the thick kohl upon her eyebrows give her the appearance of a very badly-made doll.

A Tunisian Jewess.

The next photograph gives us a Tunisian Jewess standing with her back to a very unnatural sea. The conical hat is one of the chief characteristics of the costume of her people, and we have now come to a trouser whose length and tightness proclaim it to be the real article, and no mere baggy knickerbocker like that of our own "new woman." It is certainly a convenient garment, though scarcely picturesque, and the lower part, having the appearance of leggings, confers a sporting effect which is not often to be met with in the get-up of Oriental women. As the Jewess appears in the picture, she might easily be mistaken by anyone not intimately acquainted with the niceties of Hebrew costume for a young man with a somewhat extravagant taste in jewellery.

A Persian Woman.

We next come to a Persian woman whose sex requires still more explanation. Her short hair, the little round cap with which we have become

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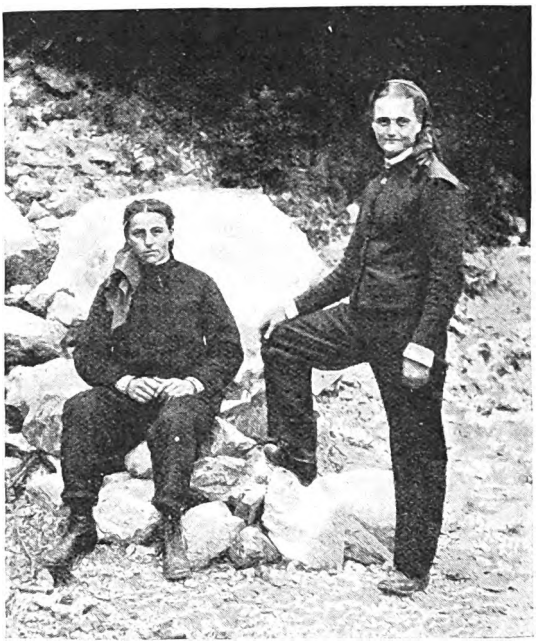

Two women of Champery, in Switzerland.

so familiar in the Indian bazaars, her Toby collar, the modest simplicity of her ornaments, and the sturdiness, not to say truculence, of her expression, emphasised by her clenched fists and aggressive mouth, proclaim her every inch a man, apart from the really masculine cut of her trousers. Indeed, from the jaunty cock of her cap and the way in which she is standing to attention, we should be tempted to surmise that we had to do with a soldier. On the other hand, the materials she has chosen for her costume—a thin silk of bright colours, and the many pleats all the way down the front of her coat—are decidedly feminine, unless we imagine her to have adopted a new form of smoking-coat.

So far, we have been dealing with remote countries, where it seems more or less natural to find people wearing outlandish clothes. It is something of a shock to us to discover that in a Christian country like Switzerland, which we have come to regard as the supreme type of commonplace propriety, there exists a garb more aggressively masculine than any to be found in Asia or Africa.

These accompanying photographs, taken at Champéry, in the Canton Vallais, may, at any rate, serve as a warning to modern women who may feel tempted to borrow their fashions from the other sex. Could anything be more hideous or more desperately unromantic than the suits of dittoes which these misguided females have elected to wear? We should not feel hopeful about a man who rigged himself out in this dull unimaginative fashion, but to find women attired thus seems an outrage. If we expect nothing else from women, we do at least insist upon their taking some pride in their personal appearance and making up by their taste in dress for any shortcomings in personal beauty.

These sad Swiss damsels seem to have given up the effort in despair, and to have chosen the very ugliest garb which human ingenuity could devise. When a nun seeks to humiliate herself and abandon the chief pleasure of her sex by wearing a sober uniform and deliberately concealing her hair and other chief attractions, we may still admire her for her modesty and simple neatness. But these peasants seem to have sought to combine the extreme of clumsiness and ungainliness with the least modest attire which could be imposed upon their sex.

The rough jerkin and trousers are doubtless by no means inconvenient for the outdoor life of peasant farmers knocking about a rough and precipitous country-side, tending cattle and riding about on horseback in pur-

The oyster girls of Arcachon.

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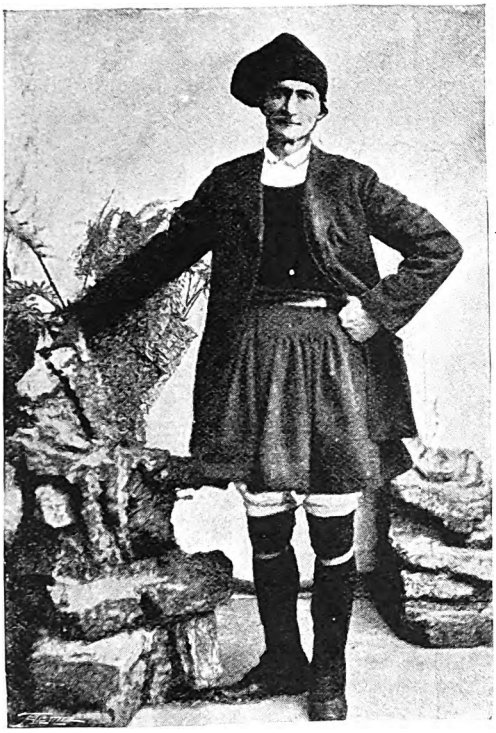

An old Sardinian peasant.

suit of agricultural occupations. Of course with this costume the women of Champéry do not need a side-saddle; but, after all, it is not necessary to wear trousers in order to ride a horse according to the fashion of Zenobia. In the remoter parts of Servia I have seen plenty of peasant women riding their stout little mountain ponies astride, but their petticoats did not seem to inconvenience them in any way.

The fish-girls of Arcachon certainly afford a pleasanter sight, and they have the appearance of bright, cheerful boys. It must be remembered that their trousers are worn solely on grounds of utility. Paddling about among the oyster-beds, skirts would be decidedly in the way, but directly their work is over, the women slip on their petticoats, and it is the rarest thing to espy one of them walking the streets in their professional attire.

In Spain I have also seen olive-pickers in trousers, for the girls find that modesty as well as convenience make this fashion advisable while they are scrambling about among the trees. There is, moreover, nothing repulsive about the sight, for a Spanish woman always contrives to look neat and dignified.

After women in trousers it is natural to look out for men in petticoats, and, just as the former have proved to be masculine in nothing but their attire, so the latter seem to be among the sturdiest and most vigorous specimens of their sex. The male petticoat has, moreover, the advantage of antiquity on its side, and every Scotsman will be prepared to defend his kilt by a reference to the garb of ancient Gaul. The kilt indeed is so familiar that it scarcely occurs to us to think of it as a petticoat, and we are rather inclined to associate with it the manliness and fighting qualities connected in our minds with the Roman toga. Familiar as the Highland dress is to us, it is by no means equally so to foreigners, who never cease to express their surprise and merriment about it when they first visit Scotland. Our Highland troops also cause a good deal of comment when they make their first appearance in foreign lands.

Among foreign men who wear petticoats the Greek is perhaps the best known. In general appearance he recalls the principal dancer in a ballet. His nether garment is made up of a long roll, sometimes amounting to as many as thirty or forty yards of white linen wound round and round his waist. On

A countryman of Murcia, the most old-fash oned province of Spain.

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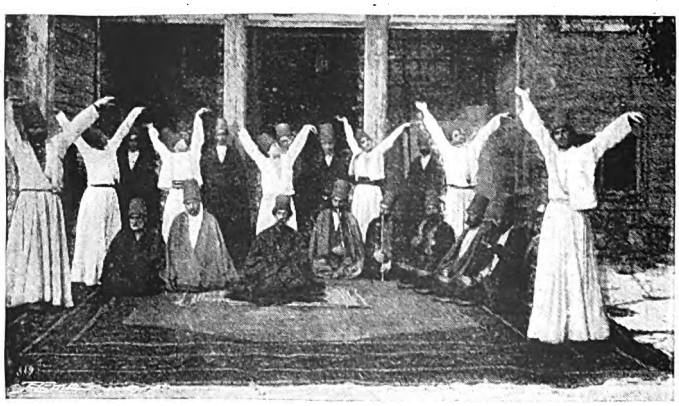
smart occasions it is spotlessly clean and stiffly starched, standing out like a great white cloud round the upper part of his legs. At other times it is generally limp and dingy, and needs all his distinction of bearing to carry it off. When seen at its best, it is a picturesque, if not a graceful, garment, and we must regret that it should be falling so much into disuse. It has now been almost entirely superseded by commonplace tweeds in the towns, but in most of the villages of Greece it may still be found predominating.

A Highlander of Macedonia.

Our next photograph represents an old-fashioned Sardinian peasant, whose kilt is in reality a continuation of his waistcoat, and does not come down far enough completely to cover his capacious white knickerbockers. The illusion of a petticoat is, however, borne out by the white garters which are placed conspicuously outside his long black gaiters. He generally wears a large shawl over his shoulders out-of-doors, and when you follow him as he hobbles over the cobbles of Cagliari, he has the true appearance of a little old woman whose petticoats have been cut ridiculously short. He presents altogether a complete study in black and white, except that he sometimes has a coloured handkerchief twisted round his black Phrygian cap of liberty.



The whirling Dervishes of Constantinople.

The Sardinians have derived most of their manners and costumes from Spain, which once had a great deal of influence upon the destinies of their island. To convince ourselves of this we have only to place a Sardinian peasant side by side with a countryman of Murcia, the most old-fashioned province of Spain. The caps are different but scarcely a contrast, and, though the Spaniard is evidently poorer than the other, there can be no doubt that he is following the same fashion.

His petticoat is a continuation of his skirt, as we may also find in Hungary, where stiff starching on Sundays and holidays produces a very fine effect. The Montenegrin kilt, on the other hand, is a continuation of the coat; it is, however, so long that it has the appearance of a very pronounced skirt.

Our next photograph represents a young highland chieftain of Macedonia, whose flowing robes come near suggesting a variety of the feminine tea-gown. However, a pistol and a small arsenal of knives in his rich belt point to anything but feminine pursuits.

Monks of most religions and many clergy might be included in our list, but there would be a certain monotony about them. The whirling dervishes of Constantinople, however, must not be omitted, for they afford one of the best examples of men in petticoats, particularly when they spin round and round, as I have often seen them, so that their skirts are inflated to the proportions of a crinoline. Their endurance is

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Devil dancers of Ceylon.

most remarkable, and they will often go on whirling with ever increasing velocity for an hour or more at a time, supported only by a kind of religious frenzy, which produces hypnotic effects.

Stranger still are the Sinhalese devil dancers, who trade upon a superstition that all illness is caused by evil spirits possessing the patients. They dress themselves up in a more or less fiendish costume, and dance for hours, with a great deal of noise, in a sick person's house until they have effected a kill or cure. Their petticoats are adorned with elaborate pleats and afford us the most coquettish female raiment of any worn by men.

Those of the high priests of Kandy are perhaps more striking, for the beards and martial appearance present a greater contrast, and the way in which the skirts are tucked into the girdles produces an effect already familiar to us from the sight of our own housemaids and washerwomen when prepared for a hard day's work.

My concluding reflection, after surveying this strange array of queer costumes, is that all women's dress must originally have been derived from that of men. Probably at some period in the world's history, men wore one rudimentary garment and women none at all. Then came yearnings for sexual equality and an adaptation of the male garb. Why this should have generally taken the form of a skirt in the West and trousers in the East is not clear. The number of Western women, however, who affect the knickers and trousers of men seems to be ever on the increase, and perhaps at some future date it will be difficult to distinguish between the sexes even in England.

High priests of Kandy.

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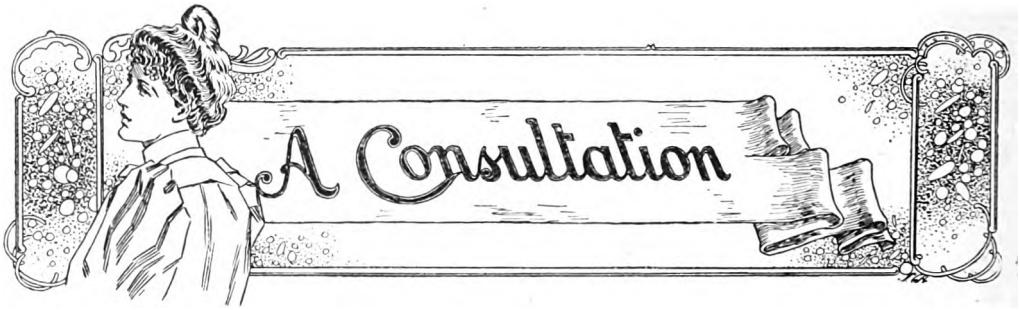

By C. Russell.

The maid said the doctor was out. Would I wait or would I call again?

I looked into the crown of my hat for counsel. A slight twinge of pain reminded me that even if I went to the office I shouldn't do much work that morning.

"Do you know," said I, "when he will be in?"

She would go and inquire.

I reflected that he must be rather a sensible sort of doctor to employ a nice clean maid to attend the door instead of a lugubrious butler. There was a vase with a flower in it on the table which gave me a still higher opinion of his humanity.

The door opened and a girl appeared—another one.

Decidedly, a most sensible doctor.

"Papa——"

I rose at once.

"——will be back at eleven."

I immediately recognised the connection between the flowers on the table and the lady at the door.

"At eleven?"

I looked at my watch, but forgot to note the hour. She was a charming figure.

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to wait?"

Tall; yellow hair; pretty; collar and cuffs.

"Er——well——"

I was casting about for some likely expedient. Should I explain that I would prefer to wait if someone (herself, for choice) would kindly sit with me and divert my attention? On second thoughts, no; she might send me in a boy-of-all-work.

"Three-quarters-of-an-hour," said I reflectively. She was regarding me with grave interest.

"Papa doesn't usually go out so early," she explained. "It's just possible he might be back before——"

"Then I think I'll wait."

I sat down heavily, and emitted a sigh, which I hoped might reach her ears. It checked her exit.

"Of course, if you are in pain, or if it's anything *very* urgent——"

She left it to be understood that in such case I was to seek immediate relief at some rival establishment.

"I think," said I, "I can manage to wait if—er—if someone——"

I remembered the boy-of-all-work, and stopped.

"Would you like a little hot water?"

It occurred to me she might send it by the maid or the boy, so I declined. She opened the door slowly, and I felt that my minutes were numbered. A happy thought struck me, and I laid my head wearily on the back of the chair. She paused on the mat.

"If there's anything I could do——" She looked at the carpet half way between us.

"I should be so thankful if you could!" I cried.

She drew back a little, and then gathered courage again. Leaving the door part open, she came over to me. She certainly had a very charming walk.

"I'm going to be a nurse some day," she explained courageously.

I jotted it down in my memory to have a typhoid fever during one of my next holidays.

"And I often help papa with his books and things now."

"There's nothing much the matter with me," I began.

She looked relieved, and less shy.

"I've given my arm a sort of wrench."

I waggled my right arm indicatively.

"Does it pain you?"

"Extremely, when I do that. You see, it was this way——" and I explained how I banged it against the railings last night. I arranged a ledger and a stethoscope on the table to show how very awkwardly the rails and front steps are placed at my diggings.

"It was quite early, and there was a moon,

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toc," I added, vaguely on the defensive—she lent me a most sympathetic attention.

"Is it broken or sprained?" she asked.

"Well," said I, "there's a queer lump just here——." With some reluctance she touched my sleeve with her finger.

"Oh, I hope it isn't broken!" I thought that very nice and disinterested of her.

"If it's broken, you ought to have it in a sling till papa comes in. Do you think you could tell if I got the book?"

She brought a "Dictionary of Surgery," and we looked up "arm" with growing excitement. All the illustrated pages were skipped with embarrassed haste.

"Had I better take off my coat?"

She hung in the wind a moment, and then pluckily said I had better. But my shirt sleeves disturbed her a little; she glanced towards the door, in some distress.

"Of course," she reminded both of us, "I'm going to be a nurse some day."

"Oh," said I, "I regard you as a doctor already. Now about this precious arm. I hope the patella isn't smashed."

"Oh, I hope not!" she cried.

"Or the tibula. I think that's the special bone they say you play billiards with."

"Do you like billiards?"

"Awfully. Do you ever play?"

"I have, but I like table croquet better."

She turned to the book and glanced down the page.

"If I read it aloud, perhaps you can feel your arm and see——"

"There's a lump at the elbow here," said I.

She took my word for it without looking.

"Here's something," she cried with elation. "'Loss of extension power, following a blow, with pain behind the joint, when a hard movable mass can be felt, indicates fracture of the olecranon.'"

She gave me a glance of sympathetic alarm.

"How horrible it sounds!"

"What *is* the olecranon?" said I anxiously.

"I don't know." Her voice sank lower. "I never heard of it in my life. Perhaps papa won't be long."

I looked gloomily at my arm and felt it again.

"Yes, there's a distinct lump."

"Is it inside or outside? It says here—'a movable bony mass at the inner side of the elbow after a blow is probably the internal condyle which has been chipped off.'"

I knew I was paler. "The internal condyle?"

"Yes," she said. We looked at one another in consternation.

"There's a lump inside as well as outside. There—can't you feel them both?"

"Yes," she said, in an awed way.

I recognised that my case was hopeless.

"I wish I had written to the mater. It will have to be broken to her somehow."

"You don't live at home?" she asked gently.

"I live in diggings—alone in diggings—all alone."

Pity beamed from her eyes.

"I suppose I shall have to get a trained nurse," I said, despondently. "You—er—did I understand you to say that you haven't passed yet?"

A door opened and a girl appeared

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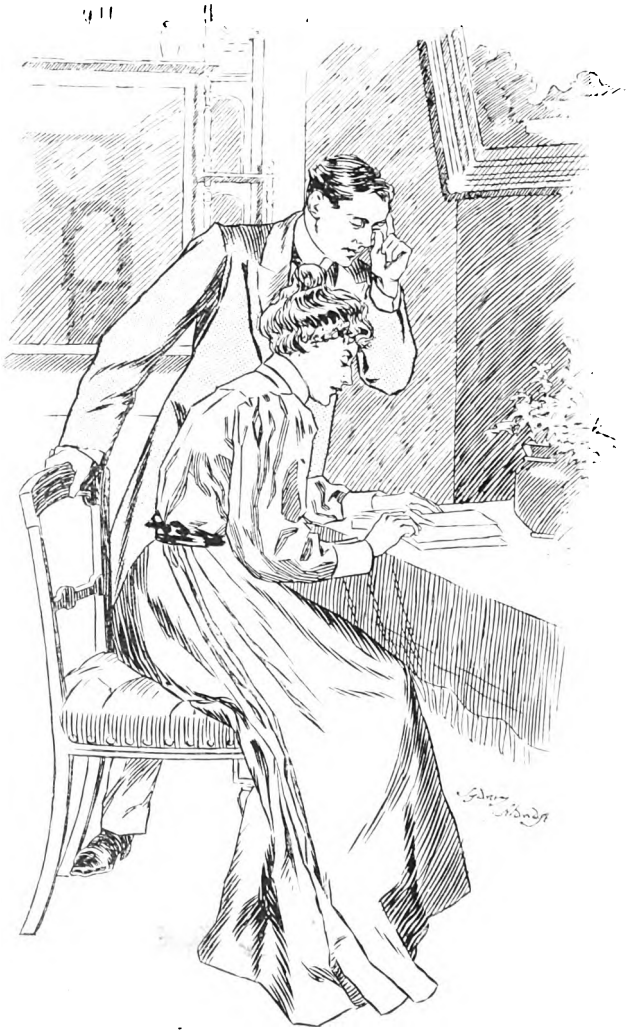

She brought a "Dictionary of Surgery," and we looked up "arm."

"I haven't begun even."

"I shouldn't mind that. Experience isn't everything."

She looked aside at the table.

"I should be an awfully docile patient, and do my best to give satisfaction," I urged.

She looked at the floor.

"And I feel that with you watching over me, I should have a better chance in my long struggle with death."

She glanced at me with startled compassion.

"Surely he won't object."

"N—no. And yet——"

She hesitated.

"You can't begin too soon," I ventured.

She looked up at me and our eyes met.

Somehow I learnt then—and she, too, for that matter—how much may be meant and conveyed in the meeting of two pairs of eyes.

I saw in hers at first a look of doubt, as though she barely understood how to reply to my suggestion. Then a gleam of light came into them, and a look of amusement on her face. She almost laughed outright, half suspecting that there was a method in my illness.

Yet the gleam of laughter died, and I saw a look in her eyes of wonder, of fear, of a sudden awakening. It had come—that exquisite truth of all time, come as suddenly to her as to me. For an instant her glance met mine, and then her eyes fell and a flush spread over her cheeks.

"I—I'll see what papa thinks."

We hadn't long to wait. He opened the door at that inauspicious moment.

He really took the situation very well.

"We are engaged," said I (my companion looked unaccountably startled), "in trying to find out how long I have to live."

The doctor laughed. "You must let me help."

I spoke impressively. "My olecranon is fractured. And what was the other thing?" But my companion was gone.

"Tut!" exclaimed the doctor.

There was an air of reassurance in the exclamation, but somehow I felt disappointed.

If there was nothing serious the matter with me, I foresaw difficulties in the way of visiting the house again, and to return I certainly intended.

Yet he was quite right. I was at the office that afternoon, but at the doctor's house—in the drawing-room—the next.

It took a considerable amount of bravery to overcome a feeling of shyness that was in a sense new to me. But go I did, with some sort of excuse of wanting to thank her for her kindness.

After all, the excuse mattered little enough. We understood each other, which was the main thing.

I go every day to the house now. I have a sort of right.

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She Merely Picked It Up.

IF Miss Eliza Ferridge had not taken up a certain newspaper in June, 1895, I should not now have on my table a letter from her mother, dated in June, 1898—exactly three years later. What paper it was, or why Miss Ferridge was moved to read it, we are not told. Probably there was no particular reason why she did it. Her doing it was an accident, one of the things that "just happened so." Yet, what do we mean by that? What makes anything "happen"? Heavens! What bats and moles we are.

Crossing a piece of strange country one gloom night, for a short cut, I stumbled over a stone and lamed myself so badly as to be compelled to seek help at a neighbouring cabin. There the people congratulated me on what they called my *good luck*, saying if I had kept on ten rods longer *as I was going*, I must have fallen into an abandoned pit and been killed.

On the same lines, I say, if the young girl named had *not* taken up that paper when she did, and found in it what she did, it is more than likely she would not be living to day.

Her mother says Eliza was one of the host of girls who are fated to start out in life without their proper birthright of vitality. She was weakly and delicate, yet showed no signs of any particular ailment or disease. She simply drooped, as flowers do when in an uncongenial soil. She complained of feeling tired and weary, and did not play about like other children. However, she got along fairly well—if we may say that of a child who has had no childhood—until she reached the age of fourteen years, when the healthy girl stands, surprised and blushing, on the doorsill of womanhood.

Then her little strength waned and faded until she walked about even more slowly and feebly than before. Her appetite had always been small and capricious, and, if possible, it was less now. Following the poor apologies for meals that Eliza took, came pain in the stomach, the chest and elsewhere, as though the frail body illy bore the presence of the food necessary to sustain it.

Seeing this, and justly alarmed by it, Mrs. Ferridge sought to invigorate the girl by giving her especially nourishing foods. But no good came of it. She grew more thin and pale, and, if there was red blood still running in her veins, no signs of it showed through her white skin.

In her letter, already alluded to, the mother says:—"My anxiety about my daughter's health was at this time very constant and great. She was evidently wasting away in spite of all we could do. At this period of her illness she was confined to her bed for weeks together. We had to help her up and down stairs, and for months I slept in the same room, so as to care for her in the night.

"She was attended by several doctors, one after another, but none of them had good fortune with the case. Successively they gave her up, saying they could do no more. Our friends said Eliza was in a decline, and no mortal hands could save her. For three years she lingered thus—like one who waits for a sure summons that may come any day—any hour.

"In August, 1893, I got her into the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne. There she stayed three weeks, at first feeling a trifle better for the change, and then quickly becoming bad as ever. Now I come to speak of an occurrence which seems like the intervention of Providence.

"One day in June, 1895, Eliza—enlivened somewhat by the bright summer weather—took up a newspaper and began looking at it. Almost the first thing her eyes lighted on was a story of a case like her own—a young girl supposed to be dying of consumption, who was nevertheless fully cured by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured the remedy at once, and in *one week* she ate better, and the food agreed with her. The rest of my account may be given in few words. Continuing to take this preparation, Eliza got better. Every week I could see she gained. Strength and colour came to an extent to which she never had either before. At last she was really and truly *well*—for the first time in her life. It was wonderful. I have told everybody that Mother Seigel's Syrup not only saved my daughter's life, but gave her a better kind of life than she had ever known. You are free to publish what I have said, and refer to me." (Signed) EMMA FERRIDGE, 1, Fountain Place, Western Road, Mitcham, Surrey, June 16, 1898.

Not consumpti 1. Digestive torpidity, with anæmia, and weakness arising from it. There are millions of girls of this sort, creeping miserably along for a few years, then dropping into their graves. For them, and their mothers, this record is printed. Mrs. Ferridge is a shopkeeper—is well known and respected in Mitcham.

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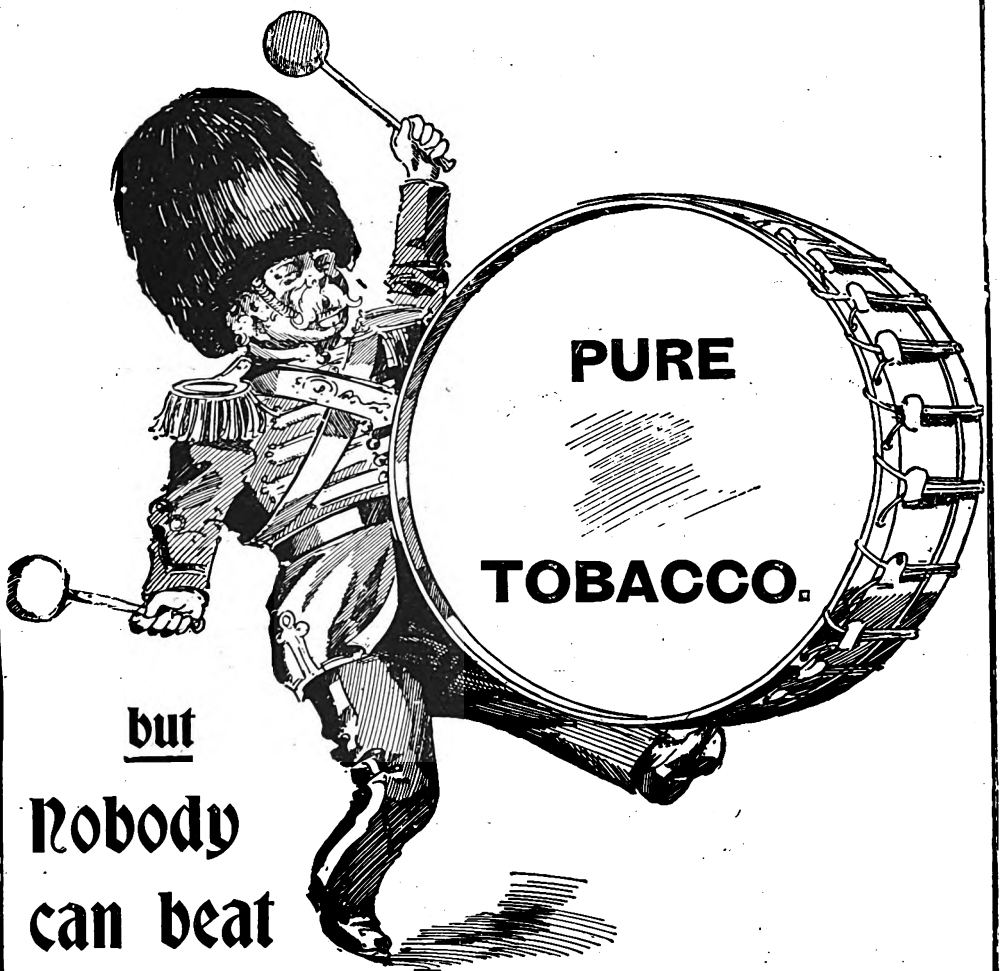

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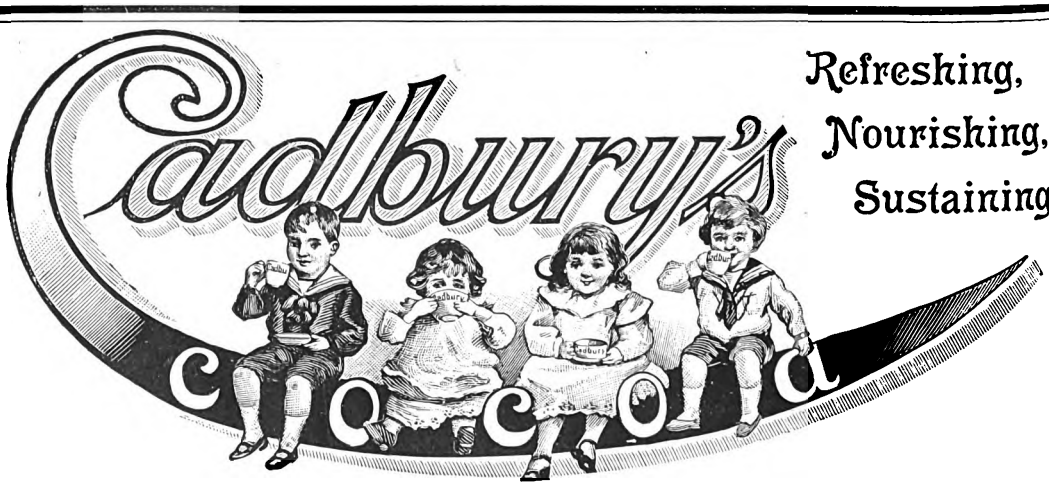

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(See page 224.)

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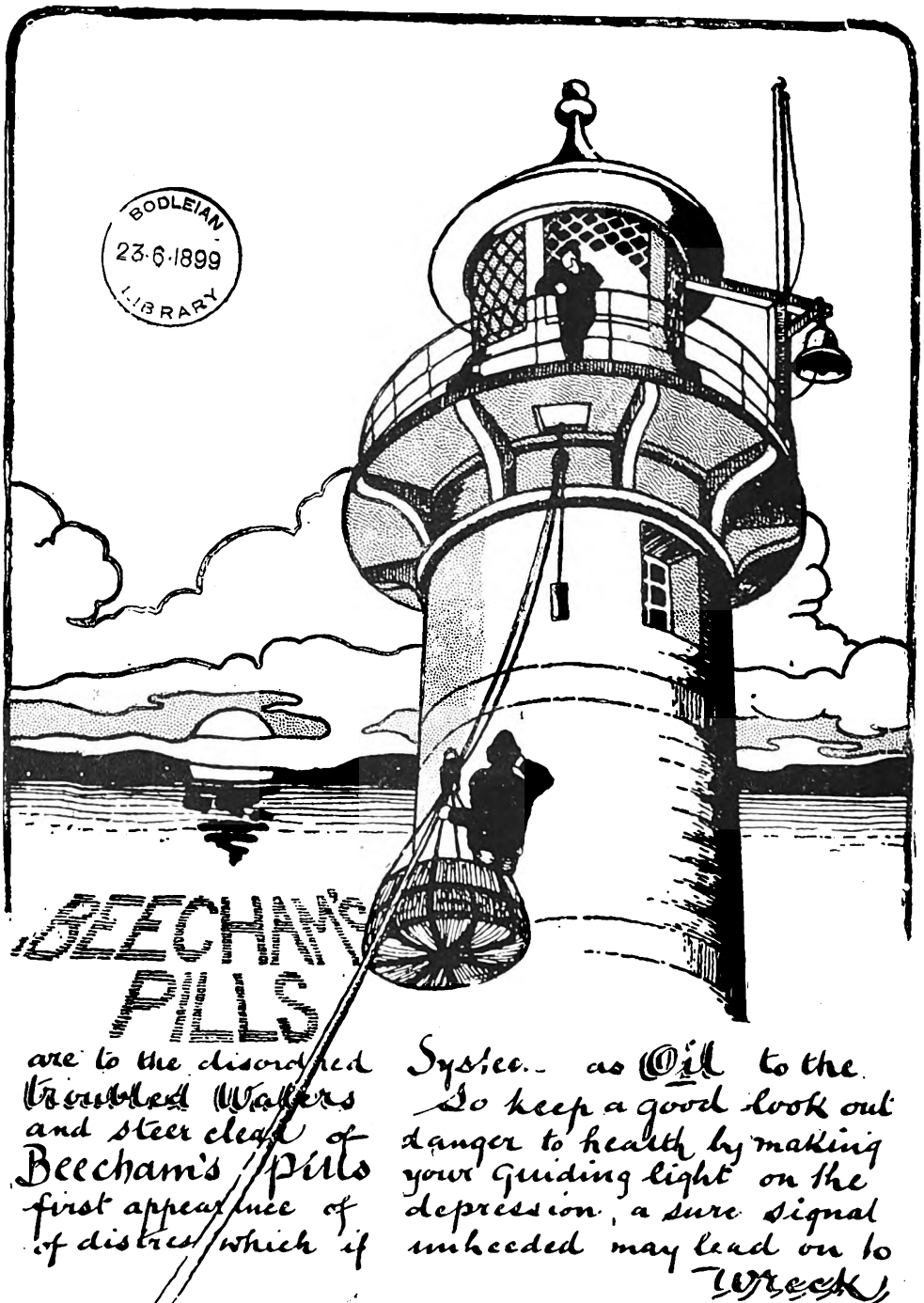

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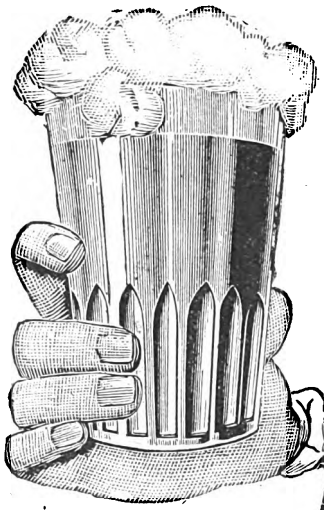

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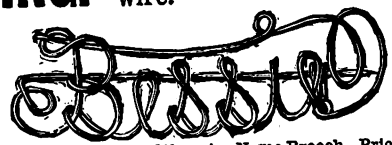

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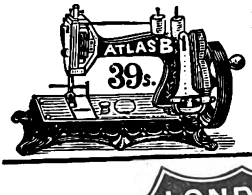

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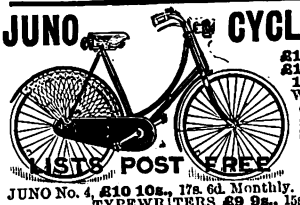

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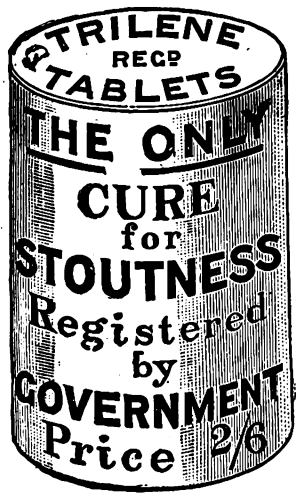
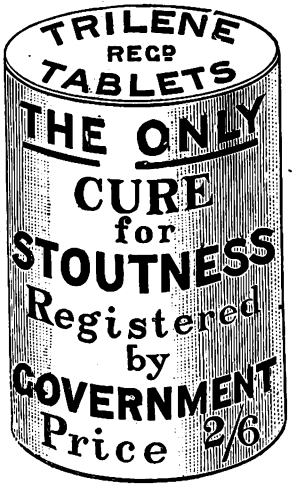


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Risholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mr. Samuel Craig, of Frocess National Schools, Cloughmills, Belfast, says: "My wife reduced 28lb. from your Tablets. They also removed muscular rheumatism."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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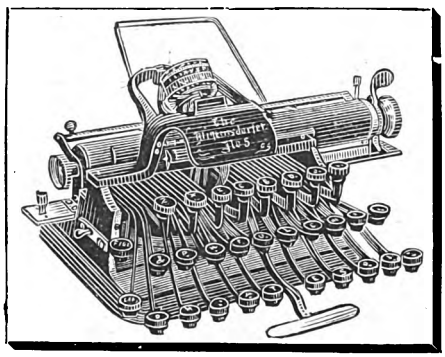

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THE present has been termed the age of advertising. Men's minds have been astonished at the large fortunes accumulated, and by the large and small businesses rapidly reared, and afterwards kept in the fore front by proportionate advertising. Many persons or firms would advertise, but are perplexed by doubt and difficulties as to what to do, and how, when, and where to do it. We advise and counsel, free of charge, on "Successful Advertising" because we are authorities and experts on the subject, and indeed publish a book under this title—782 pages large octavo—which we send post free for 2/-. We are large and successful advertisers ourselves, and place a varied and diversified experience of other successfully advertised businesses at the disposal of our clients. We have a larger volume of business and more successful clients than other agencies; hence, when in advertising doubt, CONSULT

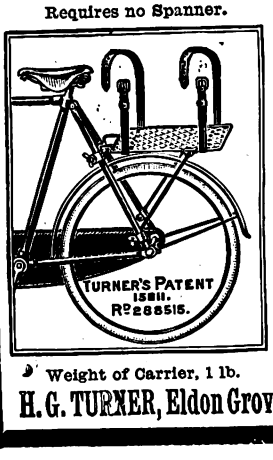
SMITHS' . . . . .
ADVERTISING AGENCY,
132, Fleet St., London, E.C.

WHAT A BICYCLE CAN CARRY

with the aid of

TURNER'S CARRIERS

Requires no Spanner.



Weight of Carrier, 1 lb.

See interesting article in the **June** issue of the **Royal Magazine.**

Tested and recommended by the Cycling Touring Club.

TURNER'S CARRIERS

are the best and simplest. They fasten with finger-nuts and leather-lined hinged clips. Turner's Valise fastens at the bottom to the Carrier, leaving all openings free. Front Carriers, Spring Camera Carrier, "Skeleton Carriers" (weight 7 oz.).

Write for Illustrated List.

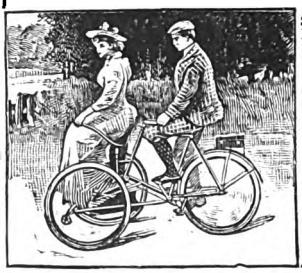
H. G. TURNER, Eldon Grove, MANCHESTER

MARRIOTT & COOPER,

Established a Quarter of a Century. **1, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**

THE "OLYMPIA" TANDEM TRICYCLE

Safe. Luxurious.



So easy of management. No previous experience required. A charming means of cycling locomotion.

Made suitable for 2 Ladies

Reliable Safeties

Pneumatic Tyres.

***Gent's* £9 : 10**
***Ladies'* £10 : 0**

Or by 12 monthly payments of **20/-** each.

Particulars Free on Application.

Most Hair Dyes contain injurious chemicals—**SEEGER'S HAIR DYE** does not. Eminent Doctors guarantee it perfectly harmless (and reliable). During its 20 years of popularity it has achieved an annual sale of 270,000 bottles. It dyes a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black. Of all Druggists **2/-** or **4/6**, or post free in plain sealed case **2/3** or **4/9**.

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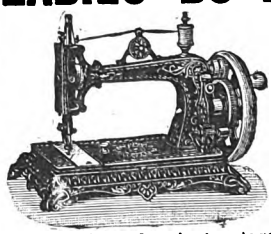
DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE



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GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurement and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

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FOR THE
LAME.

DIPLOMA for GOLD MEDAL, Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897; also HIGHEST AWARDS, Paris Industrial Exhibition, 1895; and Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

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Enable those with Shortened Limbs and Weak Ankles to dispense with unsightly Instruments; to Wear Ordinary Shoes; and to look like other people.

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These delicious meats (12 varieties) are now in great demand, and the public are cautioned against inferior brands. **Be sure** your Grocer supplies "Springfield" brand. **FREE SAMPLE**—If any difficulty in obtaining mention name of your grocer and send 2d. stamps, to cover postage of Samples.

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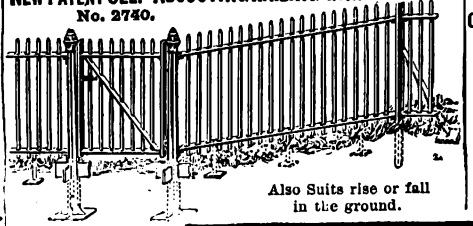
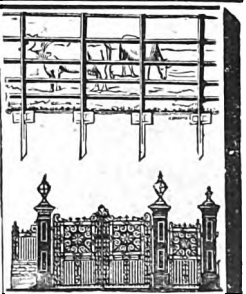


Also Suits rise or fall in the ground.

TREE GUARDS.



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for 4¼ by 4¼, or **any smaller size of either PLATES or FILMS.** Takes **larger** and **better pictures** than any other camera at anywhere near its price.

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Single pairs post free to any part of the United Kingdom.

When Ordering Boots by post for the first time, the best and simplest method is to send an old, comfortably-fitting Boot or Shoe. Your name and address will be sufficient for future orders

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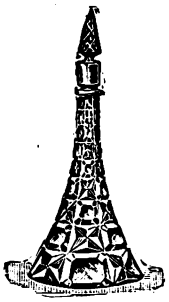

Solid Silver Mounted Glass **Scent Bottle,** 6 in. high, **4/9**

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THE "LOUISE" BEDROOM SUITE.—Enamelled white, pale terra cotta or pale green, richly decorated in relief. Suite comprises 3 ft. wardrobe, fitted with drawer and plate glass in the door, a 3 ft. dressing chest of drawers with jewel drawers and toilet glass attached, washstand with marble top and tiled back, pedestal cupboard and towel rail attached, and 2 cane seat chairs. Price complete **£8 8 0**

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ROWLEY PUNCTURE LOCATER

and Porosity Cure

LOCATES LEAKAGES INSTANTLY, EFFECTUALLY STOPS DEFLATION.

Does not contain a particle of anything that is Injurious to either Rubber, Canvas, or Valve!

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Each bottle contains 1½ oz. of Locater, which is sufficient for two air-tubes, and lasts a considerable time.

WRITE for BOOKLET OF TESTIMONIALS.

- 50 - FREE

Finest Ivory Vellum Visiting Cards, Lady's or Gentleman's. Correct size and style, nicely finished, post free, **1/6.** Get a friend to join you, and we will make you a **GIFT** of a **Real Silver BROOCH,** Hall Marked (worth **2s.** at any jeweller's) for your trouble. Samples—stamp
LOTUS PRESS (V.C. 5 Dept.), **DUNDEE.**
MONEY BACK if not satisfied.

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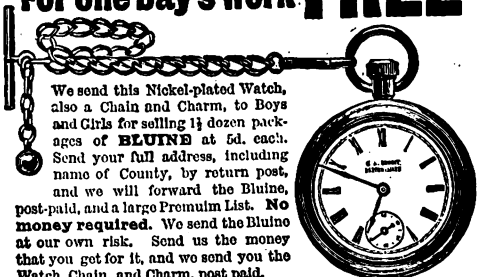
Wet the day—Sad the Girls,
"Hinde's" Curlers—Curly Curls.

CURLERS.

WATCH and CHAIN For One Day's Work FREE



We send this Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 5d. each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. **No money required.** We send the Bluine at our own risk. Send us the money that you get for it, and we send you the Watch, Chain, and Charm, post paid.

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It is by concentrating the Lemons in the orchards where they are grown that the Eiffel Tower Lemonade can be supplied at this remarkable price. A 4½d. Bottle of Eiffel Tower Lemonade makes 32 Tumblers (2 Gallons) of the most delicious Home-Made Lemonade. It is made from the finest Lemons only that the world produces. None genuine unless bearing the Eiffel Tower Trade Mark.

Be sure that you get Eiffel Tower Lemonade when you ask for it, as its great success has brought out inferior imitations that only cause disappointment.

If you cannot get it from your Grocer, send 4½d. to the makers, G. Foster Clark & Co., 196, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone, they will send you a bottle post free by return.

A second bottle will not be supplied by the firm, but must be obtained of Grocers, Chemists, or Stores.

2 Gallons for 4½d.

The firm have adopted the following novel method to induce everybody to try their Lemonade. The first fifty letters opened every day not only have the Lemonade sent by return post, but the stamps are also returned to the fortunate applicants. In this way—

300 BOTTLES ARE GIVEN AWAY WEEKLY.

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The King of all Toffees.

Study your health by eating only pure confections. "**Extra Cream**" is a Toffee of absolute purity and incomparable flavour. Suits everybody's taste.

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For terms, &c., write **J. MACKINTOSH, Ltd., HALIFAX.**

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(See Nos. 2 and 3 described below).

WEAR TWICE AS LONG as ordinary Shirts.

THEIR economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

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Straight from the needle to the customer at Wholesale Prices.

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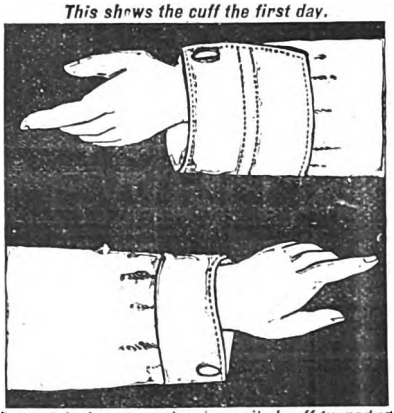
When ordering mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.

This shows the cuff the first day.



Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.

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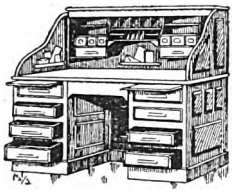

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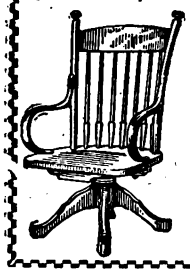

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If you are ill, and fear that your Liver or Stomach is at fault, try Guy's Tonic, and you will soon experience its merits. It will improve your Breath, clear the fur from your Tongue, stimulate your Appetite, and invigorate your Muscular and Nervous System in a most wonderful manner. It will stay wind at the Stomach, Acidity, and Heartburn, and will relieve and disperse those heavy, weakening, bearing-down pains or distension at the pit of the Stomach, which makes life such a misery.

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"(Rev.) JACKSON HARDING."

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"I have no disagreeable Taste in the "Mouth after Meals such as I had before "I took Guy's Tonic, and feel better "altogether.
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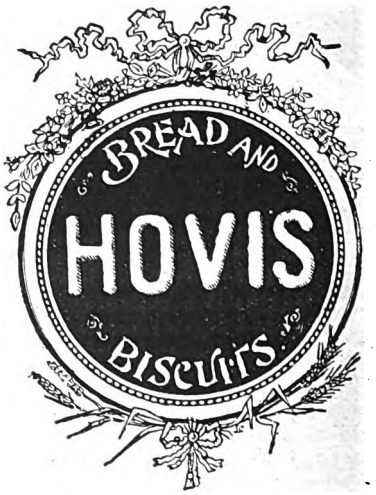

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first half-yearly Volume of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office price 1/-, or post free, 1/2.

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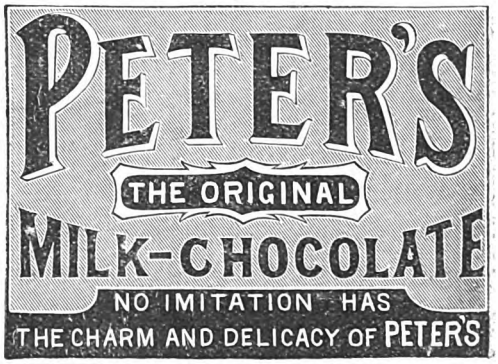

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"F. COSTER."

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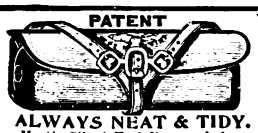

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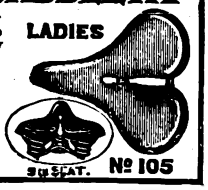

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

The Stereoscope.

Some little while ago, I incidentally made reference to the Stereoscope. I was led to do so by noting how there appeared to be quite a general awakening to the advantages of this interesting instrument.

Not that the stereoscope of to-day bears any very great resemblance to that of ten or twenty years ago. The old-fashioned machine was, to say the least of it, a clumsy affair. With all its elaborateness it failed to do its work as well as does its unpretentious and more simple looking successor.

It used to resemble a fairly substantial box. You most of you remember it. Probably some of you still have one of them stowed away in a corner of the drawing-room, or perhaps some of your ancient relatives have. There was an arrangement inside something like the patent station-signaller inside the carriages of the underground railways of London.

All you had to do with this cumbrous affair — that is, after you had lifted it up on to a stout table — was to turn a handle and hope that the machine would do the rest.

It would if the focus suited you.

Which means that only one person in six really enjoyed the beauties of the stereoscope.

From a Photo.

A Confirmed Toper.

The Beauties of a Stereoscope.

It has its beauties; even this old-fashioned stereoscope. Indeed, to my mind, the stereoscope is, in a sense, the high-water mark of photography; that is to say, so far as photography tries to suggest to you something real.

The figures cease to have the flatness of a mere picture dependent on the excellence of the perspective. They stand out clear and round with an atmosphere about them that intensifies the longer you look.

It is very strange that suggestion of atmosphere. It is not a mere idea that such and such an object is nearer to you than some other. It actually *is* nearer to you. You can see the distance between it and anything else.

A twig stretching half across the photograph is no longer a disfiguring line, but becomes a real, live twig.

Those of you who have used stereoscopes will quite well appreciate what I mean. Not but what some of you who have used the old-fashioned box affair will probably have failed to see the proper effect of a stereoscope.

But to those who have never looked through one, I can only say they have a real pleasure awaiting them.

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The Principle of a Stereoscope.

THE principle of a stereoscope is comparatively simple. There are two magnifying lenses, and to all intents and purposes they are two eyes.

Under ordinary circumstances when you look at anything each eye forms its own image of the object you are looking at.

These two images, being taken from slightly different points of view, are slightly different from one another. You can readily prove that for yourself by looking at some near object with each eye alternately.

It was Sir Charles Wheatstone, as far back as 1838, who first pointed this out, and as a result of experiments he was, practically the designer of the stereoscope. The lenses of a stereoscope are inclined so as to shift the two images on the slide towards one another, and thus blend them into one. At the same time they somewhat magnify.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Flower-seller, Brussels.

Heretofore the stereoscope has been limited

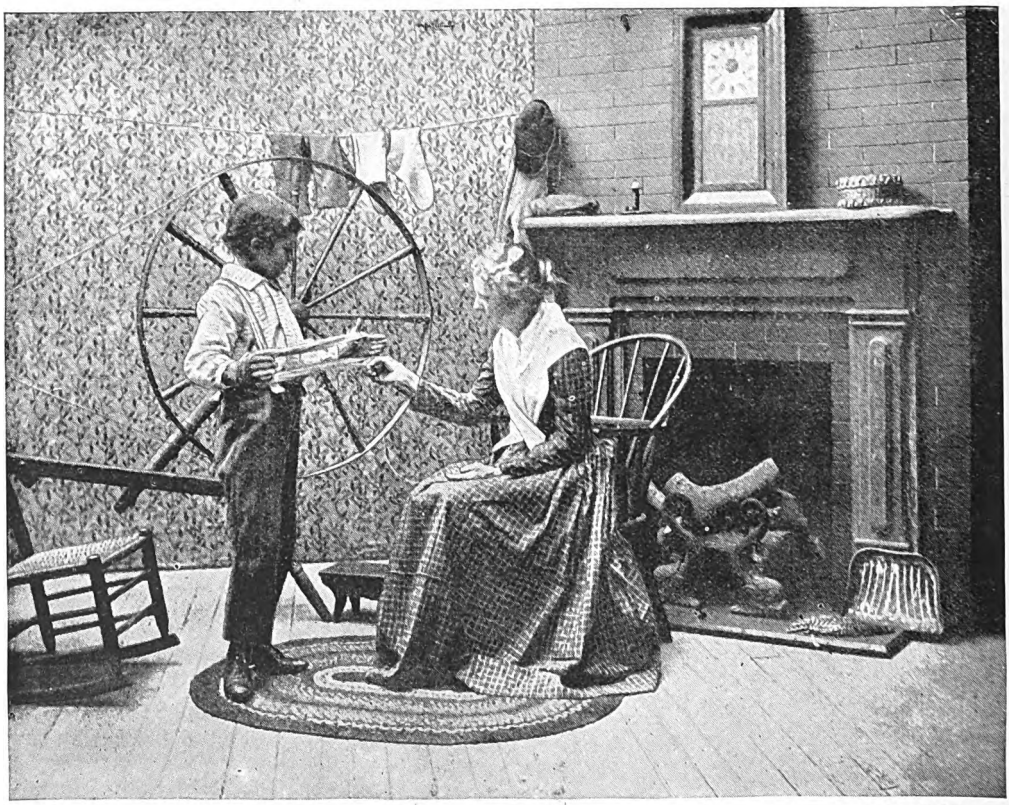

Photo by Charles E. Fairman.

Making Some Use of Him.

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

INNOCENCE.

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in its general use by reason of expense. The slides, too, have not, until recently, been really interesting or striking in their effect.

The new order of stereoscope is comparatively inexpensive. So also are the slides, although good ones cost something like sixpence each; and sixpences have a curious knack of mounting up into shillings and sovereigns.

Photo by F. Dolman.

A Belle of Maoriland.

A Wonderful Enterprise.

It has been left for this Magazine to bring the enjoyment of the stereoscope well within the reach of everybody.

Six shillings worth of slides for threepence. That is what it amounts to. Twelve stereoscopic slides are included in this number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE. All that you have to do is to cut them out and put them in the stereoscope. The result will probably astonish you.

If you wish you can mount the pictures on cardboard mounts which you can buy anywhere for a halfpenny each. Of course, this will necessitate your getting a couple of copies of the Magazine. That will make the total cost, say, a shilling for twelve good slides.

I have not taken into account the fact that, in addition to these dozen slides, you have thrown in what is practically a sixpenny magazine. A sixpenny magazine and a dozen stereoscopic slides for threepence! It really is wonderful; and when I reflect upon the little that one could get for sixpence, say, ten years ago, I do indeed marvel.

You may say that stereoscopic slides without a stereoscope are something like the Dutchman's anchor.

True. And therefore the proprietors, I find, have arranged to give anyone and everyone who likes to call or write a stereoscope for two shillings.

There are, of course, stereoscopes and stereoscopes. I have seen the particular sort Messrs. Pearson are going to supply. I recognised at once an old friend whose general market price is half-a-crown. And here, as I have stated, he is to be got for two shillings, and that will include postage if you want it posted.

It is a first-rate specimen of a stereoscope, too, and will do justice to any slide you like to buy, quite apart from those which the ROYAL MAGAZINE may publish now and hereafter. And some of those same slides thus to be published will be distinctly unique, just as unique as the snapshot interviews of the ROYAL MAGAZINE always are.

It is marvellous how it can be done. I can't say more. Just simply marvellous!

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

MILK OH!

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Photo by Bassano.

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS.

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Amateur Stereoscopers.

A SHORT while ago I was discussing in these columns the opportunities ready to hand for amateur photographers who were anxious to make their cameras contribute something towards a supply of pocket money.

What I wrote evidently appealed to a goodly number of my multitudinous readers, for I have had quite an abnormal post as the result of it. I shall revert to the subject at a future time.

Meanwhile it seems to me that the use of stereoscopic photographs by the ROYAL MAGAZINE opens up a delightful and limitless field for the amateur who has or can afford to purchase a stereoscopic camera.

There are, of course, limitations in the subjects that are suitable. They must not contain too much fine detail that would be lost in printing. There ought also to be a foreground that will intensify the stereoscopic effect. There must be good, bold contrasts of light and shade.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

The Siesta.

The one great advantage of such work for an amateur is, of course, that there is no necessity to think out a subject for a series of photos as for an article. A single picture will do.

Space prevents my dealing just now with this particular phase of photography at length. It is sufficient to have suggested that this splendid idea of putting complete stereoscopic photography in the ROYAL MAGAZINE ought to be very welcome to my friend the amateur photographer, as well as to the ordinary reader.

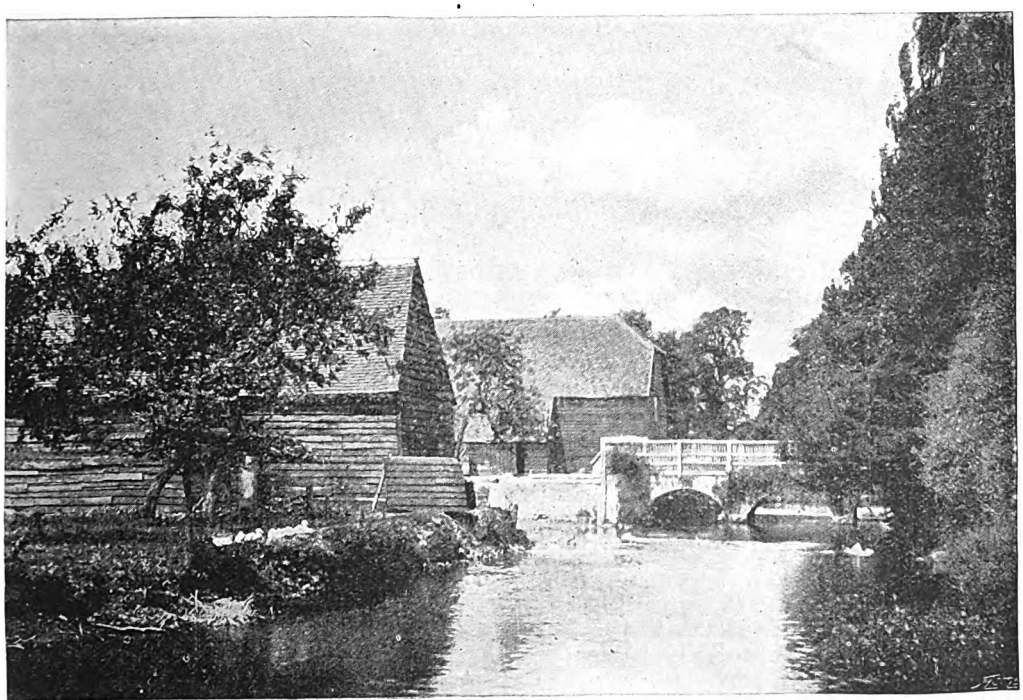

Photo by Kodak Co.

Midsummer.

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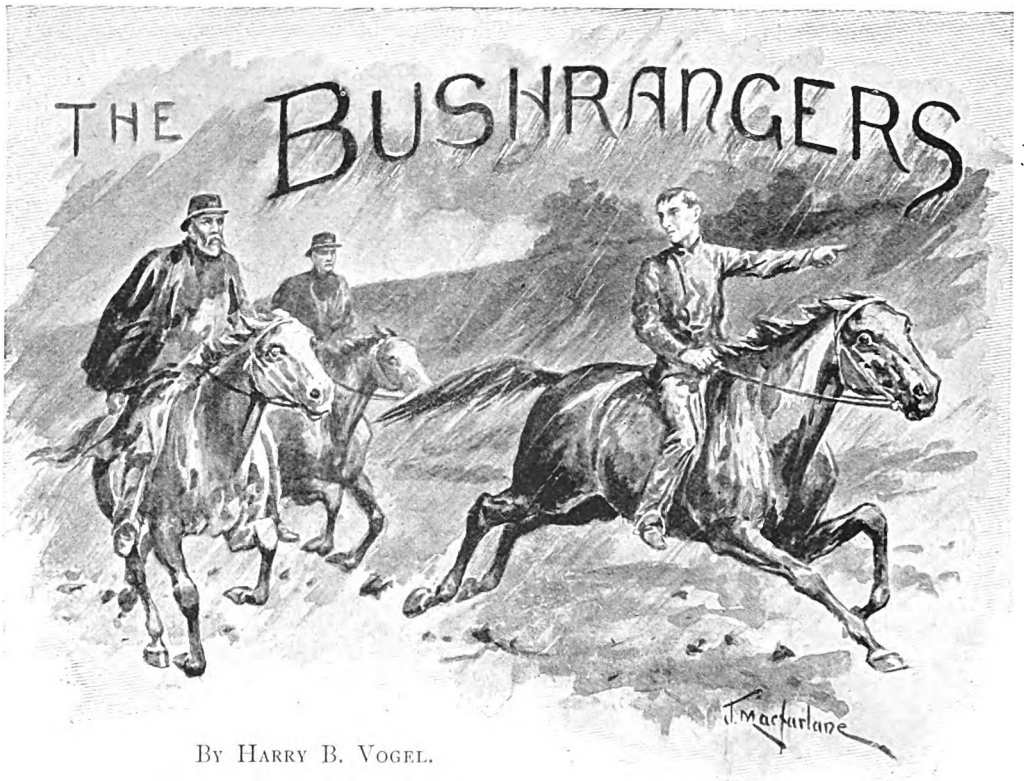

By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid."

No. III.—THE BELLMONT AND CAMPBELLTOWN AFFAIRS.

(A Complete Story.)

The police of a large and thriving place like Campbelltown no more imagined the possibility of bushrangers making them prisoners in their own police station than a kangaroo would have thought of browsing in the streets of Hobart. Yet, Garnet and his two companions had, without the least difficulty, entrapped the entire Campbelltown police force, and had experienced the supreme satisfaction of realising that it lay securely bound in the police cells. It had seemed as though the rich contents of the bank further down the main street would be transferred to the capacious saddle bags without any further difficulty.

Fortune, however, had decided against so smooth a path to success. No sooner had the three bushrangers assumed the garb of Her Majesty's police, than here they were called upon to perform the hazardous duty of attacking a band of brother outlaws who had "stuck up" the great homestead of Bellmont. Under ordinary circumstances, Garnet would have listened quietly to the tale of woe brought by the station-hand, who had made his escape, and then have enriched the cells with one more prisoner. But, outlaw and bushranger though he was, the old high standard of a gentleman's regard for women, still possessed him. The men who had stuck up the station, were in all probability escaped convicts, men, naturally of a low type, but still further brutalised and depraved by the treatment they had received at the hands of the prison authorities. Such men were brute beasts incapable of even a spark of tender feeling; not hard and stern in defence of their existence; not merely prepared to kill or be killed to preserve their liberty; but rather human tigers, whose amusement was cruelty of the most depraved kind, whose love of killing was at best a recklessness of consequence and, as often as not, sheer lust of blood.

It was, of course, possible that the youth who brought the information had exaggerated; and, as they cantered along the sodden muddy road, Garnet was deciding what he should do

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if he found that such was the case. The only course to be pursued would be to arrest the men and afterwards offer them the chance of escape, provided that the women were unharmed and that cold-blooded murder had not taken place.

Keeping to the high road for some six miles, the party made rapid progress.

"We'll turn off to the left beyond that rise," said the guide, and presently the three horsemen were travelling across a stretch of wild, open country.

Great flecks and flakes of mud bespattered riders and horses, and in the heavy drizzle the miniature clods melted into long, greasy streaks. Now and again, as they thundered across the flats and skirted the low ranges, they would surprise a herd of kangaroo that fled promptly.

"It isn't far now," said the youth; "that's the 'omestead over beyond them gums in the valley."

The afternoon was drawing in, and the grey mist of falling rain was darkening into the gloom of evening. In a populous country the lights of trim cottages would have twinkled on the hillside and in the dale. But in that remote corner of the world, and in those days, dwellings were few and, away from the main road, far and far apart. Coming night brought only long shadows, and softer lights, and—silence; that strange silence peculiar to the last hour of the daylight, when the morepork is just awakening, and the midnight prowler has not bestirred himself from his lair.

He held her by the wrist with a grip of iron.

With increased swiftness, now that they had sighted their goal, the three men galloped on. Already the pace had commenced to tell, and the extended nostrils and long drawn sobs of their horses testifed to the task which had been accomplished.

At the gateway of the home plantation they drew rein and dismounted.

"See here, my lad, can you hold a pistol?" asked Garnet.

"Yes, sir, I think I can 'it one of them brutes if I gets a chance."

"Well, then, here's a pistol. But understand, you're not to use it under any circumstances whatever, unless I tell you. Threaten as much as you like, although, if you're holding a man up, drop him if he moves after you have once warned him."

Both Garnet and O'Dare threw their cloaks over their saddles and then, following the guidance of the youth, they quietly approached the house.

A wide verandah appeared almost entirely to circle the building. It was raised some two or three feet from the pathway, and here and there was shut in by trellis work and creepers.

The front door was wide open, and the front of the house was in darkness. Garnet was too wise a general, however, to enter the building until he had satisfied himself as to where the bushrangers were.

Cautiously creeping along the verandah, he led the way to the corner and peered round. Two bars of light, streaming across

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into the misty darkness, testified as to where the immediate occupants of the house were gathered. They could hear, too, the sound of hoarse voices intermingled with ribald laughter and women's exclamations.

Garnet hurried forward as quickly as the necessity of a quiet approach permitted. He was three or four paces ahead of O'Dare, at whose heels crept the youth.

Suddenly above the bursts of loud laughter came the shriek of a woman.

Regardless of what it might cost, Garnet ran forward. The moment after he reached the window, a shot rang out into the night.

He was too late to prevent what had happened, yet he was in time to witness the act and its consequences. His eye took in the scene at a glance.

By the wall on the left sat an oldish gentleman securely bound to a chair with a coil of rope. Across by the fireplace was a rough, unsavoury-looking man, with close cropped head, struggling with a comely looking girl, apparently a servant. With his arm about her waist he was eluding her frantic efforts, and was imprinting kisses on her cheeks.

In the centre of the room stood another hulking, low-typed individual holding in his arms an exceedingly pretty girl, obviously the daughter of the house. Evidently her strength was exhausted, for she lay passive in the man's embrace.

At the moment, however, he was watching and laughing at the discomforture of the third man of the party, who was endeavouring to snatch a kiss from an elderly lady, whom Garnet rightly concluded was the wife of the old gentleman, and the mother of the girl.

The contest between the two was horribly unequal, and the girl with pitiable helplessness and terror, and the man with loud chaffing, watched its progress.

Garnet saw the lady wrench herself free, and, as the infuriated convict gripped at her, she drove her hands into his face, drawing blood with her nails.

Like lightning—far too quickly for any interference—the man drew his pistol and pulled the trigger. With a moaning, horrible cry, the poor lady staggered back, her hands to her breast, whilst the girl, with a shriek of horror, endeavoured to rush to her. Only to the length of her arm and the man's could she go. He held her by the wrist with a grip of iron and laughed at her frantic efforts to wrench herself free.

For an instant the man on the hearth-rug ceased his endeavours to caress, whilst the murderer, gripping his smoking pistol, stood and laughed at his handiwork.

Then, like an echo to the shot, came the crash of breaking glass and splintered wood, as Garnet, thrusting against the light French window, burst it open, and entered the room with O'Dare and the boy at his heels.

"Hands up, you devils!" he cried, and his voice had in it a curious quivering harshness, that not even his comrades had ever heard.

Each of the attacking party had picked his man and covered him. O'Dare selected him on the hearth-rug; the youth, the one grasping the girl; whilst Garnet, leading the way, had pitched upon the assassin of the poor woman.

"Hands up, I tell you, or you're dead men!"

For answer, the wretch with his empty pistol lifted his hands, as also the man holding the young lady's wrist. She, released from his grasp, ran with a cry to her mother, and, falling on her knees, endeavoured to staunch the blood pouring from the wound.

The man on the hearth-rug had, however, yet to be disposed of. With a quick movement, he gripped the servant girl round the waist so that she entirely protected him, and, stepping to one side, stood with his back to the wall.

Garnet perceived his object. If once the fellow drew his pistol, he could easily turn the tables on those whom he naturally took to be Government troopers.

"Look out, Teddy, take my man," Garnet exclaimed, and, sweeping suddenly round, he clubbed his pistol and struck the bushranger, cowering before the youth's shaking weapon, a blow on the head. The man fell like an ox.

Stepping across the body Garnet made a dash for the man holding the servant. Terrified, and realising her danger, she was, for the moment, too dazed to struggle or to move. As Garnet reached the man his hand sought his pistol, whilst with a wrench the servant half freed herself. It was an opportunity, and Garnet seized it.

"Move a muscle and I'll drop you!" he said quickly.

For answer the man whipped out his weapon.

The act was accomplished with lightning rapidity, yet, before the convict could aim, there echoed a sharp report, and a cloud of blinding smoke spat from Garnet's pistol. With a cry of rage and pain, the man, shot through the right shoulder, dropped his weapon. In another instant he lay

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stretched on the ground by a blow from the butt end of the bushranger's pistol.

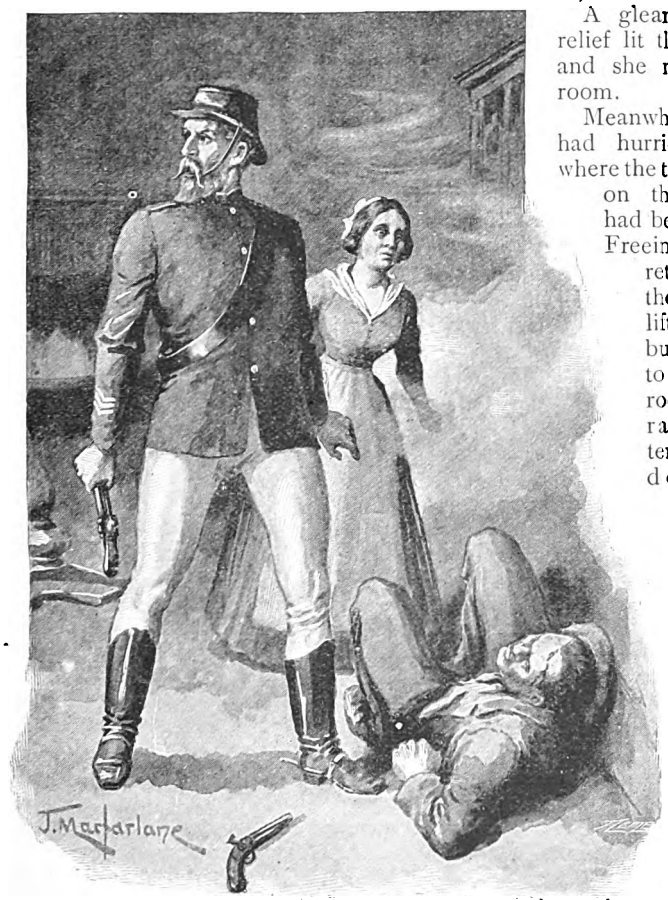
"Now, then," Garnet called to the lad, "give me that pistol, cut the gentleman loose, and then lash up these brutes before they come round. Teddy, see to your man."

The boy made haste to obey, and whilst Garnet stepped to the side of the prostrate woman, the three convicts were secured.

Pressing the girl gently aside, Garnet bent over the apparently lifeless body. A moment's examination, however, proved that the lady still lived.

"Teddy boy, be quick. You know more than I do what ought to be done," he called to O'Dare. "Now, young lady," he added, gently, "you must be strong and brave, and help us. Your mother is badly hurt, but not dead."

"Thank God, for that!" murmured the old gentleman, who, with bowed head and trembling hands, stood waiting for Garnet's verdict.



In another instant he lay stretched upon the ground by a blow from the butt end of the bushranger's pistol.

O'Dare took quick command, and there was that in his prompt orders and gentle, skilful handling, which astonished Garnet and brought a gleam of confidence to the stricken husband. It was as a lark freed back to its open skies, like a fish back in its limitless ocean. The bushranger was lost in the young surgeon; the careless adventurer had become in a moment a man of knowledge and skill.

Quickly he cut open the stained dress and took measures to staunch the blood.

"I want some water, some warm water, and a sponge, and some brandy, and something soft for bandages," he said.

"I will get them," said the girl, springing to her feet. "Tell me," she added, and even in that extreme hour Garnet noticed her wonderful beauty, "tell me, will—will she live?"

"It is not possible to say, but—I think so," answered O'Dare.

A gleam of intense relief lit the girl's face, and she ran from the room.

Meanwhile, the youth had hurried round to where the two men living on the homestead had been locked up. Freeing them, he returned with them, and they lifted the three bushrangers into an adjoining room. A few rags sufficed temporarily to doctor the wounded man who, with his companion, was slowly recovering consciousness.

Mrs. Russell's injury on close examination proved to be far less severe than might have been expected. So far as O'Dare could judge, the bullet had struck no vital part, but, glancing off the breast bone, had come out again immediately below the shoulder. The loss of blood and the shock were most to be feared, but within an hour or so she had recovered consciousness and had been carried gently down the passage to her bedroom.

It was now left to Garnet to play out his

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part of sergeant of police. Every detail of what had happened was noted down, and his prisoners were tended to and thoroughly secured.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Russell, I shall have to postpone my departure until to-morrow," he said.

"Of course, of course. I've had your horses stabled and some rooms made ready for you. You must certainly stay, and—and perhaps you will dine with me?"

Garnet hesitated.

"I include your companion. Oh! believe me, I shall be delighted. I—I fancy neither you nor he are—what shall I say—ordinary policemen, and I shall be very pleased to have your company."

Sergeant Sullivan bowed gravely, and if a smile did linger about his lips for the unconscious truth of the station-holder's fancy, an infinite grief gnawed at his heart.

Immediately before dinner O'Dare visited Mrs. Russell, and found that she had dropped into a quiet sleep.

"Come," he said to Miss Russell, "You must have something to eat. You may have a long bout of nursing, and must keep up your strength. Let one of the girls sit in here for a little."

It was a strange meal. The shock and terror of the day's happenings weighed on father and daughter, yet both were able to appreciate the refinement and the personality of their guests. They were policemen, one only a sergeant, the other but a constable, yet their manners, their thoughts, their conversation, were obviously those of high born gentlemen.

In such company the time passed quickly, and both father and daughter more than once surprised themselves in an outburst of hearty laughter.

By nine o'clock on the following morning, Garnet and O'Dare with their prisoners, made a start for Campbelltown, Garnet first carefully arranging that Mr. Russell should not ride over until the following morning, when the men would appear before the magistrate.

It was past one o'clock when the two bush-rangers with their prisoners turned into the station yard. Nolans was unfeignedly delighted, as delighted as he was astonished, to see the bound forms of the three wretched convicts.

"Well, Constable Simpson," said Garnet, "all well?"

"Yes, sir, all well; leastways, middlin' well."

"Any prisoners?"

"Yus, sir. Them as you left, and one I 'ad to arrest last night down by the 'Crown.' 'E 'it me, sir, and," he added, in a low tone, as Garnet dismounted near him, "I came nigh puttin' a 'ole through 'im wiv' is capperin's. I'm sick o' this pleecin' I am, it's—it's fair 'orrid!"

Poor little Wingy had certainly had the kicks of the adventure, if it can be said that the other two had had the halfpence. Nor were the kicks merely metaphorical, as a sight of his bruised shins subsequently testified to Garnet. He bore, too, the further inconvenience of an uncommonly swollen and decidedly unsightly black eye.

"I tell yer it's fair 'orrid, Cap'n! Jist as I thought the day's dooty was over, ups they rounds to the front door and says there's a row on at the pub over by the fur corner. In course I 'as to go, though I didn't like leavin' the place empty, in fact, I kidded as you was inside. When I get's darn, sure enough there was a party as 'ad drunk 'iself silly, a-carryin' on and a-swearin' fit to make a man ill. 'E was a-smashin' glasses wiv 'is exub'rance; and a-dodgin' and 'itting at the gal be'ind the bar; and when 'e sees me, 'e goes fair off 'is 'ead. Wery wiolent 'e was I tell yer; worse 'n a steer in a brandin' yard. 'Course, I 'ad to go for 'im and I downs 'im, but not afore 'e gets me fair in the eye, and plays dawncing tunes up and darn my shins."

"Did you enter him in the charge sheet?" asked Garnet gravely.

Wingy looked up reproachfully.

"'Ere, who are yer a-chaffin' Cap'n? I tell yer my eye's simply 'orrid and—Enter 'im in the chawge sheet!" he said contemptuously. "No, but I well nigh entered 'im for the resurrecshun stakes, I did!"

Garnet, however, took a keen pleasure in performing his duties to the letter. The intoxicant of the previous night, now sober and sorry, was ignored; but the three prisoners from Bellmont were brought into the small office and their names, or such as they gave, duly entered with all other details. The wounded man's shoulder was re-dressed. Then the three were tied hand and foot, and, much to Wingy's delight, securely locked in the same cell as the policemen.

"There ye are," said the little man. "Yer can discuss politics and chain gangs and shootin' women—ugh! Yer ain't likely to 'urt each other, and it jist shows yer, sergeant, the fault o' not 'aving a proper lock-up! I'd requisition the Government in case this 'appens agin, I should."

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"Is everything ready?" asked Garnet, when they were once more alone in the police house.

"Yus," replied Nolans. "The 'orses are all saddled and waitin' to be led out."

The most vital portion of the task which the bushrangers had set themselves, had now to be accomplished; the contents of the bank had yet to be secured. Their first proceeding was to change back into their own clothes.

To Wingy was assigned the duty of leading the two horses round to the back of the bank and coming through from the rear of the building. The idea was to get possession just as the bank closed for the day. Once inside, the bushrangers could rapidly transfer the gold to the saddle bags and quickly ride away.

Before leaving the police-station, Garnet addressed a letter to the Sergeant giving him full details of what had happened at Bellmont, adding that Mr. Russell was to be expected on the morrow. Placing the envelope on the centre of the mantelpiece, Garnet locked up the yard and front doors, and pitched the keys into a water barrel.

The three bushrangers rode slowly out of the yard and across the main road down a side street nearly opposite, and almost entirely destitute of houses. The street, was in truth a mere muddy suggestion, the allotments on either side, being in some places still covered with scrub. A few minutes brought the men to the back of the building upon which they were contemplating their raid. At the corner they dismounted.

It was exactly six minutes to three.

Wingy secured the horses and unbuckled the saddle-bags, whilst Garnet and O'Dare strolled slowly around into the main road. At two minutes to three they entered the bank. The business of the day had apparently ended, for there was no one in the building but the cashier and an elderly man standing with his back to the counter and reading the contents of a large account book.

The clerk looked up as the two men—drovers he took them for—entered. One came towards the counter, the other loitered near the door. The manager glanced over his shoulder from his book, and, seeing nothing extraordinary, resumed his reading.

"'E was a-smashin' glasses wiv 'is exub'rance."

Garnet proffered a cheque which the clerk took. It puzzled him. He looked up at the same instant as O'Dare shut the door and turned the key.

"Hands up!" whispered Garnet, and the young man let the cheque flutter slowly to the counter, as he peered into the ugly black muzzle of a full-cocked pistol.

The manager turned, as O'Dare strode across.

"Hands up, sir!" he said sharply. "It's no use," he added, as the man hesitated. "We'll not harm you if you do as we tell you. Up, up!"

Up went the hands of the two men and for a moment there was a pause. Nolans' sudden entrance from the back broke it, and, using two long pieces of rope brought by him for the purpose, he quickly rendered the prisoners completely helpless.

"Your keys," demanded Garnet.

"They are in my trousers' pocket," answered the unfortunate manager, and in a moment they were extracted.

No time was wasted in opening the strong-room and taking the bags of gold, which were stowed away. There was no mistake

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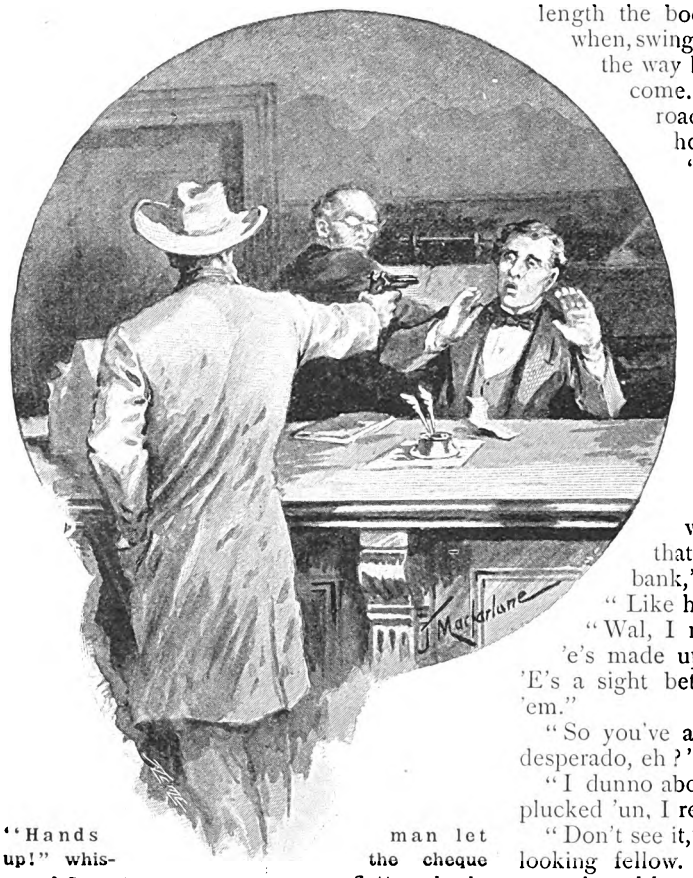

"Hands up!" whispered Garnet, and the young man let the cheque flutter slowly to the counter.

about the richness of the bushrangers' haul, and they realised that they ran a distinct danger of overloading their horses. The small bags were packed away in the saddle-bags by Nolans, as swiftly as they were handed out to him. Nothing was taken but gold, and nothing was needlessly harmed or destroyed.

"We want the money," said Garnet, to the prostrate manager, "and nothing else. I'm afraid," he added, "that you will have to remain here a few hours until someone calls in."

Before leaving, Nolans made certain of the bonds securing the two men, and then, each carrying a couple of heavy saddle-bags, the three men left the bank by way of the back door. This they locked, afterwards throwing the key across into some long grass.

It took but a few minutes to adjust the saddle-bags, although in no case were they satisfied to trust merely to the straps. At length the booty was adequately secured, when, swinging into the saddle, Garnet led the way back along the track they had come. They turned into the main road, and, meeting a couple of horsemen, gave them a cheery "good-day." Nay, more, Garnet, in an impulse of bravado, pulled up.

"How are the roads?" he asked.

"Fair," was the answer, as the two men reined up.

"Come far?"

"Left Hobart yesterday."

"Any news?"

"No; nothin' extraordinary. Captain Garnet's still out. They're waiting for 'im down Tunbridge way. There's a rumour out that 'e means to stick up the bank," said one man.

"Like his cheek!" laughed Garnet.

"Wal, I reckon as 'ow 'e'll do it if 'e's made up 'is mind," said the other. 'E's a sight better of 'is sort than most of 'em."

"So you've a lurking sympathy with the desperado, eh?" laughed Garnet.

"I dunno about sympathy, but 'e's a rare plucked 'un, I reckon; Eh mate?"

"Don't see it," said the man, a big, surly-looking fellow. "They'll catch him soon enough and hang 'im!"

"Poor devil!" said Garnet.

"Serves 'im right, says I. I'd just like to meet 'im. There's a nice round sum on 'is 'ead. It would come in handy, I reckon. I'd give him short shrift if I met 'im!"

"Oh! you would, would you? You'd have your Christmas spree with his life-money?" said Garnet, fixing a keen look on the man. "Perhaps he might go one better!"

"Not he," laughed the man. "You bet, he's a regular skunk!"

"Well, may be. I'd—I'd just like to know if you found him so, should we happen to meet after you've had it out with him. Oh! yes, I expect he is a miserable skunk! A poor, forsaken fool, who—Oh well—— So-long!" and Garnet set spurs to his horse and cantered on.

In a few strides he came level with his companions.

Then in silence the three galloped steadily along the slushy road, until, bearing westward, they struck across country for Miller's Bluff,

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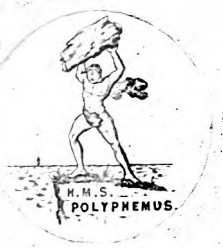
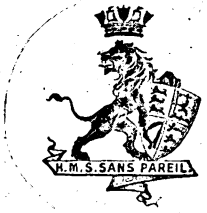
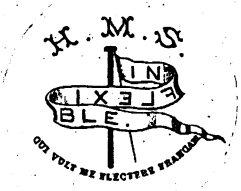




THE CRESTS OF THE WAVES.

By J. Holt Schooling.



In showing these crests of the Queen's Ships of War—which are literally the crests of the waves—I do not intend to give explanatory details about them, for they are self-explaining, but rather to use these very interesting little pictures as an opportunity to emphasize the truth of the words in the preamble to the Articles of War: "On the British Navy, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend."

I now give a very short summary of some notable historical instances, which show the immense importance to these islands of the Navy as the first line of defence. My authority for facts is the pleasing book "Britain's Naval Power," by Hamilton Williams, M.A., Instructor

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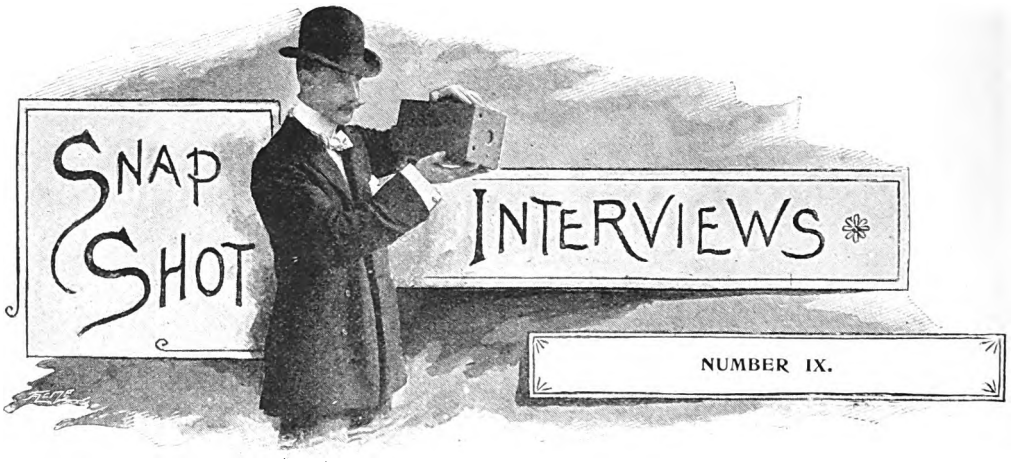
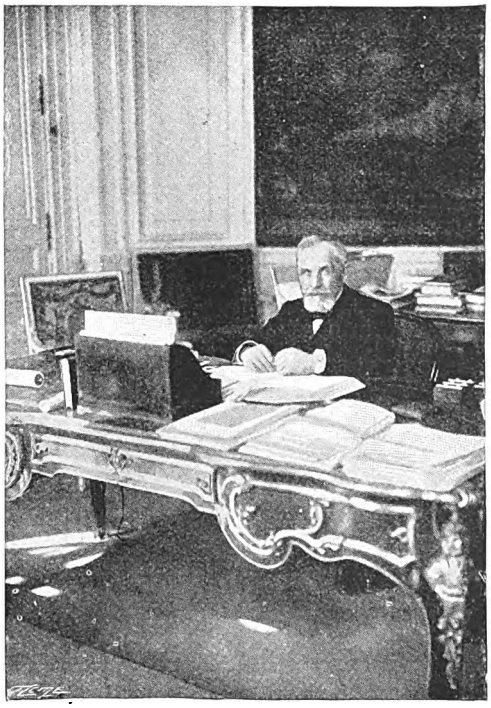
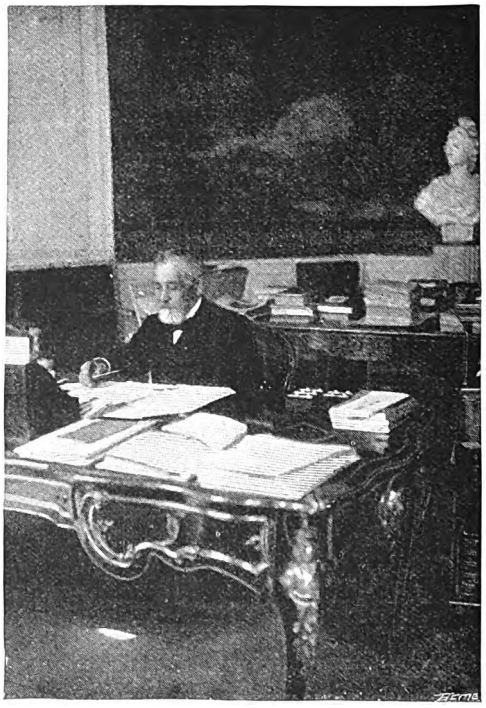


M. LOUBET.

(PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.)



Bon jour, Monsieur! I understand you wish to "Snapshot" me? Is that how you call it?



But you will pardon my continuing my work.

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By

Ethel Beatrice Bailey.

David Sadd was a shy man. "Far too shy to ever take unto himself a wife," so the neighbours said.

He lived alone on his small flower farm, possessing the reputation of being a steady worker and a helper of lame dogs over stiles. He generally managed to climb his own unaided. At the beginning of one summer he went away for a holiday. This action aroused much gossip, but when he returned with *Mrs.* David Sadd, everyone marvelled. Curiosity was at fever pitch. David was discussed in ale-houses, over wash-tubs, between clothes-lines, and in all places where two or three were gathered together. The general opinion was that the all-important question had been asked by—well, *not* by David.

"Her's been a widder," said the matrons; "she'd been over the ground before and knew just how to set about it, and Dave never could abear to say 'no' to anybody."

"'T isn't fair," grumbled the girls, "when there ain't enough men in the village to go round."

And to pitch on Dave, of all people! She might have had old Andrew Spooner, and welcome. He'd only got twelve shillings a week, and had already took to goin' into "The Plough" of evenin's. *He* wouldn't have mattered; but to have David, with his snug little farm and quite a lot of decent furniture. It was mean of Providence.

The men of the village said little, but they whistled much.

Mrs. Sadd, walking down the village street, was conscious that, although spring cleaning had been duly performed, most of the women were busy with the curtains in their front room. Two children, sitting on the doorstep of a cottage, disappeared hastily at her approach. Almost directly a woman came from the back premises, and entering the front room, started flicking the dust noisily off a birdcage hanging in the window. The flickering ceased directly Mrs. Sadd had passed. She knew the reason why, and smiled grimly to herself. She did not mind very much. Knowing that her bonnet would make or mar her reputation the first time she appeared in the village street, she had donned the one nearest and dearest to her heart. She was triumphant. No other woman in all the district had a bonnet to equal her own. They might have pink roses, or red roses, or yellow roses. She had green—no one in all that village had ever soared so high. Mrs. Sadd, looking neither to the left nor right of her, marched slowly down the centre of the street, happy in the knowledge.

Many women contrived that day to make their purchases at precisely the hour Mrs.

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Sadd chose for her shopping. She was aware that before nightfall all her neighbours would know what price she paid for her butter, and if she was stingy with candles. Nevertheless, she gave her orders in a sharp high-pitched voice, and walked out of the shop apparently unconscious of beholders.

When three months had passed David began to feel sorry he was possessed of such a gift as imagination. It was as though a firework had entered into his soul, eradiating and lighting up the dull corners—so beautiful while it lasted—then slowly, slowly dying out to nothing, save a heap of ashes, and self-knowledge.

He had always held certain theories with regard to womenkind. He believed that women, although not of the most approved type, were yet angels.

His marriage did away entirely with any such belief. There were times when he admitted to himself that if he had anything to do with the arrangement of the universe he would be careful to keep angels in their proper places, and allow only everyday human, loving women on earth. Virtue and order are excellent qualities in woman, but when Virtue puts framed texts where account slates ought to hang, and Order makes a tired man take off his boots before tea and throw his pipes on the dust-bin, there have been cases where a man has so far forgotten his station in life as actually to revolt and assert what he absurdly calls his rights.

The little white cottage, with its four small rooms, and raintub outside the back-door, had seemed very pleasant to David in his bachelor days. He liked to think how homely it would be with a woman's step about the rooms and the sound of her voice to greet him when the toil of the day was over. He thought he should like to spend all his life under its thatched roof—quiet, restful years—filled with love and work. The woman came, and the gates of Paradise closed behind him.

He remembered the pride with which he had led her into the little parlour. One side of the hearth was his own cane chair, somewhat airy about the centre, but the embodiment of comfort. Opposite to it was a wicker chair, softly and prettily cushioned, with a workbasket beside it, filled with all the fearfully and wonderfully-made accompaniments of scissors and needles. He had spent much thought over its purchase, and was anxious to know if he had forgotten any article to make it complete. Brightly coloured oleographs were pinned on the walls; a geranium was placed precisely in the middle of the window sill, and in front of the fire a black cat slept the sleep of good mousers.

Mrs. Sadd, looking neither to the left nor right of her, marched slowly down the centre of the street.

He had explained to his wife that he had tried to brighten it up a bit. Mrs. Sadd had said nothing, but she had surveyed the room with a stony glance. When David came home the following evening he slipped as usual into the parlour for his tea. A sense that something unusual had happened came to him.

He looked about him, and his heart sank. This was no cosy parlour—no resting place for a weary man. No cat was sleeping on the hearthrug. He found the creature later in the evening cowering under the kitchen dresser, peering at him with frightened eyes. When

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sociable cats retire to the privacy of kitchen dressers it is usually a sign that women and brooms are in the immediate vicinity.

The easy chairs had disappeared. David looked in vain for his pipe and tobacco jar. Two framed pictures took up the former position of the oleographs. He smiled when he saw them.

One of the pictures represented the procession of animals into the Ark. The Ark was not unlike a fair-sized punt with the addition of a lid. There did not seem the barest chance of any animal larger than a lion getting comfortable lodgings, and even then doubtless Noah's wife would have found herself in rather close quarters. The picture hanging opposite portrayed Abraham offering up Isaac.

David, standing in his own home, felt himself a stranger. He turned away with a heavy feeling of loss. From that hour onward the feeling continued to haunt him. Mrs. Sadd was not content to be merely mistress of the home; her rule extended to the owner of it. She believed firmly in good business qualities—her own, not David's. Her ambition would not be narrowed by cottage walls—it entered the garden. Not a cabbage in the whole row might David call his own. At the end of the week he was told to harness the donkey and take the vegetables to market. David knew he was meek, but he was surprised to find *how* meek. He took the vegetables to market. His wife took the money for them to the savings bank. He was miserable, but endured silently until the final act of tyranny. Even then he only asserted his rights by putting an end to his wrongs. David was always so different from other men.

The reason for his turning was this: Mrs. Sadd, without any warning, suddenly evolved a ramping, raging religion. She had always been termed a religious woman, strict in her chapel-going and Sunday observances. This state was now too mild for her. Her husband almost trembled to see the fierceness and zeal that accompanied her conversion. She could not speak without a text to frame her words. The very bread David ate was baked in an atmosphere of sanctity, kneaded to the shouting of Revival hymns. At night she prayed loud and long; so long that David, feeling that she did duty for both of them, retired to bed prayerless himself. Finally, she triumphantly proclaimed herself one of the elect.

The destination of her own soul safely settled, she turned her attention to the needs of her husband. Her own state of bliss was effected at the beginning of summer, when there was much work for David in the garden. After attacking him and finding him stubborn, she resolved to put off his spiritual scouring until the chilly autumn evenings or winter nights. Safely penned between herself and the fire, there would be small chance for the black sheep to escape.

David did not wish to be redeemed. He did his duty and owed no man gold or grudges. His religion was so closely united to his simple everyday life that his wife, looking for it as a thing apart, did not even recognise its existence.

She could not but regard as dangerous and misleading, a faith unsustained by chapel-going and scripture-quoting. When David gave away patiently-tended strawberries—saying in his awkward way "that the woman was poor and the child so ill"—Mrs. Sadd called him a fool.

David was lonely.

One evening he came heavily in from his work, stepping, as usual, into the kitchen for his meal. Mrs. Sadd was sitting by the fire, her knitting in her hands and an open hymn book on her knee. She glanced up at David as he entered, and in that glance was meaning.

"I wish to speak to you," she said.

David did not wait to remove his boots, but cut himself a slice of bread and sat down. Mrs. Sadd waited until he had poured himself out a cup of tea. Then she laid her knitting down.

"David Sadd," she said, "the state of your soul is displeasing to the Lord and troublesome to me. I have yearned over it, but what with one thing and another, and the summer being such a busy time, I thought best to leave it until I'd got some of the garden work off my hands and the kitchen re-papered. The Lord is gracious, and has mercifully allowed you to live until the autumn. Satan has got you in his clutches. Do you believe this?"

David assented so readily that his wife eyed him suspiciously.

"I will save you," she continued. She paused a moment, then said impressively, "You feel yourself to be a miserable worm, David?"

"Ay, Ay!" said David. He was quite sure of that.

"Then," said his wife triumphantly, "you won't take long to get into the fold. Some sinners are as obstinate as mules to convince, and take months. Others again shine in

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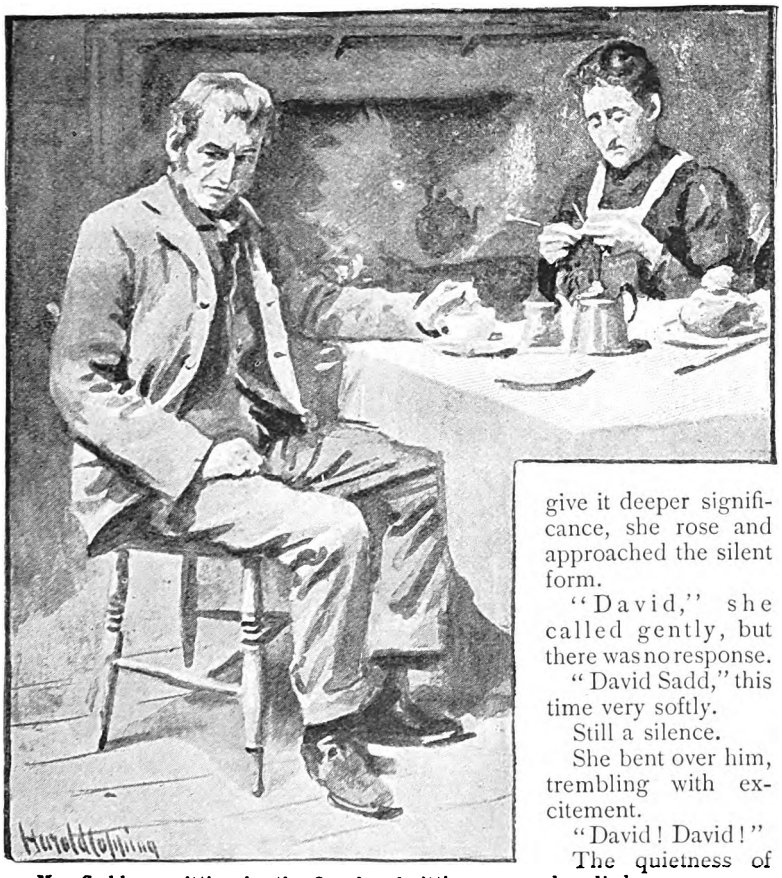
grace, and shout praises before the week is out. Now, David, you want new flannels badly this winter, but not a stitch will I put into them until I know they will be worn by a saved man. When you say to me, 'Maria, I'm a new man,' I'll start on them at once; but now I must give all my time to turning your heart. If you go cold this winter the blame won't be at my door, 'twill be the hardness of your own heart." She took up her knitting, and bent her eyes piously towards the hymn book.



Mrs. Sadd was sitting by the fire, her knitting in her hands.

David pushed away his untasted tea, and, setting his chair against the wall from mere force of habit, went out into the garden. Folding his arms on top of the little white gate, he stared gloomily in front of him. Everywhere was the greyness and chill of autumn — little piles of sodden richly-coloured leaves — a straggling bramble, with a few wizened blackberries still clinging to it—a heavy mist over the fields by the river bank—a sombre stillness in the air. The thought of his conversion and flannel shirts kept David meditating long. The village clock struck nine before he turned and walked up the shell-edged garden path—a New Man.

He entered the cottage to find his wife sitting up for him with a solitary candle.

That night in the darkness she prayed long and fervently for her sinner husband. In the midst of her petition she paused to see if her mediation was having any effect. David was very still. Taking this as a sign that he was stricken with remorse, she prayed yet more fervently. When the final "amen" was uttered, with a long pause between "a" and "men" to give it deeper significance, she rose and approached the silent form.

"David," she called gently, but there was no response.

"David Sadd," this time very softly.

Still a silence.

She bent over him, trembling with excitement.

"David! David!"

The quietness of the little room was broken. There were no tears, no passionate utterances of an awakened conscience, no frenzied declarations —just the peaceful snoring of a tired man.

Mrs. Sadd called no more blessings down on her husband's head that night. She retired with cold feet and a sense of wasted eloquence.

During the following weeks she made many attempts to soften her husband. David knew his moral nature was firm; but he sometimes feared for his brain. His wife was often irritated by a little smile that flickered across his face when he fancied himself unobserved.

"David," she said, one evening, "I'm going into the town to-morrow. I shall start early by carrier, and be back in the evening."

David nodded his head, not because he thought she was waiting for his assent, but merely to show he had heard her words. Then he smiled.

The next morning Mrs Sadd rose early, and after her breakfast laid the table for

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David's mid-day meal. He watched her wonderingly, and remembered that during the last few days her religious fever had decreased in temperature. She turned on the threshold to tell him the precise hour the potatoes should be put on to boil, and went out without her usual slam of the door.

When he knew she was safely jogging along with the carrier David put on his hat and walked down the road to a cottage half a mile or so out of the village. The master was at home and welcomed him. Old Willum, as the village called him, was the match-maker and occasional match-breaker of the whole neighbourhood.

Having loved and buried three wives he was much sought for his experience and knowledge of women-folk.

He had discovered the silver lining to many a matrimonial cloud. Once or twice he had dislodged a thunderbolt. He promised to help David. The two men sat long that morning, and Old Willum chuckled much. He had no tender spot in his heart for Mrs. Sadd, and his active old brain conjured visions.

Could Mrs. Sadd have seen her home later in the day, it is doubtful if she would have returned to it. They started with the parlour. David spared nothing. Down came the Scriptural calendars and texts and the pink and white paper roses from the fireplace. Down came the starched curtains from the window. The wool mats on the round table —the large hymn books—the stiff chairs—were all carried away.

"What shall we do with the textes and them things," said Willum, pointing to the calendars.

"Burn them," said David firmly.

Old Willum gave a low whistle.

"Burn them," said David again. They were burnt.

Then again he set to work on the parlour. Up went the oleographs—the account slate—the grocer's almanac. Back came the wicker chair and the old cane one with the hole in the middle. He hung faded red curtains at the window—his bachelor day curtains—he lit a cheery little fire in the fireplace, and put his pipe and tobacco jar on the mantelshelf. Then he went out to his little glasshouse and brought in a cheery scarlet geranium. He set it down on the window-sill. By seven o'clock the room was arranged to his satisfaction. The two men sat down in their shirtsleeves to rest. David went into the kitchen, and returned with a jug. He held it out to Old Willum.

"I dare say you're thirsty; bring enough for two of us."

Old Willum took the jug and went out.

In a few moments David crossed to the door and opened it. It was a dark, cheerless night, and the wind was chilling. He thought of his wife—wondered if she was very cold —dare say she wanted a cup of tea pretty bad.

He turned back to his old familiar room.

When Willum came back the room was very cheery. A kettle was singing on the hob, the red curtains were drawn, and the table was set for a meal. He thought David had done it for his comfort; then his eyes fell on something in the fender. Neatly placed together, with heels upturned to catch the warmth, was a pair of black shoes—shoes with a tiny ribbon bow in front.

"Well I'm blest," he said, softly, to himself, and he stared at David.

David saw the look, and to divert his attention asked him nervously if he thought the table would do.

Old Willum regarded it critically, and answered, drily:

"That he expected most women-folk, after drivin' in the bitter cold wind ablowin' outside, would like somethin' a leetle bit more comfortin' than chiny to swaller."

It was quite true. Cups, saucers, plates, even the tea caddy, but nothing to eat.

David searched in the kitchen and came back with bread, butter, and a piece of Dutch cheese. Willum sat by the fire watching proceedings with a look in his eyes that was rather trying to bear.

David arranged the table with great precision and surveyed it with satisfaction.

Then he joined Willum by the fire and waited. Willum helped himself from the jug liberally. David looked at the fire and smoked his pipe.

There was a long silence, then Old Willum burst out.

"Lordy! Dave. What's that you've got on?

"A flannel shirt," said David, laconically.

"A new one?"

He nodded.

"Where on earth did you get it from, and what's that over there?" peering through the firelight to a chair that had something strange and mysterious on it.

"More," answered David, still without removing his pipe. "Got them from town; carrier brought them last Saturday."

"Didn't she see 'em?" said Willum, terribly excited.

"No, she didn't," said David, slowly; "she

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was busy in the kitchen and I put 'em in the tool shed."

Willum looked with intense admiration at the lanky figure opposite, but all he said was, "There'll be a mighty rumpus, Dave."

Dave put down his pipe and rose to his feet.

"No there won't," he said, looking steadily at his friend. "No there won't, I'm a New Man."

Willum was silent through sheer astonishment. Then the New Man lit a lamp, and pushing aside the curtain, put it on the window-ledge, so its light streamed down the garden path.

"It's a bad night," he remarked, "coming on to blow hard and snow too, I fancy. Carrier's late."

It was nearly nine o'clock before steps were heard coming up the garden. They went past the parlour window, and the men heard a great knocking on the back door. It had been bolted early in the evening. Opening the front door, he called out:

"This way, Ria."

Ria was crying, her face hidden. He put his hand on her shoulder.

It was the name he had called her by when they were first married. A figure turned at his words and came slowly towards him.

"What do you mean, David; do you think I'm coming in this way with the snow dripping off me and my boots covered with mud. Open the back door at once."

Willum shivered in spite of the fire when he heard the sharp voice of Mrs. Sadd.

"Ria," said David, "it's too cold to stand talking outside."

He took hold of her arm, pulled her gently but firmly inside, and shut the door. She was in a piteous plight. Her bonnet all wry, her face pinched with cold, and the snow dripping off her into a little pool on the carpet.

Old Willum stole a covert glance at her, and, throwing a look of commiseration at David, sidled out into the night, closing the door softly behind him.

"There's no countin' for women when their tempers is riz," he murmured to himself.

So David and his wife were left alone.

"Sit down, Ria," he said kindly, "I'll make the tea while you're getting off your wet things."

She stood on the threshold, staring in a dazed way about her. She saw David's pipe on the mantelshelf, his account slate on the wall; her eyes fell on his flannel shirt. Then speech came to her.

"David, are you mad?" she cried. "Are you clean gone out of your senses?"

"No," he said, and he looked straight into her eyes, "I've just come into them—I'm a New Man."

There was something in David's look that told her that his words were true. She sat heavily down in a chair, gazing unseeingly before her. Very quietly David measured out the tea, and, not forgetting first to warm the pot, poured on boiling water. He filled

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a cup, and laid a piece of bread and butter in the saucer.

"'Ria," he said, "drink this. It will do you good."

Mechanically she raised her hands to untie her bonnet strings, but they fumbled nervously, and would not do their work. David put down the cup and untied them for her, laying the bonnet on the table. He loosed and removed her cloak; taking off her muddy boots, he replaced them with shoes—warm from the fire. She suffered him to do it, making no sign, uttering no protest. David put the tea in her hands, and carried away the boots to the kitchen.

Then he heard a strange sound, and the breaking of china.

He went hastily into the front room. The tea was streaming out of a broken tea cup on the floor, and—and Ria was crying with her face hidden. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't, Ria," he said, "don't cry."

Perhaps it was the warmth of the room after the chill of night, perhaps she was tired after a long day's shopping, but she cried all the harder.

David did not understand. He almost repented of being a new man, and his determination to be master. Her tears distressed him so keenly.

Knowing her pride, he felt for the time she must hate the very sight of him, and he stole quietly away.

He paused at the doorway, and even as he looked back longingly at her, she rose unsteadily to her feet, and held out her hands.

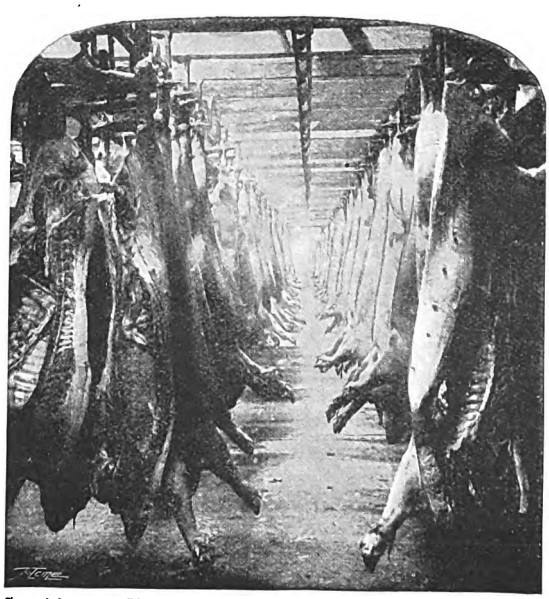
"Dave," she sobbed. "don't go away."

Dave stayed.

HALF-A-MILE OF PORK.

EVERYONE knows of the tinned meats packed by the famous Armour Company of Chicago. The firm is far and away the largest of its kind in the world, and during the Spanish-American War the greater part of the food supplied to the United States troops was from Chicago. Our photograph shows a view in the huge packing-house, and the headline, "Half-a-Mile of Pork" is no mere phrase but literally describes this avenue of pigs' carcases.

The number of slaughtermen employed by the Armour Company is enormous, and it is said that over a million beasts are killed annually for food in this establishment alone. Every appliance which tends to cleanliness and sanitation is brought into requisition, and this fact must give cause for satisfaction when it is remembered that the health, if not the lives, of thousands of people depend upon the purity of the tinned foods prepared at Chicago. The "Mushroom City" has certainly made good its title, though against its will, to the nickname of Porkopolis.



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A Lane in Armour's Packing House.

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HOW DOGS ARE RACED.

By Wellesley Pain.

The sport of dog-racing is more popular in the North than in the South of England, and it is not a very nice amusement in either district. To the uninitiated the game may seem to be perfectly fair and straightforward, while all the time the result is carefully "arranged" beforehand.

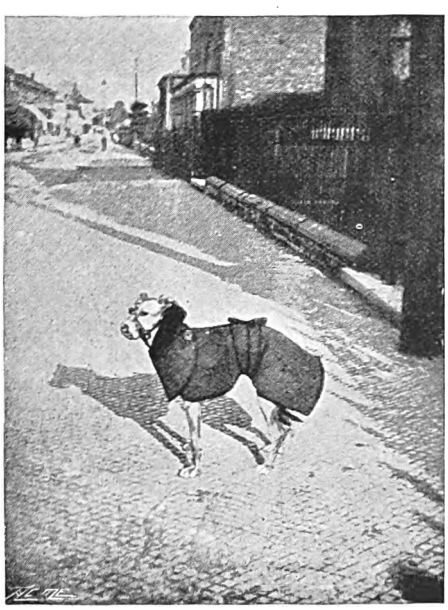
The dogs employed for racing are generally whippets, *i.e.*, minature greyhounds. They vary considerably in size, and are handicapped in the races according to their weight; the lighter the dog the longer start he gets. Few people have any idea of the high speed at which a good whippet can travel. A race of two hundred yards has been run in a fraction over twelve seconds, and it is this fast pace that gives the unscrupulous owner an opportunity for cheating. This will be understood when the methods of racing are explained.

The majority of dog races are run off in heats; there are never more than six dogs in each heat. After the first round the winners of heats are drawn against each other, and the process is continued until there is only one heat to be run off. The winner of that is the winner of the handicap.

The racing is managed in the following manner. The dogs are held on to the marks allotted to them by the handicapper, and when all are ready the owners or trainers of the dogs run up the course. As they run they wave white towels or pieces of white calico — technically known as "the rag" — and attract the dogs' attention by whistling and calling to them. These men are obliged to pass a mark placed about ten yards past the winning-post. The starter usually stands either behind the dogs, or one side of the course close to them. The start is effected by the firing of a pistol, and the dogs being released run as fast as they can towards their owners or trainers. As these men are standing ten yards past the winning-post, it follows that the dogs are running at their best pace as they pass that spot.

Each dog is distinguished by wearing a coloured riband round its neck, and the judge usually stands in a hole in the ground so that his eyes may be on a level with the dogs as they pass him. Directly the race is over the judge hoists a coloured flag corresponding to the colour worn by the winning dog.

A word as to the way in which the dogs are started for a race. They are not merely released by the men who are holding them on to their "marks." The man in charge of a dog generally kneels with one knee on the ground, and holds the dog by the scruff of the neck until the starter gives the signal to "get ready." The man then takes a firmer grip with his left hand of the loose skin at the dog's neck while with his right hand he holds the dog up by the root of the tail so that only the dog's front legs rest on the ground. The front legs must not be beyond the mark from which the dog is to



A Whippet—the favourite type of race-dog.

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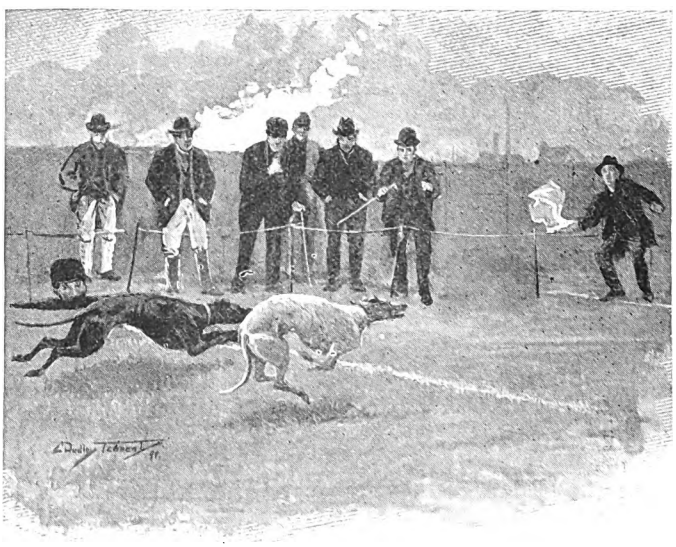
start. As soon as the pistol is fired the man "throws" the dog off. The object of this "throw" is to enable the dog to fall at once into his stride. If the dogs were merely slipped, in all probability they would not go "clean" from the slipper's hands, and in scrambling to get off they might slip and thus lose all chances of winning the race.

It will be easily understood that there is a right and a wrong way of "throwing" a whippet off the mark, and that the wrong way is the easier of the two. A good start is worth several lengths to a dog in a hundred and sixty yards race.

Nearly every whippet owner has his own particular fad with regard to the feeding of his dog while in training. In most cases, the staple article of diet is toast or crust of bread, and to this is added a little lean mutton, or a few scraps of fish for a change. During the last week of training the whippet is fed principally on beef-steak, while if he be over-trained and "stale" he may get a raw egg as a pick-me-up. The owner has always to bear in mind that his dog must not weigh more on the day of the race than he is entered as weighing, half-a-pound being the maximum difference allowed. As most owners prefer to enter their dogs as "light" as possible, with the idea of influencing the handicapper in their favour, the business of keeping down the weight is a very important one. All the dogs are weighed on the ground immediately before racing commences.



The judge stands in a hole in the ground; the men with the "rags" being ten yards past the winning post.

The exercising of the whippets is tedious work, since the dogs must be led out for their walks. The trainer usually commences the day by giving his dogs their liberty for half-an-hour. He then takes them up, puts on their leads, and goes off for a walk of from six to twelve miles. The length of the walk varies according to the dogs' constitutions, and the amount of time that the owner is willing to subtract from his usual working hours. But whatever length the walk may be, it must be steady and continuous; it will not answer the same purpose to let the dogs run loose and follow as they please. They must walk steadily the whole time, and this form of exercise is found to be an excellent recipe for producing muscle. In addition to this the dogs are allowed a gallop two or three times a week, the length of the gallop being the distance of the race in which they are to take part. They are trained from puppy-hood to run to "the rag." A careful trainer never allows his dogs to run behind a bicycle or a horse, as the constant galloping is said to shorten the stride of the dog, and thus reduce his speed.

There are several ways in which it is possible to cheat at dog-racing. It might be thought that the easiest of all would be the simple act of starting the dog a fraction of a second before the pistol was fired, but this is not so. The judge or the starter usually finds no difficulty in detecting this little ruse, and the penalty is complete disqualification for the whole of the race. It is no easy matter, however, to say with certainty that a man has been guilty of "holding" the dog at the start. This "holding" is the most common form of dishonesty at dog-racing. Its object is plain enough. It will be remembered that a whippet can run a hundred yards in about six seconds. A man has only to "hold" his dog a *quarter of a second* after the pistol is fired and he has given all the other dogs four yards start. Of course no man would treat his dog in this

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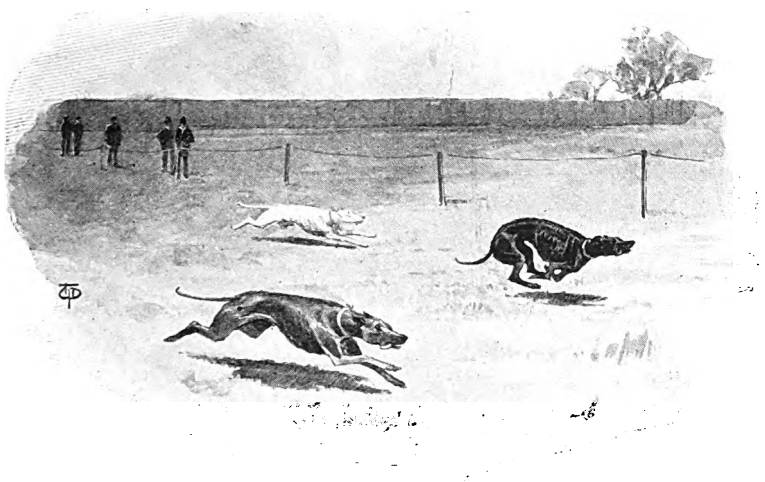
manner unless he had previously arranged with the owners of the other dogs as to which dog was to win, and had betted on it accordingly. If only this practice of "holding" dogs could be prevented, whippet racing might become a popular sport. The spectacle of five or six of these little dogs racing against each other is a very pretty one, and while we enjoy it we have the additional pleasure of knowing that no living being is suffering in order that we may be amused, and that the dogs engaged in the race really enter into the fun of the thing.



At top speed.

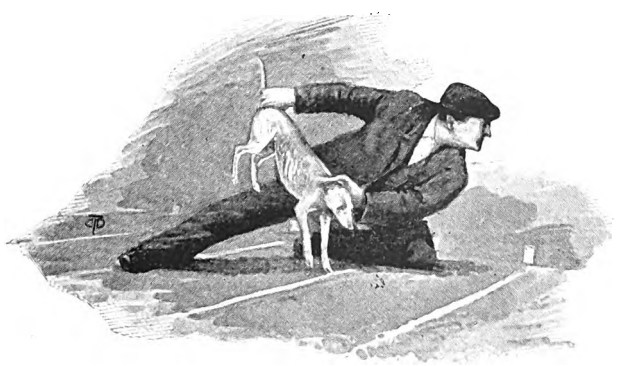
Another method of cheating is to overfeed the dog just before the race. A long drink of water will have the same effect. Nearly all whippets wear "box muzzles" when they are not running in order that they may not pick up scraps of food from the ground, poisonous or otherwise.

A few years ago, the Kennel Club recognised the breed and gave it a place in their stud books. Since then, classes have been provided for it at some shows, but the writer knows of no dog that has won a prize at a show and has also figured well as a running dog. With regard to whippets, "handsome is that handsome does," and the most unlikely looking dogs often turn out to be the speediest runners.

The men who own these whippets spend an infinite amount of time and trouble in training them.

They are usually men in humble positions, and they have been known to deny themselves and their families proper food and clothing so that their dogs should receive every possible attention. For the whippet is a delicate dog. He is very liable to catch a cold, and so he is usually clothed when he is not running. Many men let their whippets wear tightly-fitting undercoats as well as the ordinary coat, and even then the dog will shiver if he be standing still and the wind be in the East. Most owners pamper their dogs as far as warmth is concerned, and the writer has known several cases in which the family whippet invariably slept in the best bed in the house.

It has been said that all dogs derive the nobility of their characters from long and close acquaintanceship with man. The little whippet would seem to disprove this theory. Certainly the racing of whippets is one of the most shady kinds of sport in existence, and efforts to reform it have been almost in vain.



The Correct Method of Starting.

But popular attention is being directed to the sport, and it is hoped that before long it may be freed from dishonourable practices.

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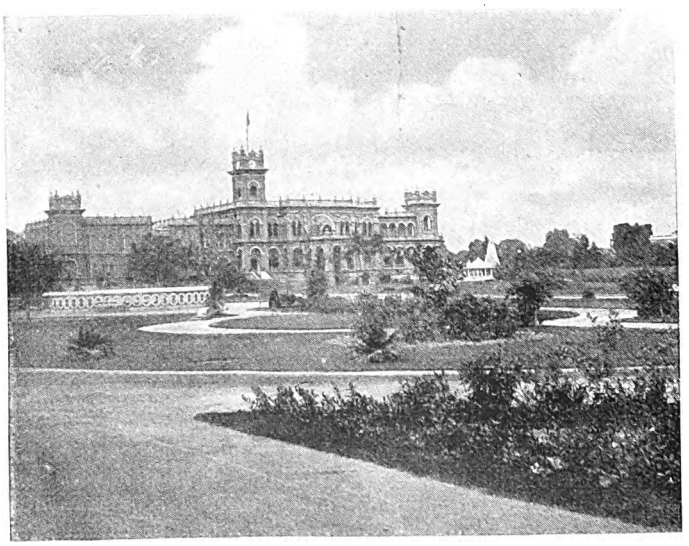
A PRINCE OF BRITISH INDIA

By A. L. Cotton.

A TRUSTED adviser of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, His Highness the Maharajah of Durbhunga, is to-day one of the premier Hindu noblemen of British India. In his capacity as a member of the Viceroy's council, he may be said to be the official spokesman of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen on all political and social questions. Thoroughly imbued with Western principles of government, a fluent English scholar, and an able orator, Maharajah Rameshwar Singh stands out among our Indian princes as a ruler of quite exceptional sagacity and tact.



The beautiful grounds and palace of the Maharajah of Durbhunga.

The vast estates over which he has control have long been regarded as a model of good management; they extend over an area of 2152 square miles, with a yearly rental of 30 lakhs of rupees, or £250,000. Enormous sums are yearly spent upon their improvement and development; and the palace and gardens at Durbhunga are one of the show places of Bengal. The capital, from which the title is derived, is a large and thriving town with a population exceeding 70,000, and is the centre of an important indigo district, in which much European capital has for many years been sunk.

With the kind permission of His Highness, we are enabled to present to our readers a series of photographs of unusual interest, depicting some of the more striking features in the princely home of the Maharajah at Durbhunga.

The first of our illustrations displays the grounds and palace, which were honoured by a visit from Lord Dufferin during the term of his viceroyalty. The gardens were originally laid out by M. Marius, now head gardener to H.H. the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, and are

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deservedly famous for their beauty, recalling an English park in the simplicity of their arrangement. Everything connected with the estate being directly supervised by European managers, there is none of that mixture of squalor and splendour which is so common among Orientals. In the palace itself the decorations are harmonious and tasteful; the magnificent silver furniture is free from any taint of vulgarity; there are no cheap oleographs upon the walls, nor tawdry ornaments of "Brummagem" manufacture to distract from the effect. This fact alone, indeed, would serve to render the Durbhunga Palace remarkable among Eastern residences.

Especially conspicuous are two massive silver goblets, the "Viceroy's Cup," and blue ribbon of the Indian turf, twice won by the late Maharajah, whose racing stables were managed by no less an expert than Lord William Beresford.

Among the many objects of interest are a set of ivory chairs, which were once the property of Tippoo Sultan, and the copy of Hansard, which was invariably used by Mr. Gladstone up to 1874, when it was sold by him to the then Lord Wolverton, and subsequently purchased by the Maharajah. These volumes are of considerable importance, for they are throughout heavily scored and marked in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting.

Leaving the palace, we turn to the subject of our second photograph: a portrait of the Maharajah himself, sitting surrounded by his relatives and suite. His Highness is represented wearing the costly necklace and sword, presented to him on his accession by the Government of India as *Khillat* (literally "robe of honour").

The Maharajah surrounded by his suite. He is wearing the costly necklace and sword presented to him on his accession by the Government of India.

The next photograph illustrates the recent Durbar, at which the title of Maharajah Bahadur was formally conferred upon His Highness. At the end of the hall is Sir John Woodburn, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, elaborately decorated with Kashmir work in gold. Chairs, pillars, tables, are of solid silver, while the carpet is of cloth of gold. Standing to the left of the Maharajah is the Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and near him, in uniform, an *aide-de-camp*.

It will be noticed that the costume of his Highness is literally incrusted with diamonds and other jewels, many of them of enormous size and of incalculable value. He wears the magnificent headdress of the Mithila Brahmins, of whom he is the chief; the scarlet material, of which it is composed, is scarcely visible beneath the mass of gems which cover it.

Our fourth illustration shows us the Maharajah upon his elephant of state. Whenever he dismounts from or mounts upon this animal, the family priests invoke a protracted blessing in monotonous sing-song. In addition to his silver goad, resembling Neptune's trident, the mahout carries a fly-flapper, while behind is an umbrella of white silk, bordered with pearls, both emblems of Oriental sovereignty. The curiously

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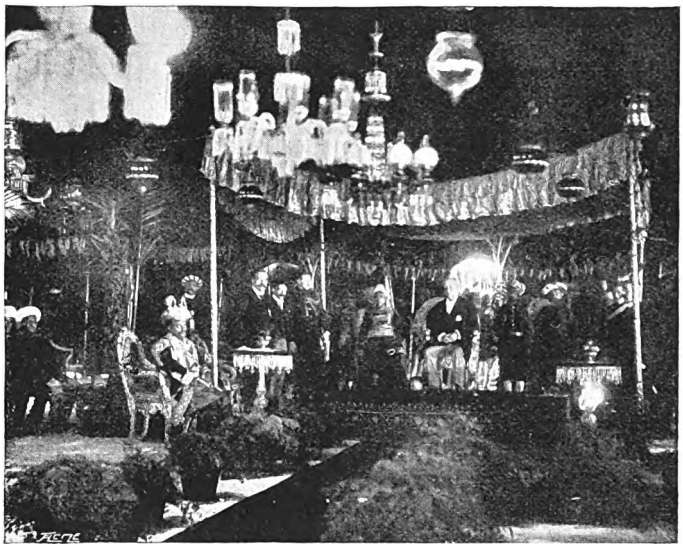


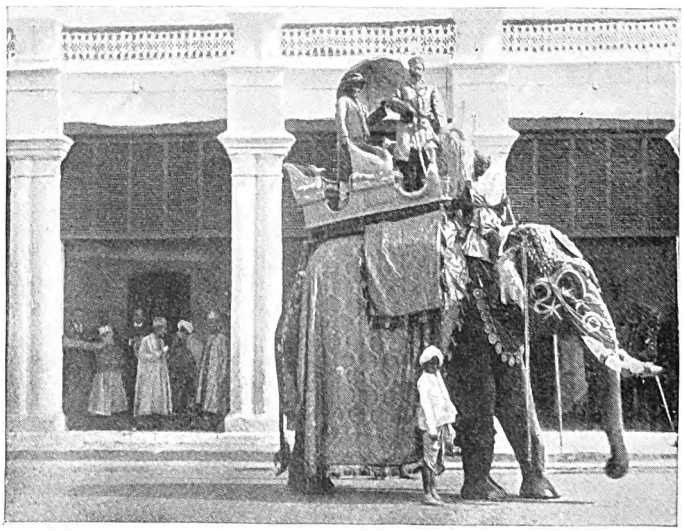
The Durbar at which the Maharajah received his title. Beneath the canopy sits Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

carved howdah is of the purest silver. Attention is particularly directed to the lavish adornment of the elephant, even its tail being utilised in the general scheme of decoration; the covering is thickly caked with gold, and two long strings of pearls are suspended from behind the ears.

This is the Maharajah's state elephant, but it is only one of the numerous fine animals which are maintained at the cost of His Highness. The complete herd comprises no fewer than forty-eight elephants, to some of which we are introduced in our title-picture. It may be mentioned that all the howdahs visible in this photograph are, like that in the last, of silver. Upon the sixth elephant from the right, looking at the picture, may be seen a handsome ivory drum, which is usually carried at the head of the procession. The elephants belonging to the Rajah are under the control of an old man of upwards of eighty years of age, who figures in the photograph of the state elephants in the howdah with the Maharajah. Each elephant rejoices in an appellation taken from the names of mythological or historic heroes; and it is their veteran keeper's boast that every elephant is known to him by name. Our tail-piece exhibits twenty-four of the herd ranged up in line.

We now come to a very different subject; the Maharajah's European drag. This vehicle was specially sent out from London, and possesses all the latest improvements. By the side of his Highness sits his veterinary surgeon, Mr. J. Tagg, M.R.C.V.S., to whom the credit of the turn-out is due; behind are visible a number of English sub-managers of the estate. The Durbhunga stables are celebrated throughout India; and the Maharajah is well known as a successful breeder. The stables contain one hundred horses, many of them English. The harness room is stated, not unjustly, to be without a rival in the East.

The last photograph which we reproduce brings us once more wholly outside the European aspect of the Durbhunga Raj. It represents the family place of worship at Goswami Ghaut, where every successor to the title and estates is enjoined to offer up his prayers at his accession and to receive the blessings of the priests. This beautiful



The Maharajah riding upon his elephant of state. The head of the elephant is lavishly decorated with gems and gold.

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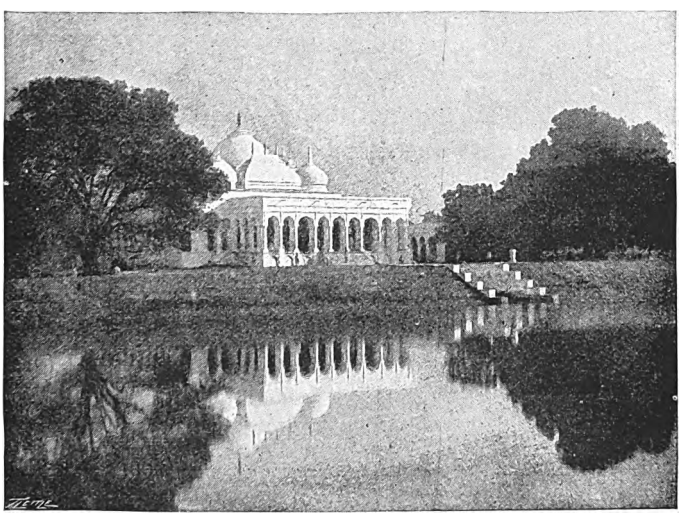
This splendidly-appointed European drag was sent out from London specially for the use of His Highness.

temple, with its exquisite situation on the borders of a lake, is thus intimately bound up with the destiny of the Maharajahs of Durbhunga.

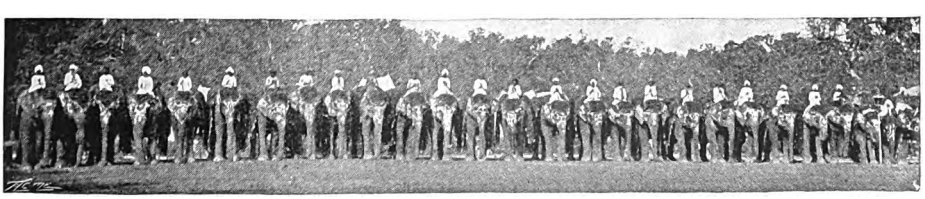
The title itself dates back only to 1808, when the then Maharajah Chutter Singh was formally recognised and invested by the British Government; but the origin of the family can be traced as far back as the reign of the Emperor Akbar, whose lieutenants they were in the province of Behar.

The present Maharajah, Rameshwar Singh, is now in his forty-second year, and was at one period, previous to his accession, a member of the Statutory Civil Service, which was created by Lord Lytton in order to provide suitable and responsible employment under Government for the sons of Indian noblemen. It is doubtless to his experience as a joint magistrate that his Highness owes those business-like habits and that firm grasp of detail which so pre-eminently distinguish him. Few Orientals have, it may be said, more successfully combined the apparently incompatible characteristics of East and West, and he stands out to-day as one of the most statesmanlike of Hindu rulers in our Indian Empire. Short as his reign has been so far, he has earned the commendation of all who have come into contact with him. A Prince of British India, his position is assured alike by the extent of his great influence and by the Western character of his ideas.

Were many others of the native princes to follow the example of their distinguished brother, there would, it is safe to say, be less discontent among the lower people.



Every successor to the title and estates of Durbhunga has to offer up prayer at his accession in this beautiful private sanctuary.



The above photographs are by Bourne & Shepherd, India.

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"GOOD LUCK!"

WHEN I was but a hobbledehoy,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago,
In books and such I found no joy
Heigh ho, but it's long ago!
My father caught me climbing a tree,
"Come down, I'll teach you better," said he,
I saw the length of the whip he'd got—
And only answered I'd rather not.
As Luck would have it, I might as well,
For I missed my footing and down I fell!
"That's Luck," said I,
"Good Luck," said I,
"For I might have gone thieving, by-and-bye!"

When next I came to man's estate,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago,
I thought that I had met my fate,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago!
For off I set a lass to woo,
But found on the way a horse's shoe,
That's luck—so back I went once more
To nail the shoe against the door.
And when I wooed the lass next day
A box on the ear was all she'd say!
"That's Luck," said I,
"Good Luck," said I,
"For I might have been married, by-and-bye!"

When I was forty and two years old,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago,
My uncle left me all his gold,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago!
Thought I, now I'll have some to spend
And some to lend to a needy friend,
And just a little to lay aside
For a rainy day in a stocking wide;
But of the gold there was no sign—
'Twas all sunk deep in a Cornish mine!
"That's Luck," said I,
"Good Luck," said I,
"For I might have turned spendthrift, by-and-bye!"

So now I've reached my manhood's prime
Heigh ho, for I've ceased to grow,
Just as I please I spend my time.
Heigh ho, it's as well 'tis so!
If I'd not tumbled out of the tree,
To-day I might in prison be,
If I'd had money to spend and lend
'Twould sure to have cost me many a friend;
If I had married, I'd have a wife
To vex and plague me out of my life!
"That's Luck," say I,
"Good Luck," say I,
"And I mean to stay lucky until I die!"

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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THE INTERESTING CASE OF PETER HOSKYNS

By J. Hurst Hayes.

Illustrated by Tom Browne

Me bein' a lit'rary gent I cannot pretend to exactly understan' to the full the exact Scientific Significance of the case of Petros Hoskyns. That part of the business I leave to Perfessors, Schoolmasters, and all those in the same trade. But knowin' Pete Hoskyns as I did, and lamentin' with many others his recent demise, I take it upon myself to give to America and the surrounding continents the details of his short but undoubtedly Entertainin' Career.

For the first seven years of his life Pete was as ordinary a person as you or I Am. Barrin' that he was posthumous there was nothin' interestin' at all about the boy. He was chubby, dirty, and blessed with as good an appetite as anyone could desire. And I distinctly recollect that he used firearms as a child of six on a pal of his who made a mistake in bein' gone on the same girl as he was—and did damage, too. Which showed that Pete was quite normal. And as to his knowledge on cocktails and Such Intricacies, believe me, I will not speak.

Waal, then, it was on Pete's eighth anniversary of his birthday that his mother made a somewhat coorious discovery. Pete, you must know, was freckled. Not a freckle here and another there, but a mass of them all over his face. And his mother was washing him.

She came to my cabin that night in a state of some excitement, and remarked nervously:

"You won't believe me, David, I know, but it's the solemn truth I'm tellin' ye. When I was washing that boy of mine, Pete, this afternoon—bathin' him over with a sponge—I bathed off every one of the freckles from his face. I did, sure."

I looked hard at Mrs. Hoskyns, and then seeing how distressed she appeared, I smiled.

"Mary," I said, taking the cigar out of my mouth, "you was always a parnicious hard scrubber."

"I was washin' him quite gentle—I was indeed, David," she replied, "but they just came off with the water, quite nat'ral like."

"Then, Mary," said I, "I guess I'll be returning

I asked at every shanty in the settlement,

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with you to visit your dime-show phenomenon of an off-spring."

So I went across with her to see the child, and there, sure enough, was Pete, seated on a barrel rolling cigarettes, but divil a freckle on his face.

"You believe me now, David?" exclaimed Mrs. Hoskyns triumphantly. "You do, don't you?"

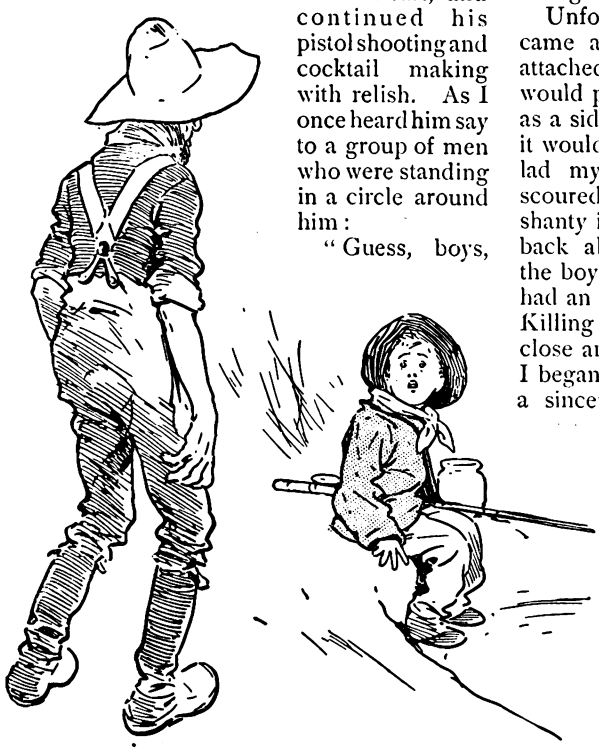
"Why, certainly, Mary," I replied, "unless my eyesight is failing."

But I confess that though this was only a beginning, I was honestly A Bit Scared.

Matters did not rest there, for during the next year there were unmistakable signs of the effect ordinary spring water produced upon Pete. There was no doubt about the matter at all, for Pete was just about as easily dissolved in water as you or I are not. To have given the child a bath would have been to have attempted murder on the boy, and once when he went out in a hail storm without an umbrella, he returned home with his face and hands dotted over with indentations, as though someone had been boring holes in him with a gimlet at Regular Intervals. Take my word for it, he looked queer.

He didn't seem to take his misfortune a bit to heart, and continued his pistol shooting and cocktail making with relish. As I once heard him say to a group of men who were standing in a circle around him:

"Guess, boys, there's no need to make a darned agitation over a trifling eccentricity like that."



Beside it, lookin' very disconsolate, sat a little boy.

But even he was annoyed at a slight accident that happened to him when he was drawing near his tenth year.

Pete's mother was doing the washing one day, being a good housewife as she was, and Pete was playing about in the garden throwing lassos over clothes props and tree stumps. After an hour or so of this amusement he must have strolled away into the road or Adjoining Environments, for Mrs. Hoskyns, calling to him from her washing tub, got no answer.

"Drat the boy," said she, "where's he got to now?"

But she went on with her work. After another hour or more, however, she began to think she had better look for the youth, so she wiped her hands on her apron and began searching. She searched through the house and the garden, and she went to the gate and shouted up the road and down the road; but there was no Petros. Then she came across to me to know if the boy had been there, but I just said to her:

"No, Mary, me dear, the boy's paid me no visit; but don't bother yourself, he'll turn up all right for lunch."

Unfortunately he didn't; so when Mary came across again, knowing her to be very attached to Pete, and knowing, too, that Pete would probably have a Financial Value to her as a side show when he grew up, I thought it would be better just to have a look for the lad myself. So I sent Mary away, and scoured the country round. I asked at every shanty in the settlement, and went into every back alley myself, and when I couldn't find the boy there, I went out into the country and had an afternoon of it hunting him. It was Killing Work, and when the day drew to a close and I had got no glimpse of the youth, I began to get really frightened, and to have a sincere sympathy for Mrs. Hoskyns. At last I determined to return, thinking perhaps the boy had got home some other way. On the road back I passed a pond of some small size, and beside it, looking very disconsolate and overcome, sat a little boy of about five years of age, and small for that, too. And beside him was a fishing-rod and tackle. I went up to the boy and spoke to him, thinking perhaps he might have seen Pete Hoskyns or might be able to throw Some Light on his whereabouts.

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"Tommy," sez I, noticing, as one notes small things at great times, how remarkably large his clothes were for him, "I calc'late you haven't set eyes on that yer Petros Hoskyns this afternoon, have ye?"

The boy looked up at me with great, sleepy eyes.

"David," sez he, after a mighty long pause, "who are you getting at?"

"I aint gettin' at no one," sez I, rather annoyed, "I simply asks you if you've seen Petros Hoskyns."

The boy looked up again very sadly, drew his coat sleeve across his eyes, and then gave an almighty deep sigh.

"I am Pete Hoskyns," he said finally, with a little gulp in his throat.

I opened my eyes pretty wide at this Astounding Statement, and then tried a hearty laugh. Somehow it wouldn't come and I found myself staring hard at the youth. Then things began to piece themselves together a bit, and I noticed a few facts. First of all I wondered why a boy should be wearing clothes five sizes too large, and then I looked at the pond and its one foot six of water, and then I glanced at the fishing tackle, and recognised it as the same I had given Pete two weeks before. And as this Avalanche of Circumstantial Details rushed upon me, I saw in a moment the whole truth, and turning my back on him, I put my hand up to my face and wept bitterly.

"Pete, Pete, my lad," I said, "whoever's been dilutin' you?"

He snuffled a bit and then sat down on a stone, crossed his legs and looked viciously at the pool of water in front of him.

"It's this way, David," he remarked, "I'd been playin' in the garden for an unconscionable long time when I thought I'd go out and try that yer fishin' tackle. So I brought it along here and began fishin'. Guess, David, I didn't catch many salmon, and affairs became so parnicious slow, I dozed right off and fell into the lake."

"Peter, my boy!"

"Waal, David, the lake ain't monstrous deep, but it were enough. When a man is afflicted; chemically afflicted, as I am, I tell yer it has an enervating effect to find himself slowly dissolving away. It takes the strength out of him—it does sure."

"It must be an Uncomfortable Sensation," I said.

"So when I was about as weak as a dormouse I began to get frightened. Luckily after I had dissolved away to about five years of age, I managed to clutch hold of a piece of stick and pull myself out; and—and—and here I am, David!"

Scores of times I've seen him pluggin' bullets into its depths just out of fair spite.

He finished up with a quaver in his voice that told me he had passed through a Bitter Experience, and I felt raal sorry for the boy. But not knowing what to do I just took him up in my hand and carried him home. And a score of times after that I've seen him standing in front of the pool, revolver in hand, plugging bullets into its depths, just out of fair spite.

Waal, Peter lived on and grew up again. Of course for years after that yer anecdote water and he weren't on speakin' terms, nor noddin' either, but the coorious thing was that after he had passed his twelfth birthday he seemed to lose his affliction and to become quite normal.

Let me pass on hurriedly. For such a long spell of years Petros had been insoluble that he grew to quite forget the time when water had such an Alarming Effect on him. Not that he rushed madly at the stuff, or did such foolish and senseless things as wash himself every morning, but still he grew to feel it was an enemy which had Temporarily Perhaps lost its power over him. Which doubtless lead to the distressing occurrence of the 14th October, 1889.

Petros was then about nineteen years of age and in all knowledge of the world old for his summers. He knew as much about horse dealing and pistol practice as most persons double his age. Waal, one night he was sitting in Hyam's saloon, imbibing various liquids, not including water, of which he had a decided abhorrence; and quite a lot of boys were there. Far as I can infer the talk must have veered round to Pete's solubility, and Pete must have declared in

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There they were, all four of them, standin' round the tub and gazin' meditatively in.

opposition to one of the boys that he was no more soluble than granite. Anyhow, I guess there was a bit of wagering on, and Pete staked four dollars he would lie in a bath for two hours and nothing would happen.

Waal, all the details being squared up, the party adjourned to a local bath-room, filled a tub with water and saw Peter safely in. Then they left the room, he locked the door on the inside, and the others sat on chairs without and Awaited Events. Nothing much happened for a time and the fellows kept shouting questions to Pete through the keyhole such as:—

"Are you soluble, Petros?" "Do you find yourself growin' younger, Pete?" "Are the cares of life slippin' away from you?" and so on. But Peter just shouted out "No!" to them every time and Sat Still. At last his voice seemed to be getting rather faint and the fellow who had backed Pete to be soluble was just mad with delight.

"Guess, Pete, you're dissolvin' fast."

"I'll let daylight through that door and you, if you talk any more nonsense!" answered Pete in a whisper.

So, knowing Pete's shooting capacities, those outside kept an almighty silence. At last, however, after an hour and a half had slipped by, and no sound came from the room, some of them began to get anxious and ventured another remark. Waal, you may think they were a wee morsel terrified when they didn't get no answer at all. Then they shouted a bit louder, and louder still, but Pete wasn't talking. So in a blue funk they held a consultation and decided to smash the door in.

I happened to pass by ten minutes later and don't want to see a more frightened set of men again. There they were, all four of them, standin' round the tub, gazing meditatively in. I asked a few questions and got to the right of the matter, and then I, too, examined the water. There wasn't much examination needed to reveal to me the awful calamity that had occurred. Poor Pete had dissolved right out of existence.

For the next half-hour these men were talkin' their heads off to think of some antidote to the disaster, but as for me I kept mighty quiet being almost Overcome With Grief.

At last, however, I pulled myself together and struck ile with a Glorious Idea.

"Boys," sez I, "ye brain-haired scallywags, I've solved the problem."

"You don't say so," they exclaimed.

"Why, certainly," I replied. "Evaporate that yer tin bath tub down till there isn't a drop of water in it, and you'll leave Pete as a residue!"

I never saw a set of men so taken with a notion before. They seized the tub in a moment, dangerously nearly spilling some of the water, and then they jammed it on the fire. For three long hours they stoked on coal, till the whole place was a fiery furnace.

Waal, if I had the pen of an E. A. Poe or a Tennyson I couldn't properly describe the delight we experienced at the result of the experiment. For there, sure enough, after we had driven the water off, lay Pete, precisely the same as before. He seemed a bit sleepy at first, but after I had shaken him and whispered "Cocktails!" he opened his eyes, stood up in the tub, and looked round at us all.

"Guess, boys," he said rather surlily, "I owe one of you men four dollars. Give us a cheroot, David."

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A HOME FOR THE SHABBY-GENTEEL.

AN ANCHORAGE FOR ARISTOCRATIC DERELICTS.

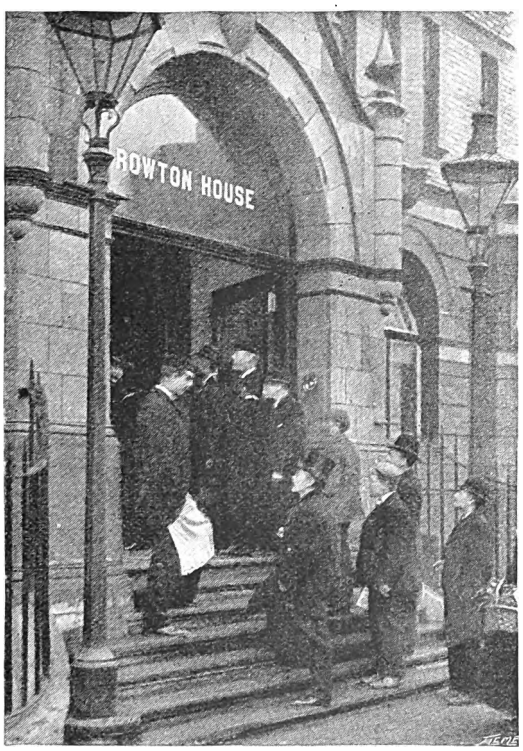
By A. Goodrich.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

The fierce competition waged under our present industrial system is no respecter of persons.

It tramples under foot the weaklings of the upper ten thousand as ruthlessly as it does those of the lower ten millions. Till recently the world was strongly of opinion that any ill-fortune attending those who happened to have been born, if not in affluence, at least in respectability, was entirely owing to vices which placed them outside the pale of human sympathy.

Many a broken-down gentleman, shrinking from the doss-house, has died of exposure in the streets, or ended his misery in the river. Knowing this, Lord Rowton, who is one of those rarities, a practical philanthropist, set himself the task of lessening as far as possible the sufferings of what might be termed the "Derelicts of Mayfair."



The Entrance just before 6 p.m.

"Why should not genteel poverty be provided with a home suitable for its slender finances?" he said. "Success does not always attend the deserving. Have not some of the noblest men and women who ever adorned humanity utterly failed in their allotted spheres of life? So much has been done for the submerged tenth that it is time the well-born were considered."

So in 1893 his lordship opened an hotel with accommodation for 475 guests. This was so successful that two years later another Rowton, this time in King's Cross Road, blossomed into existence. Lord Rowton thought that in these days of revived trade an additional 677 bedrooms would have satisfied the demand, but no. Even the gigantic Rowton recently opened for 805 guests at Newington Butts has been found so insufficient that a fourth at Hammersmith for 800 more is in course of erection.

All the Rowtons are popular, being quite as comfortable as any West End hotel; but probably because the one at King's Cross is far from Belgravia the patrons of this hotel are much more toney than at any of the others, although the Rowton at the Butts has outwardly a far more *distingué* appearance.

Indeed this hotel looks so palatial, that

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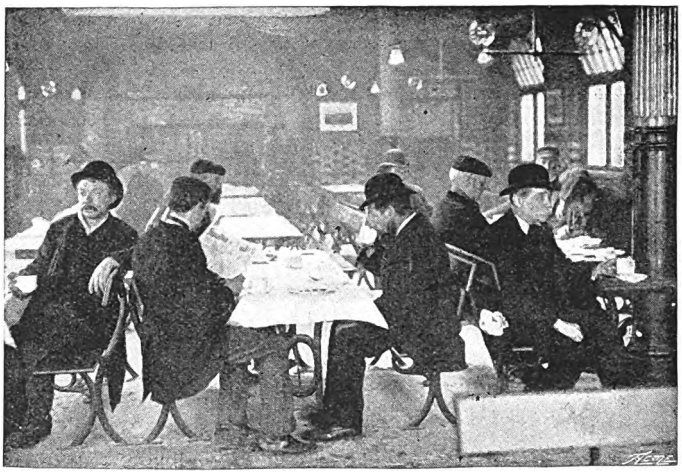


The Dining-Room.

but for the turnstile in the entrance few would guess that the charge for accommodation was only 6d. per night. Still the swells cling to King's Cross.

It is true that the little crowd, which assembles before 6 p.m. when the office opens for the sale of tickets, are mostly clothed in the penitential garb of poverty; but I soon saw when I took my place in their ranks some weeks ago that amongst my companions were many who had seen better days. As the hotel was full, I had to wait for the chance of some guest not requiring his bed that night.

Presently an extremely seedy individual approached the office window, and announced with great haughtiness that as he had been summoned home he should not require his bed any longer.

Another vacating guest was a gentleman with a moist expression of countenance, who, judging me to be a stranger, offered to sell his ticket for 6d. if I would stand him a drink.

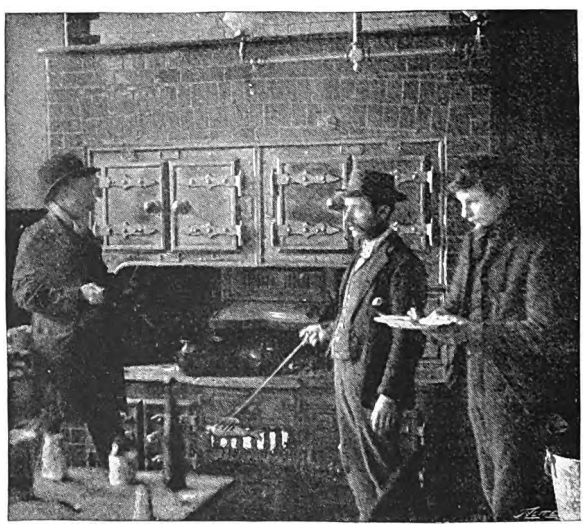
As I declined this offer, I had to wait till past 8 p.m. before I was able to cross the threshold.

The first thing I did on getting inside was to make my way to the dining-room. Here I found quite a number of people discussing supper. Cooked food can be had at the Rowton, but the rules allow those who prefer to do their own cooking to bring it in if they like. Although a number avail themselves of this privilege, the bars, as they sell a good article, do a big trade.

The reading-room is greatly patronised after ten, for by this time humanity, having satisfied its cravings, is ready for its newspaper. The spectacle of several hundred persons on the brink of starvation busily engaged in reading and discussing the affairs of the day without any reference whatever to personal embarrassments, struck me as extraordinary. The failures of life seemed a good deal more interested in public matters than in their own private concerns.

Before eleven o'clock I had solved one social mystery. If anyone wishes to know what becomes of those slaves of the counter who, on the approach of middle age, are turned adrift on the world, let him visit the Rowton. There are scores of faded shop assistants at the Rowton.

Truly a most motley gathering. An Army officer who offered me the *Pall-Mall* was once a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards. Another, a Victoria Cross man, but looking soddened with drink, and worn with exposure, for it is seldom, I am told, he is in a posit on to plank down 6d. at the turnstile, racing touts, artists, &c.



Each Individual may Cook his own Food if he likes.

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One poor fellow who greatly interested me had been a naval officer. He seemed in sad trouble. Scotland Yard had taken away his license for being drunk whilst driving his hansom, and had that day refused to renew it. He told me he loved the life of a driver.

Another character, the son of a Dean, is remarkable for the urbanity of his manners. When anything occurs, however, to annoy him his periods become tropical in their fervour.

A Colonial judge (retired) prefers selling articles in the street to envelope addressing.

There are plenty of broken-down barristers, architects, clerks, and the like, all of them, from one cause or another, being quite unfitted to fill positions suitable to their birth and training.

Where they go and what they do during the day I quite failed to discover. In the summer they probably spend the day in the parks, but how they kill time in the winter is not so clear.

Coffee, Cocoa and the Latest News.

I followed one very shabby piece of human wreckage one morning. He seemed intent on business as he left striding along with much briskness. But when he reached Holborn his pace slackened. Presently he took to looking in shop windows, and at last he pulled up at a street corner and gazed vacantly about him.

Owing to the accommodation provided being a good deal better than that procurable in lodgings, a good sprinkling of working men make the place their home, hiring their beds by the week.

As a rule the workers who patronise the Rowton are single, but I came across a couple who told me that they always stayed at the Rowton when they quarrelled with their good ladies at home.

To be quite candid bona-fide working men have to put up with a good measure of indignity at King's Cross; they have more money than their well-born companions, but that does not prevent their being regarded as inferior creatures and daring interlopers. On Saturdays they frequently wax defiant, but for the rest of the week they are humble enough. A working man isn't at this hotel long before he gets to understand that a great gulf exists between himself and the beggared gentry around him.

I saw one evening a cashiered colonel, drinking contentedly with a publican who had come to grief through a passionate admiration for professional billiard-playing, which led him to follow John Roberts all over the country; but I never saw this warrior in the company of a working man, although there were several who would have defrayed expenses for the honor of his society.

There are some who occasionally smile on the horny handed division, but they belong to the section whose thirst is of a permanent character.

One would think that new fangled schemes for the improvement of mankind would find staunch advocacy in the Rowton. When a man has touched the bottom, any change in his circumstances must be for the better. An anarchist and a socialist found their way there during my stay. Here was scope for propagation surely. Oh, dear, no. All the guests who took part in the politico-economic battle proved to be thorough going conservatives.

They hadn't anything to conserve. Society had pronounced them unfit and cast them out. Yet they were not only content to let things remain as they were, but they simply pulverised the arguments of the two social reformers. I shall never forget the scorn with which one of the combatants who had shattered his fortune by his fondness for yachting—asked the anarchist if he himself really believed the stuff he talked.

The most bigoted conservative at the

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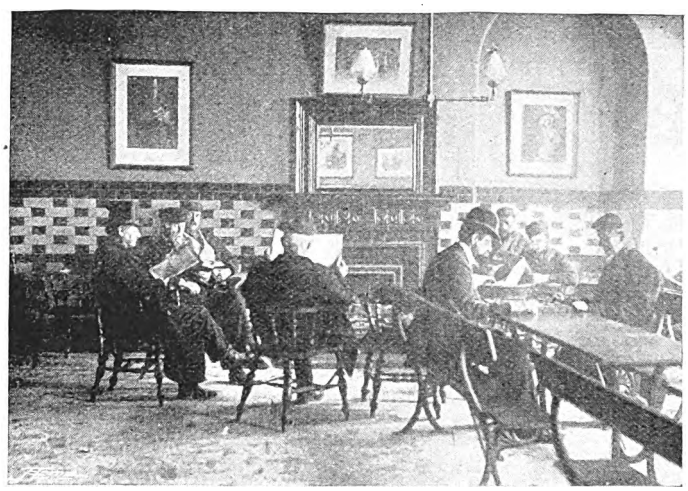

A Corner of the Reading-Room.

Rowton is an old gentleman, 68 years of age, once captain in the Guards, but now a vendor of street matches. He will have a cup of coffee with you and say, as he raises the cup to his lips, "The Queen, God bless her, and death to the enemies of my beloved country." Let me here say that this old gentleman is not an exception. There are scores of well-born people at the Rowton who, poor as they are, never seem to forget what they have been. In many cases drink, in more sheer weakness of character, has wrecked them.

There are exactly eight broken-down swells at the King's Cross Rowton, who, although destitute of shirts, collars, and cuffs, still preserve a remnant of gentility by wearing gloves out of doors.

And are these much to be pitied folk happy? As far as I could judge, yes. That beneficent law of nature, adaption to environments, enables them to realise with unerring precision that life in this world is beset with such arduous responsibilities that the dazzling splendour of the sunshine of success is not to be compared with the refreshing coolness of the shade. They have their worries, of course, but they are not dragged at the chariot wheels of their own success.

During my stay I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, after running through, in the course of three years, some £38,000—the sum his partners in an old-established business paid to be rid of him—has sunk to addressing envelopes for 3s. 6d. a thousand, a price which keeps him hard at work till 11.30 p.m. If the price were only 4s., he would be able to have a glass in the evening.

Another discontented mortal is a doctor, who once enjoyed a splendid practice in Bayswater. "There are nearly 600 people here and not one of them ill," he said to me one night. The fee of this reduced practitioner for consultation is 2d. and two pills, for a prescription 1d. extra.

Money so obtained is invariably squandered in drink. I saw him one wet evening offer to exchange a good, sound pair of boots, he told me his sister had sent him, for a worn-out pair plus a bonus of 4d. and two pills.

The purchaser was an extremely seedy but contented public-house exponent of phrenology, who, when at the bar, was famous for his powers of cross-examination.

The most discontented aristocrat I met at the Rowton was once a famous Civil Service coach, an Oxford prize-man, and a splendid classical scholar.

After winning 3d. or me by translating six pages of Horace without making one single mistake and working out the first sixteen

"I tell you, Salisbury knows what he's about."

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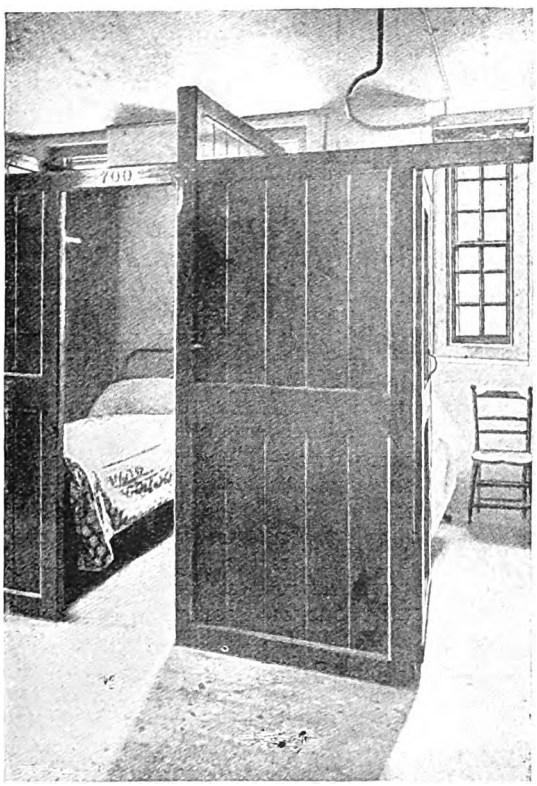
problems in Euclid, he proceeded to invest his winnings with the Rowton book-maker. This individual ten years ago was one of the leviathans of the turf. He still follows his old calling with the difference that he now has to be content with a 1d. book.

Rowton folk are very charitable. It is quite a common thing to see the hat passed round for an *habitué* who is minus his bed money.

Although the tariff is exceedingly small, a cup of excellent tea being only a halfpenny, and a good plate of roast meat 4d., there is plenty of grumbling. It is sheer ingratitude to rail against a place which enables a man to live in comfort for 10s. a week. Many thrive on a good deal less. The discontented ones will admit that a warm bath is worth 1½d., with soap and towel, that the place is well warmed, the spring bed and accessories first-class, and that the locker placed at the disposal of every inmate for clothes, etc., is a great boon. But they don't like having to deposit sixpence for the key, although the money is returned when they leave, and they think the restrictions as to smoking in the bed-rooms, paying for broken crockery, card-playing prohibited, and having to vacate their bedrooms by 9 a.m., very galling.



A Cubicle.

The public-room, they also say should not be closed so early as 12.30 on week-days, and 11.30 Sundays, and the bar for sale of refreshment should be opened all day, instead of at certain hours.

A broken down company promoter pledged me his word as a financier of experience that a concern which only gave six lumps of sugar for a halfpenny must be run solely for profit-making.

In this he was supported by a solicitor who, since he has been struck off the rolls, and run through two fortunes, his own and his wife's, has been compelled to write begging letters for clients at one penny each, and vend boot laces.

The persistency with which this old rascal pushes his laces once resulted in a reduced accountant losing his boots and his hat. He had purchased a pair of laces, and was putting them in his boots when he suddenly missed his hat which he had placed on the table beside him.

Greatly incensed, he rushed to the bar to lodge a complaint leaving his boots behind. When he returned he found these gone as well.

It is only fair, however, to state that the officials at the Rowton sample their patrons with such skill that robberies of any sort are extremely rare. Thieves would like to use Rowtons as they are not registered as lodging houses, but the society of the swells is too much for them.

One of the superintendent's duties is frequently to take charge of monies sent for the use of inmates whose connections would rather have them at the Rowton than at home.

The retired army men who live at the Rowton are the cleanest of all the guests. As far as I could judge, despite what the grumblers say the place is most excellently managed. The profits might be infinitely larger if the hotels were run on purely commercial lines, but they are not. Lord Rowton, his colleagues, and the able secretary, Mr. G. Burgess, do not regard Rowtons entirely as money-making concerns, but primarily as institutions for the benefit of those unfortunate individuals whose earlier and better days render the common lodging-house too rough for their use.

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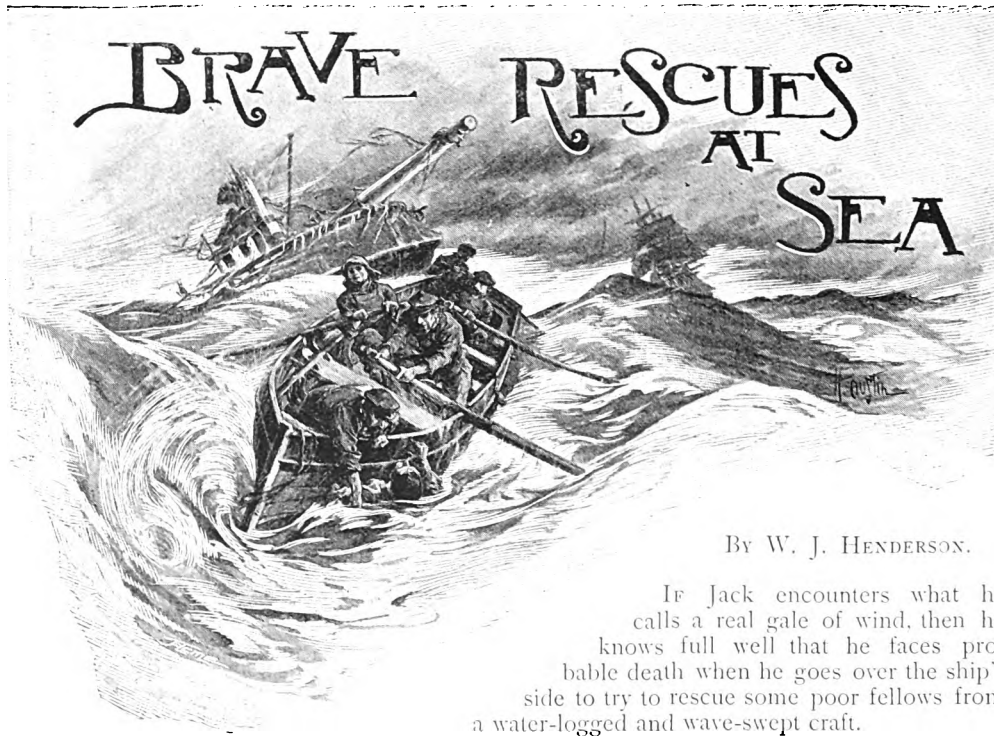
BRAVE RESCUES AT SEA



By W. J. Henderson.

If Jack encounters what he calls a real gale of wind, then he knows full well that he faces probable death when he goes over the ship's side to try to rescue some poor fellows from a water-logged and wave-swept craft.

His first danger is that his boat may be smashed by some huge sea against the ship's side, and be carried out of reach of help in the swirling rollers. If he succeeds in getting away safely, his boat may be swamped and that means certain death. If he reaches the vessel in distress, his boat may be dashed against her; or some of the wreckage from her decks may stave in his frail craft; and so death again awaits him. And if he succeeds in taking the people off the wreck, he must regain his own vessel; and here again he runs the risk of having his boat crushed against her side and losing his life at the very instant of success.

On January 21st, 1895, the three-masted schooner *Florence J. Allen* left Apalichicola for Philadelphia with a cargo of yellow pine lumber. A fair wind and a smooth sea brought joy to the heart of Captain John Eastman, master of the schooner. He was more than usually anxious for a safe and speedy voyage because his wife was with him. For six days the schooner worked very slowly but comfortably northward. But on January 27th Captain Eastman found a falling barometer, a solid sheet of driving gray for a sky, and an icy edge in the growing wind that swept over his weather bow.

With a sigh he gave the order to shorten sail, for already his schooner was beginning to thrust her long bowsprit deep into the advancing waves. The wind increased all day, and at nightfall was blowing a gale. The schooner was snugged down under storm canvas and hove to on the starboard tack. The wind still blew in force, and before morning it was blowing a winter hurricane.

The schooner began to labour heavily. Huge cliffs of writhing foam roared down upon her out of the grey gloom to windward. The upward leap of her bows, as the hills of water swept under her, was sickening.

There was something terrifying in the fearful plunges she made into the yawning chasms which followed the snowy summits of swirling white. Deeper and deeper became those inky pits; and as the wan light of the ghostly dawn stole up out of the pallid East, it showed the schooner burying herself to her foremast in the furious surges, while her wild leaps, which made her topmasts bend like whips, seemed like the convulsive starts of agony of a living, suffering creature.

The gale continued with unabated fury till February 4th, when the wind veered into the

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North-East, blowing with fresh vigour, and raising a terrific cross sea, which set the *Florence J. Allen's* timbers groaning in every joint. In the midst of this wild turmoil of the elements came the report that the vessel had sprung a leak. Her timbers could not stand the strain of this mad pitching, and somewhere a seam had opened. Every gallon of water which entered the hold added to the strain upon the timbers, as it was tossed about. On the next day the centre of the storm was over the schooner, and there was a spell of milder weather.

"Man the pumps!" was the order, one of the most disheartening orders to which a brave man has ever listened.

For twenty-four hours the *Allen's* crew, sobbing with the strain of the heart-breaking labour, kept the pump-brakes clanking. But the insidious danger under their feet grew in spite of them.

On February 6th the gale came on again with renewed force. Captain Eastman, well knowing that his schooner would not stand any further battle with a head sea, furled every stitch of his canvas, and let the vessel scud before the wind under bare poles.

On February 7th the *Allen* was almost full of water. Her deck load of lumber had torn loose from its lashings, and threatened the crew with instant destruction. With desperate courage the men got it overboard. In the struggle the helmsman was struck by a piece of timber and knocked down. The wheel being unattended, the schooner took a rank sheer on the underrunning sea and broached to.

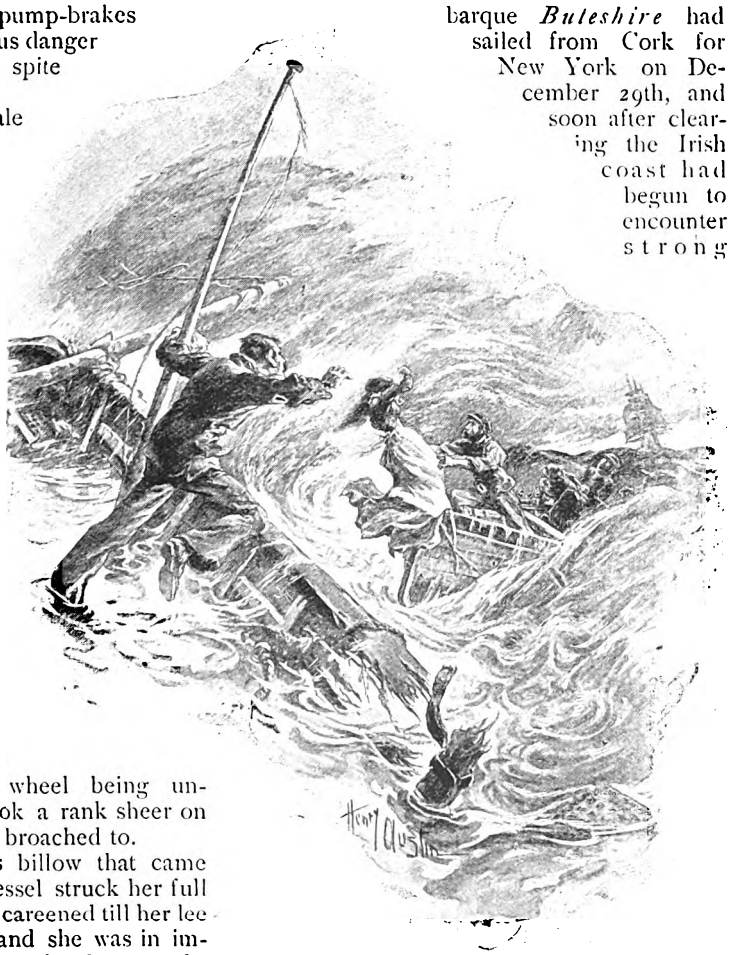
The next mountainous billow that came roaring down upon the vessel struck her full upon her broadside. She careened till her lee rail was far under water, and she was in imminent danger of lying upon her beam ends.

"Cut away the masts!" shouted Captain Eastman, springing towards the shrouds to assist in the work.

A few blows with the axe severed the weather shrouds of all three masts, which went overboard with a series of terrifying crashes. The *Florence J. Allen* was now a helpless wreck driving before the pitiless gale in a waterlogged condition.

For four days Captain Eastman and his wife, together with the members of the crew, had nothing to eat except a few bits of hard tack, and almost nothing to drink. They were forced to remain on deck, for they could not go below on account of the water in the schooner. Cold, hungry, and despairing, with a wreck under their feet and death momentarily expected, they were hurled along by the wild seas. No help was in sight, and in such a storm none seemed possible.

Meanwhile the Nova Scotian barque *Buteshire* had sailed from Cork for New York on December 29th, and soon after clearing the Irish coast had begun to encounter strong



He literally hurled her across the seething cauldron.

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westerly gales, veering to north-westerly. Her master, Captain Wyman, found that he could not hold his course, but was gradually driven off to the southward. On January 29th he found himself some eighty miles off Cape Hatteras.

The wild weather now abated somewhat, and the barque began to buffet her way under short canvas to the northward. But her progress was slow, for the wind still opposed the vessel and the sea was constantly vexed.

On February 4th, Captain Wyman's sights of the sun, taken from a staggering deck through swift alleys of flying clouds, showed him that the *Buteshire* was seventy-five miles to the southward and eastward of Sandy Hook. The wind was increasing in force, and before night the barque was once again under storm canvas. *In three days she succeeded in making five miles on her course*, and then a real hurricane of icy wind came pouring out of the north-west. The sea water was warmer than this cutting blast and so there was a fog of alarming density.

Captain Eastman left his vessel when all the others had gone.

Captain Wyman hove the vessel to under a goose-winged maintopsail, and with her rigging iced into unmanageable iron bars she drifted two hundred and fifty miles to the south. On February 11th, the gale abated somewhat, but it was still a gale, and it had been blowing so long that a furious sea was yet running.

In the middle of the forenoon watch a seaman sighted a spar protruding from the water, and when the *Buteshire* had come nearer to it Captain Wyman saw that it was the spanker of a schooner, and that there were persons huddled on the after deckhouse. It was the unfortunate *Florence J. Allen*, with which the *Buteshire* had thus fallen in. How the people aboard of her managed to stay there was a mystery.

Captain Wyman shook his head.

"It is facing almost certain death to attempt their rescue," he said, "yet we can't leave them there. Who will volunteer?"

Mate C. R. Grant and four seamen stepped forward. The captain shook their hands and bade them Godspeed. They lowered the barque's lifeboat into the sea with the greatest difficulty. The barque herself was lunging and reeling madly, and the onset of the waves was something terrifying. The seas had assumed a fearfully precipitous shape. Their advancing sides were almost as steep as those of breakers, and everyone of them curled over at the top in a roaring crest of smothering foam.

The chances were a thousand to one against the lifeboat. Yet those five brave men set about their task with coolness and resolution. Getting away from under the lee quarter of the barque, which momentarily threatened to smash their boat into kindling wood, they began to drop down toward the wreck. They rowed with their faces toward the bow of their boat, so that they could watch the action of the seas and save themselves from impending destruction by quick

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work. When they drew near the wreck, moreover, they were in this position better able to keep their boat from being dashed against her.

As they dropped down under the lee quarter of the wreck, a monstrous billow swept away one of the persons aboard of her. With desperate strength the *Buteshire* men whirled their boat around and forced it towards the struggling man, whom Mate Grant pulled out of the sea. Then they forced the lifeboat back again, pausing at a safe distance from the quarter of the wreck.

Captain Eastman, of the *Allen*, embraced and kissed his half-fainting wife. Then, seizing her round the waist and putting forth all his strength, he literally hurled her across the seething cauldron astern of the schooner into the lifeboat, where she was caught by Mate Grant. The eight seamen of the *Allen* jumped for their lives, some falling into the boat and some into the sea, but none being lost. Captain Eastman left his vessel when all others had gone. Half of the work of the rescuers was done.

Meanwhile the *Buteshire* had dropped down under the lee of the wreck, and once more Mate Grant and his four oarsman began the perilous passage between the two vessels, letting the lifeboat slip down stern first while they all faced the bows, not knowing at what instant a breaking billow might engulf them.

Going alongside the *Buteshire* was out of the question. The boat would have been stove in and sunk in an instant. Still rowing, almost exhausted by their terrific battle with the infuriated ocean, the volunteers got their boat close enough to have the rescued persons hoisted out of her with a tackle, and finally succeeded in reaching the barque themselves and hoisting in their boat.

Both captains and the seamen of both crews agreed that they had never seen a boat live in such a sea, and it was conceded that the volunteers had risked their lives at every moment during the work of rescue. And that is the story of a rescue at sea, in the face of natural dangers of the deep in their most appalling form.

It was in the fierce month of December, a few years ago, that the other rescue took place. On the first day of that month the English steamer *Coronation* sailed from Lisbon for Norfolk, Virginia. On December 10th, the German sailing ship *Prinz Heinrich* sailed from New York for Liverpool with a cargo of nine thousand barrels of naptha.

From the hour when she thrust her long flying jib-boom past the red hulk of the Sandy Hook lightship the *Prinz Heinrich* had evil weather, and Captain Knoop, who commanded her, would very gladly have put back to seek shelter in the Horseshoe, but the wind blew from that quarter, and drove him farther and farther to sea. On December 12th the gale, which was now blowing with hurricane force, suddenly whipped round from North-West to North-East. The *Prinz Heinrich* had been hove to on the port tack, and this sudden change of wind, taking her aback, snapped her masts off like so many pipe stems.

For a time the vessel was in imminent danger of being sunk by the pounding of her own wreckage against her sides. The crew worked with a will, however, and the spars were cut away. The rest of that day and all December 13th, the ship drove helplessly at the mercy of the furious wind.

Captain Knoop strove vainly to put some kind of a jury rig on her, and to heave her to behind a sea anchor. The morning of December 14th dawned with the vessel leaking and the gale increasing. The sea was breaking madly over the dismasted wreck, and it was with peril that anyone moved about her decks. At this juncture a pale-faced man rushed up from below, shouting,

"Fire!"

On a clear day and in a calm sea such a cry brings dismay to the heart of the stoutest seaman. In the midst of a yelling gale, with a sea running in which no ship's boat could live for a single moment, and with a ship laden with a terrible explosive, the horror of an alarm of fire becomes something beyond all imagination.

For a few seconds Captain Knoop's crew stared about wildly, and some of the men seemed on the point of throwing themselves into the sea. But with cheering cries the master of the vessel rallied them to their work. The hand pumps were manned, and a stream of water turned upon the blaze. The men worked with the energy of despair, but the flames slowly gained upon them. At this terrifying juncture a seaman forward screamed out in ecstasy:

"Steamer ho!"

The men could hardly believe their own eyes when they saw plunging wildly out of the writhing grey gloom to windward the black hull of a steamship. For an instant the men, who had felt their doom impending, were filled with joy, but in another moment they realised that it was a small steamer, that the seas were making a clear break over her, and

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that she was plainly in great danger of being overcome by the gale before which she was flying. There was no possibility that she could do anything to save them. Yet hope would not die in their breasts, and they waited.

On came the little steamer, hurled about like a yawl by the monster seas, and half buried beneath some of them. Would she drive past? That question was quickly answered. In spite of the fearful danger to be incurred by laying herself broadside to the seas, the little steamer rounded up half a mile to windward of the wreck. She was thrown nearly on her beam ends in doing so, but finally righted and rode head to the gale.

Captain Knoop had not been idle. He had rigged a flagstaff at the taffrail of the *Prinz Heinrich*, and he now ran up the international code signals meaning, "We are afire."

The little steamer answered, "Will lie by you till gale abates."

Captain Knoop then signalled, "Our cargo is explosive." He did that, brave fellow as he was, not as an appeal for immediate help, but as a warning to the steamer to keep off.

How do you think that little steamer answered? She dropped down to within three hundred yards of the wreck, and her crew hove overboard a large cask made fast to a hawser. Several buoys were bent to the hawser at various points. As it was paid out it drifted down toward the wreck.

The seamen aboard the *Prinz Heinrich* understood that this line was to be their only chance of salvation, and they feverishly watched its end approaching them. The little steamer drew nearer. Captain Knoop waved his arms in a warning appeal to her to keep farther off.

A pale-faced man rushed up from below shouting "Fire!"

But there were English hearts of oak on that little steamer, and no attention was paid to the gallant German master. As the line approached the German vessel, a column of smoke, the first that had appeared, shot up out of the aftermost hatch. Some of the German seamen uttered loud cries of dismay, and eight of them rushed madly to the rail and jumped into the sea. Two of these eight disappeared swiftly in the boiling waves, but six managed to get hold of the hawser or the buoys.

Before they did so, however, there was a sudden, deep, and appalling roar. A blinding sheet of flame rushed upward toward the grey sky, filled with huge fragments of the deck and timbers of the *Prinz Heinrich*. In the midst of this column of fire the body of the brave and devoted Captain Knoop was seen whirling. It fell into the sea and disappeared as the waters

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swept over the fragments of the shattered vessel.

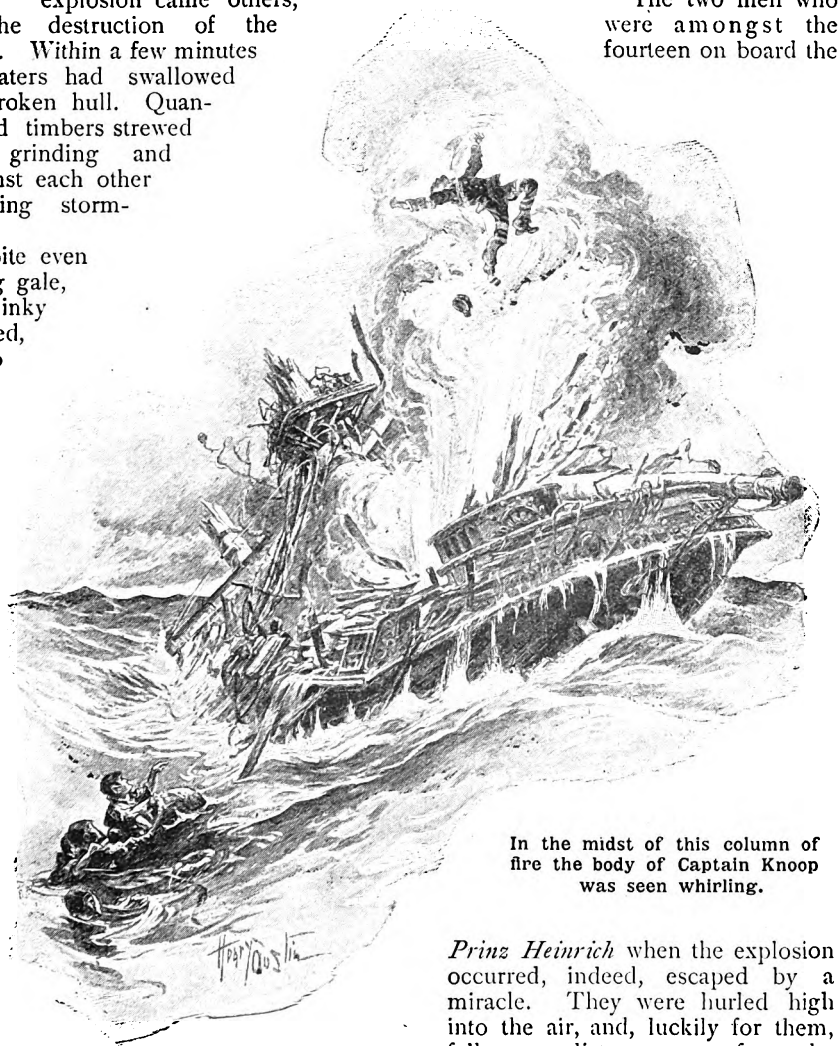
Fortunately no material harm was done to the little steamer. Some of the burning timbers fell close to her, but none of the larger heavier fragments tumbled aboard.

It was a marvellous escape, for following the first terrific explosion came others, completing the destruction of the doomed vessel. Within a few minutes the greedy waters had swallowed the torn and broken hull. Quantities of charred timbers strewed the surface, grinding and smashing against each other in the seething storm-tossed waters.

Above, in spite even of the howling gale, a pall of inky smoke gathered, and seemed to hang.

The fierce gusts broke into it, tearing at it and bending it. Like a mass of soft substance it yielded, but refused to break. Gradually it trailed before the hurricane, then scudded with gathering impetus into the spray-drenched mist and was swallowed.

Fourteen members of the crew of the *Prinz Heinrich* were aboard her when she blew up. Two of them managed to reach the life-buoys from the little steamer, and these two were saved with the other six who had jumped overboard. The sufferings of the latter, short as they were, were terrible. Every moment they expected to be caught in the eddying whirl caused by the sinking of the shattered hull of the *Prinz Heinrich*. But the men fought desperately for their lives, gradually hauling themselves along the line. Time after time they were almost torn from their one hope of salvation. At length they succeeded in reaching the steamer after the most terrific exertions, and when taken aboard they were well nigh exhausted.



In the midst of this column of fire the body of Captain Knoop was seen whirling.

The two men who were amongst the fourteen on board the *Prinz Heinrich* when the explosion occurred, indeed, escaped by a miracle. They were hurled high into the air, and, luckily for them, fell some distance away from the wreck into the sea. They were quite uninjured and were thus enabled to swim to the little steamer's life-buoys.

All the rest perished, being either blown to pieces or crushed in their fall upon the wreck after being hurled high into the air. The little steamer outlived the gale and landed the rescued men at Norfolk. That little steamer was the *Coronation*, and her master was Captain Henry Burchard.

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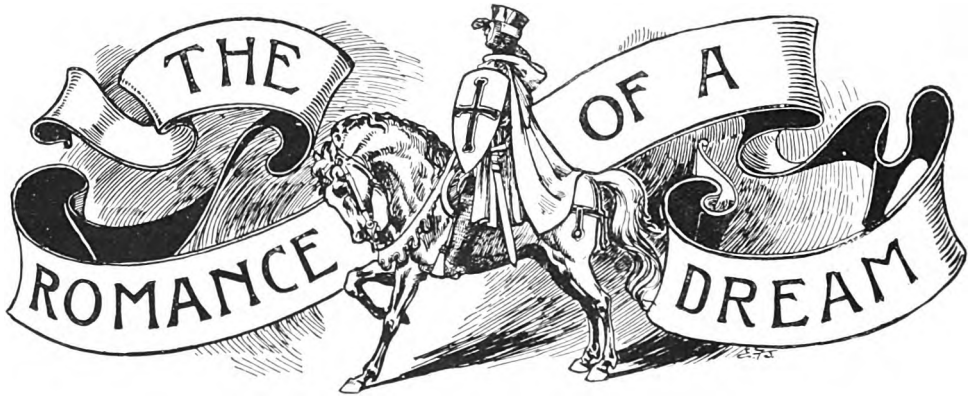

By W. Bassett-Hastings.

"My rooms in the Inner Temple" sounded well, no doubt, but, like many more high-sounding phrases, could mean much or little. In my case, alas! it meant distinctly little.

"One attic and a moderately large cupboard" would have been a far more honest, if less high-sounding, description of the little corner in which Edgar Vaughan and I were wont to toil from morn until far into the night in the endeavour to cajole a living out of that most fickle of fickle mistresses—Literature.

"Into the details of that incessant and heart-breaking toil it is not now my purpose to enter. It would interest nobody else, and in my own case would only recall the memory of times that, I hope, have long since gone for ever—for both of us. Suffice it to say, that a common adversity had, so to speak, made us bed-fellows; whilst our community under the same had rapidly cemented in us a friendship the ultimate results of which are still far beyond mortal ken.

"And thus it came to pass that, having for once in a way knocked off work at eight o'clock in honour of Christmas Eve, we donned pipes, extinguished the flame of our solitary lamp for economic reasons, and, drawing up to the cheerful fire—our sole luxury—gave ourselves up to the pleasurable contemplation of those wonderful aerial castles the materialisation of which had so far been denied us.

"Funny thing, is life; I'm pretty well sick of it," presently remarked Vaughan, abstractedly gazing into the depths of the glowing coals.

"My dear fellow," cried I, involuntarily starting at the hollow despair which rang in his tone, "what on earth makes you talk like this?"

"Don't alarm yourself, old chap," laughed he, a flash of the old humour suddenly animating the slumbering depths of his fine eyes. "There's no cause for anxiety, I can assure you. One more fellow off the hooks won't make much difference one way or the other in this crowded trade of ours, and, present company always excepted, I don't know but that I shall not benefit by the change."

"Good heavens, man!" cried I, thoroughly roused by this time. "You talk as if the whole business was a *fait accompli* instead of some beastly little bacilli crawling about over your liver and making you as morbid-minded as a coroner's officer."

"Laugh away, Winslow; you always were a sceptic, I know," replied he. "You orthodox fellows always are. You do not understand me. Indeed, I cannot say that I always rightly understand myself," added he, slowly refilling his empty pipe and drawing a few long puffs from it in the abstracted manner of one whose thoughts are far away from his occupation.

"The fact of the matter is, Winslow," added he presently, "I am nothing more or less than a half-caste gipsy rover, with all the Romany love of the forgotten arts; and if that is not sufficient to account for any wildness in me I don't know what is."

"And you wish me to believe that, somehow or other through your Romany ancestors, you still retain the powers of an Eastern necromancer within the limits of that stout English body of yours," said I with, I am afraid, but ill-concealed scorn.

"Not at all," retorted he. "I have no wish to proselytise, and I do not particularly mind whether you believe it or not. *I know* that some of the queer old powers still lurk within me, and that is sufficient. Because other

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people cast discredit upon it makes no real difference to the fact. Indeed, could I only be certain how it would all end, I should be inclined to give you such a proof of my words as would last you to your dying day. It would be simple enough and perfectly harmless to you. Beyond that I can tell you nothing except that, if it come to pass, it will only be the means of carrying out a very dear wish of my heart concerning one of my few remaining friends," and, as he laid his hand upon my shoulder, his voice faltered for a moment, and to my amazement I saw that the eyes of my philosophic friend were looking suspiciously moist.

"My dear fellow," replied I, echoing something of his own emotion, "I quite appreciate your sincerity, although I am no less positive that nothing will ever bring me to believe in the existence of your telepathic and generally spookified friends."

"I may take it that you are prepared to risk things?" said he.

"Yes."

"Then look at me."

"Well?"

"Can you see anything peculiar in my face?"

"No."

"Look harder. Is there anything now?"

"No. At least—only your eyes are getting bigger and bigger. Don't look at me like that—it makes me——"

And then I think I must have gone to sleep.

When I awoke I was no longer in the grimy garret.

Instead I found myself clad from head to foot in a suit of thirteenth century chain armour. Upon my head was a cumbersome steel helmet, from my shoulders depended a long white cloak across which a blood-red Maltese cross proclaimed to the world at large that I was sworn to the holy crusade. A huge, triangular shield and cross-hilted sword, which hung from my side, furnished ample evidence of the means by which I intended to vindicate the cause of Christendom upon the person of the infidel. I was, in fact, as forbidding a specimen of a Knight Templar as ever slashed at a benighted Paynim.

I found myself lying stretched out upon the burning surface of the Syrian desert vainly endeavouring to snatch a mid-day siesta in the broiling heat. My armour, half filled with the irritating sand particles that persisted in insinuating themselves into every point of my harness, was only one whit less comfortable than my throat and tongue, which burned with the unquenchable thirst engendered by the tropical sun.

As I lay there in the little shade thrown by my good war-horse, that stood so patiently by my side, I became conscious of the more rapid enlargement of a cloud of dust the approach of which I had been watching for some time. It was, as I had suspected, thrown up by a little party of horsemen.

As they approached nearer, the gayness of their trappings and the diminutive stature of their mounts was sufficient to identify them as the followers of that Saladin to the defeat and dethronement of whom I, in common with the rest of my order, had especially pledged myself.

Clearly then there was but one course for me to pursue. Turning to my faithful steed I tightened up his girths and lifted myself wearily into the saddle. Thence I gazed upon the oncoming party with feelings which were as cheerful as could be expected in one who views the swift descent upon him of certain annihilation.

"I may take it you are prepared to risk things?" he said.

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For although I made no doubt that, man to man, my stout lance and trusty steed would be fully equal to the whirling scimitar and scraggy little pony of any one of my adversaries, I had still sufficient regard for the law of numbers to recognise impossible odds when I saw them.

As the party approached nearer I saw that it consisted of some twenty horsemen. At their head rode an elderly man who, from his flowing white beard and distinctive apparel, I judged to be a sheik among them. In the centre of the little group was a closed litter, in which no doubt there reclined one or more members of the sheik's harem.

Presently, at a word from the sheik, a couple of horsemen detached themselves from the main body and came tearing over the dusty plain towards myself. Seeing, from my couched lance and expectant attitude, that I had no intention of tamely yielding myself to their superior force, they wheeled their little chargers about and, uttering their barbaric war-cry, bore down upon me simultaneously from either flank in the hopes of disconcerting my defence.

Speedily realising the import of their move, I singled out the right hand of my opponents, and, with lance in rest, drove full tilt at him. The weapon caught him just as I had intended it should, and he rolled over in the dust with an ugly gaping wound in the thorax, such as I knew would require all the subtle art of Eastern surgery to make whole again.

I had barely time to turn my charger's head when the second horseman was upon me. Warned by the fate of his comrade, he kept carefully clear of the keen lance-point, and piloted his spirited little animal in and out of the reach of my more solid mount with a dexterity that, considering the heavy nature of the ground upon which he had to manœuvre, surprised me not a little.

For a time, so quick were his movements, that I was unable to reach him at all, notwithstanding that his keen-edged little scimitar several times whizzed within unpleasantly close proximity to my face. Then, seeing that my heavier weapon I was wielding my huge two-edged sword—was apparently powerless to reach him, he gradually became more venturesome. The inevitable result was that, finding him presently come well within my sweep, I immediately launched out with all my strength and clove him right down through the skull to the jawbone.

At this there arose a sudden chorus of execration from the main body of the Paynims, and simultaneously a dozen horsemen sprang forward and rode at me in a body. Being no Munchausen, I was speedily unhorsed, beaten to the ground, and hauled captive before the sheik, who, it appeared, felt some little curiosity as to the personality of the strange white warrior who had thus overthrown two of his most valued servants before his very eyes.

His curiosity, such as it was, soon gave place to wrath, however, upon my declining to furnish him with the information he required of me respecting the exact strength and disposition of the noble Order to which I belonged. Time after time he returned to the charge, alternately wheedling and raving as I persisted in my refusal. At length his little remaining stock of patience was exhausted, and he stood glaring at me the picture of baffled rage as he pondered over my impending fate.

He was not long in making up his mind. In the East it is but a narrow thread which divides Life and Death, and my fate did not tremble long in the balance. A sign from the sheik, and in a moment I was forced to my knees, my helmet was torn from my head, the buff jerkin which protected my skin from the chafing of my coat of mail was slit down the neck, and I was kneeling with bared head and neck beneath the sword of the executioner.

It was all done so suddenly that I literally had no time to take in the situation before I felt the cold, bright steel laid lightly across my warm neck as the swordsman judged his aim.

Then, all in a moment, as the blade was raised to its highest for the fatal stroke, there came a stifled cry from the litter. The curtains were suddenly parted asunder, and the figure of a young girl sprang lightly across the intervening sand, and, throwing herself across my bared neck, seemed to implore the grim old sheik to spare my life.

Then ensued a scene the memory of which I shall retain to my dying day. Just what she said and just how he replied will ever be a mystery to me, for she spoke a different language to the Paynims, and the sheik answered her in her own tongue. The sense of it all, however, was easy enough to gather from the gestures of the two.

Instinct told me that this slip of a girl, whose warm, rounded arms were clasped so protectingly round me, and whose fast beating heart throbbed so tumultuously against my burning temples, had taken upon herself to plead for my miserable life with this inexorable old son of the desert. For his part,

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accustomed as he undoubtedly had been from his youth up to scenes of bloodshed and violence, the sheik was evidently unable to gather from her entreaties any just cause or impediment as to why his sovereign will should not immediately be carried into execution by the performance of a similar ceremony upon my own unfortunate person.

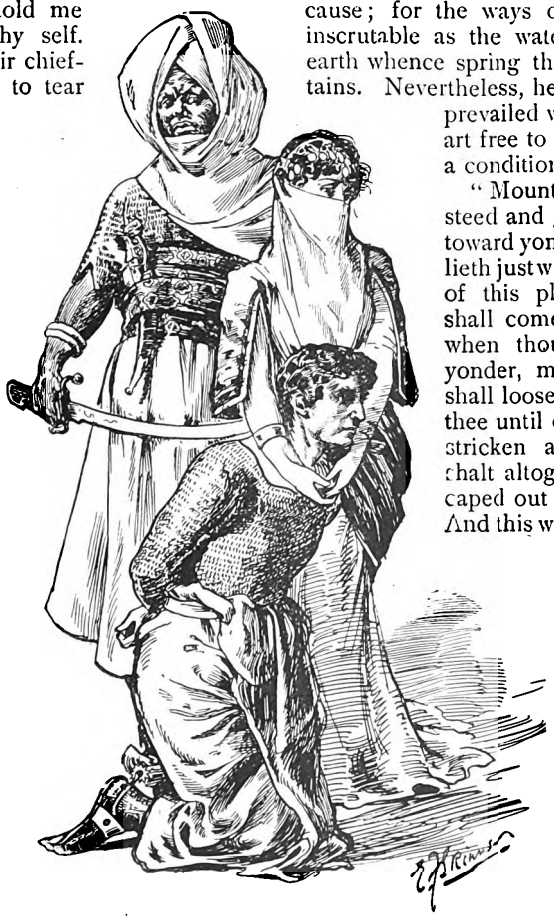
Long and spiritedly did they speak together; he, alternately foaming and subsiding, she, ever steadfastly pleading for something which instinct told me must be my own unworthy self. Thrice, at a word from their chieftain, did his men attempt to tear us asunder; and as often did she cling to me with a tenacity which, surprising as it was in one so slight, effectually precluded all idea of separating us without the employment of violence such as even these Mahommedan dogs found themselves loath to use upon the person of so fair a daughter of Eve.

For, although the closely fitting veil which she wore prevented my gazing upon her features, the glimpse which I had caught of her dark flashing eyes, the musical rhythm of her pleading voice, the curling locks of glossy black hair which fell in a jetty aureole about her shapely shoulders, the lithe, agile form, and the rich warm colouring of her rounded arms and queenly little instep, could, I felt sure, belong to no ordinary humdrum daughter of the Prophet such as those we had encountered on our landing at Joppa and Ascalon.

At length, after what seemed years of suspense, the sheik's tones gradually began to moderate somewhat. Seeing this, my fair unknown redoubled her entreaties forthwith; with the result that presently, and simultaneously with a few gutteral grunts from the sheik, she loosed her protecting arms from about my neck, my quondam executioner stepped back and sheathed his glittering blade, and, with an evil twinkle in his cunning little eyes, my patriarchal judge bade me arise and hearken to his words.

"Son of the unknown lands which are toward the setting sun," said he, as, half dazed by the conflicting events of the last few moments, I scrambled to my feet. "This woman hath begged thy life of me, for the love I bore her mother Ursa the Egyptian. I know not why she thus urgeth thy cause; for the ways of women are inscrutable as the waters under the earth whence spring the desert fountains. Nevertheless, her request hath prevailed with me. Thou art free to go—but upon a condition.

"Mount thou thy war steed and get thee hence toward yon hillock, which lieth just without bowshot of this place. And it shall come to pass that when thou shalt arrive yonder, my young men shall loose their shafts at thee until either thou art stricken and perish or shalt altogether have escaped out of their reach. And this woman, who has so shamelessly chosen thee before those of her own race, she shall surely be thy partner in this venture. Wherefore mount her before thee upon thy steed and get ye both hence while I am yet of a mind to let you go."



She implored the grim old sheik to spare my life.

A moment later, with one arm supporting the now trembling figure of my quondam protectress, I was galloping madly over the desert in the direction indicated by the sheik. It was a race for life, and I meant to make the most of my opportunity. But, foremost before all thoughts of foemen's shafts, who was my preserver? "Might I not behold her?" I asked her as much.

For answer she slowly raised her veil, and

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A quivering shaft has lodged deep in her gentle breast.

gazed at me with a pair of wonderful dark eyes that sent a strange, indescribable thrill through me as they looked into my own.

How was it?—where was it?—when was it, that I had seen those eyes before? In vain I asked myself, in vain I tried to recall some long-forgotten incident in which they had once played a part, and which just as often refused to be recalled.

And now—almost before I had time to take in the glorious dark beauty of those lovely features, to mark the rich, warm olive of the cheek, the perfect mouth and teeth, the delicate shell-like ears and arching brows—we were abreast of the hillock which marked our limit of safety. A hasty glance over the shoulder showed the Paynims setting spurs to their active little steeds and fitting shafts to their bows against the moment they should come within bowshot.

On! On, good steed! Much now depends upon thy fleetness. But the double weight on the soft sand suits thy stubborn British breed but ill, and the Paynims gain upon us apace.

And now the first shaft whizzes past to bury itself deep in the sand ahead of us. Another and another follow, the last glancing harmlessly off my helmet, and I draw my charge still more in front of me that I may shield her as far as possible with my own mail-coated body.

Whizz! whizz! They are coming more frequently now, and one ploughs up the side of poor Challenger's neck, and makes him plunge and curvet with the sudden pain.

Ah, fatal shot! Before I can coax him straight upon his course again, there comes a dull, sickening thud. A little cry escapes the lips of my charge, and my heart sickens within me as I look down to see that a still quivering shaft has lodged deep in her gentle breast. There is just the flicker of a smile, the parted lips, raised half-way to my own, close with a little sigh, and—she is gone.

I am just conscious of bending forward over her lifeless form, of clasping her to my breast and raining passionate kisses on that marble brow, when a sharp, shooting pain, like the stab of a red-hot dagger, darts between my shoulders, and I can thank heaven that in death we are not to be divided.

I clasp her yet the more closely, and raise myself in the stirrups to hurl one last, proud defiance at the foe. Then my brain reels, the light is all blotted out, and, clasped in each

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others' arms, we fall together—down—down—down!

* * * * *

I awoke with a start.

Where was I? What had I been doing? Was this Death—or what?

For several moments I was unable to sufficiently collect my thoughts to conceive a reasonably lucid answer to my own unspoken questions. Then, as my eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, and I began to make out surrounding objects, it suddenly flashed across me where I was.

Of course; how stupid of me, to be sure, to forget myself in this manner. This was my attic in the Temple. There, yonder in the dark corner, was my bed. There, by my side, was the table, with the usual pile of half-finished MSS. strewn all over it. And there, opposite me in the big armchair, that must be the philosophic Vaughan, still idly dreaming the happy hours away.

"Now then, wake up, old chap," I cry. "It's Christmas morning, and you haven't had a shave for three whole days. Hi! Vaughan, old man," and I get up and shake him by the shoulder.

"What a heavy sleeper he is. So quiet, too—doesn't make a sound, does he? So very quiet—and I search for his hand, to pinch it.

"Ah—ah—ah! Ugh!"—and I spring hastily back from him and begin to hunt feverishly for the matches. What is it?—where are they? Shall I never find them? Ah! there they are. Now then—steady—that's it. Now, where's a candle? Gently—that's right, it burns nicely. And now to look at him—or can it be—*at it*.

And, as the first rays of the guttering candle light up the face of my dear old chum, my heart tells me the answer that my tongue dare not utter.

Our partnership has been dissolved, and against the Dissolver there is no appeal.

* * * * *

It was the day after the funeral, and, half-dazed with the events of the previous week, I sat vainly endeavouring to pen a comic pot-boiler—ah, the grim irony of it!—for a paper to which I was a regular contributor.

Outside, in the square below, the wintry sun lit up with its feeble ray the groups of fur-becloaked gentry, whose cheery greetings as they passed each other echoed and re-echoed along the silent Temple Court. For it was New Year's Day, and even the grim solitude of the Inner Temple is not proof against the sentiments which are prompted by that glad anniversary.

Inside the bare, dismal garret, looking, if anything more cheerlessly wretched than ever, now that its other chair stared me, tenantless, in the face, I sat and, as I have said, tried to think of other things. To work, in fact, and to forget.

Yet the memory of my lost companion haunted me. Community in suffering had resulted in a rapid friendship between us. We first met outside the sanctum of a well-known publisher who had rejected our scribblings. He was, I soon learnt, uncomfortable in his own diggings, so he moved, at my earnest request, over to mine. From that day to the day of his death I learnt practically nothing further about him if I exclude the fact, of which he himself apprised me, that with the exception of his sister, who was a nurse in one of the great provincial hospitals, he was possessed of absolutely no friends or relations in the world. Immediately after hearing the doctor's verdict, I had posted one of the two packets which lay upon the table beside the dead man. But, strange to say, she had neither written nor replied in person to my accompanying letter announcing her brother's death. The other packet, which was addressed to myself, contained his will and a brief note in which he took a characteristic farewell of me. After giving a few minor directions as to the disposal of his books and MSS., it concluded in these words:—

> . . . You will have guessed ere this that your sleep on Christmas Eve was not a natural one, and you will be right. I mesmerised you for two reasons. Firstly, in order to avoid what I feel would have been a very painful leave-taking—for I am determined to put an end to my utterly worthless existence, and shall do it in a way that will baffle the most scientific post-mortem. The second reason I shall not tell you. You must discover it for yourself, and if in after years it shall be the means of cheering your darker hours and comforting your declining years you may, perhaps, then remember and forgive that philosophic suicide.
>
> EDGAR VAUGHAN.

Such was his farewell. The exact cause of his death remains a mystery to this day. The doctor I called in, a young medico fresh from his "final," took in the situation, at a glance.

"It was a clear case," said he. "The position of the body and the general development of the patient clearly confirmed his initial diagnosis of "failure of the heart's

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action;" and he sat down there and then and wrote out a certificate accordingly.

As for me, I just sat still and said nothing. For it suited me far better that my poor friend's remains should rest in peace rather than that they should be ruthlessly hewn, opened and divided up in a post-mortem search for a poison which very possibly existed only in my own fevered imagination. Besides, given the suspicion of poison, and my own part in the matter might be deemed considerably more than that of the mere spectator I had actually been.

And so I was voiceless, although many a time since I have wondered how that silent tragedy was compassed. Was that same iron will which so easily mastered my own, sufficient of itself to command the destruction of its earthly shell; or did he, by virtue of his Romany descent, possess the key to one of those long forgotten poisons which, as deadly in their action as they were difficult to trace, played such sad havoc with European and Asiatic history in the dark days of the Middle Ages?

That question will never be answered now. The secret of it lies deep buried in the grave of Edgar Vaughan; but the remembrance of it will ever be a living thing so long as I have life and memory.

There sat the same dark-eyed girl

And now to hasten to the strange sequel with which this brief history must terminate.

I was still musing upon the events of the last few days, when somebody knocked at my door.

"Come in," cried I wearily, as I recalled the fact that our landlady's bill was still far from being satisfactorily settled.

But it was not the garrulously obese form of that estimable female that met my gaze. On the contrary, the closely veiled, slim little figure clad in deepest mourning which stood upon my attic threshold could, I was convinced, belong only to a lady bred and born; and, hastily apologising for my unintentional remissness, I invited her to enter.

"Are you Mr Winslow?" said she, in a voice which, from its wonderful similarity of inflection, could only belong to the sister of Edgar Vaughan.

I bowed.

"I need not ask your name," said I gently, as she sank into my proffered chair. "I could have recognised you out of a hundred from your voice alone."

"Ah, poor Edgar. We were always considered very much alike," replied she. "How I wish I could have seen him once more. But it was not to be. I was away on a brief holiday when your letter arrived at the hospital, and I only returned late last night after the funeral."

"Will you not remove your hat and jacket whilst I get you his papers," said I, moving to the desk in which Vaughan kept such of his treasures as had escaped the clutches of the money lender.

"Thank you, it will be sufficient if I turn up my veil," replied she suiting the action to the word.

And at that simple movement I just gave one great gasp and fell all of a heap into my chair. For there, a little paler, perhaps, and looking not a little surprised at my strange conduct, *there sat the same dark-eyed girl with whom my former self had perished seven long centuries before upon the burning plains of the Holy Land!*

* * * *

She is my wife now, and has been this many a day. And so it is that poor Vaughan's unspoken wish has come to be fulfilled. There is, too, a junior partner in the firm, who, after the manner of juniors, makes at present far more noise than he does work. But we do not check him, for his silent times, his years of work, are yet to come.

We agreed to call him Edgar, and he has just those same wonderful eyes with which his mother first looked into my heart, and won it for her own those centuries before.

Would we dissolve our partnership? That is a question best answered, perhaps, by my constant prayer, which is that when the great Dissolver shall see fit to part us, it may be His good pleasure that I, the senior partner, should be the first to go.

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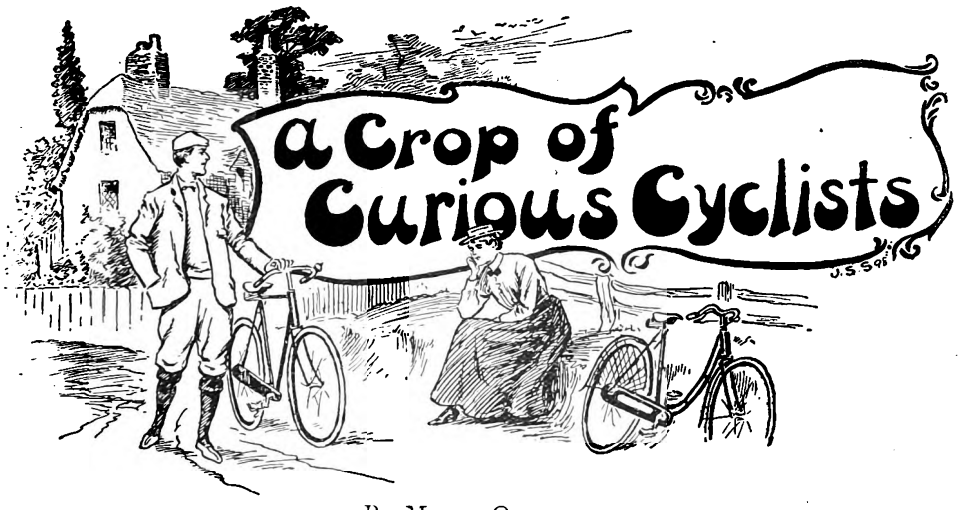

A Crop of Curious Cyclists

By Mulvy Ouseley.

Careful to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of certain riders, items about whose personalities appear in this article, I have, in one or two instances, left out details that would. if given, lead to identification, This step has been taken at the express wish of the parties concerned.

There are many lovers of the wheel whose physical infirmities render them, as it were, a distinct class among themselves; but while these wheelwomen and wheelmen are denied perfection in physical outline, and their opportunities for public display are necessarily limited, their enthusiasm, nevertheless, in all things pertaining to cycling is as keen as that of the most ardent follower of the pastime.

Mr. C. Brown, of Miles Platting, Manchester, has only one arm, yet he rides through the most crowded thoroughfares of Manchester.

This young lady lost a lower limb in a railway smash. She has a cork leg, which rests on a swing pedal, yet she rides well.

The case of Miss Alice Dent Smith is instructive. This is a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed young lady, now in her twentieth year, hailing from the district of Gramsden (a village in Hunts), who, nine years ago, was in a railway smash, in which she sustained the loss of a lower limb. Since the accident, however, Miss Smith has not been prevented from participating in certain outdoor games; indeed, she has on more than one occasion surprised her friends by her remarkable agility considering her infirmity; but great was their consternation when, in 1896, during the cycle craze, she

Mr. Boyle, a boiler inspector, was examining a boiler when it burst, killing one man and tearing off seven of the rider's fingers.

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A L. & N.W.R. foreman, who met with an accident, not on the railway but on an omnibus. He is minus a foot, his leg is stiff, and his spine is injured.

begged her father to buy her a bicycle. It was not long ere the sprightly maiden mastered the intricacies of the wobbling machine, and her present complete control of it under all circumstances is a tribute to her parents' indulgent generosity.

She is a keen and hardened rider. The lady has a cork leg, and when she goes out for a spin, this false leg rests comfortably on a swing pedal, the right foot and leg being made to do all that is necessary to propel the machine. She wears a longish, rather narrowly-cut, gown over a bloomer costume, so that the fair rider may pass you on the road without your hardly noticing anything remarkable about the turnout save that it is smart and that the lady rides slowly.

Another remarkable personage is Mr. Charles Brown, of Miles Platting, Manchester. This gentleman has only one arm, but he is a devoted cyclist, and sufficiently expert to be able to guide his machine through the congested streets of Cottonopolis with perfect fearlessness.

Mr. John Boyle, of Portsmouth, is forty-eight years of age, a boiler inspector, who, five years ago, was in the act of examining a boiler at a factory when it exploded, killing one man on the spot and tearing off several fingers of my friend's hands, besides inflicting other and more serious injuries upon various parts of his person. Altogether, he is minus some six or seven fingers, but this infirmity in no way mars the immense pleasure he derives from cycling, nor has he once come to grief on his machine, although he has every chance of doing so, since he has so few digits to respond to his call.

Photo by R. W. Thomas.

Claims the 100 mile amateur record, which he made on August 30th, 1891, when he rode the distance in 8½ hours on the 3in. solid machine which appears in the illustration.

Photo by A. and C. Hipp.

Mr. Robinson, of Wolverhampton, lost his leg through an accident, yet he is an enthusiastic cyclist. He always carries his crutch, in case of being obliged to dismount.

Tom Roberts was a fireman on the London and North-Western Railway, but he met with an accident, strange to say, otherwise than on the line. He was riding in Wolverhampton on a 'bus, seated next the driver, when he fell

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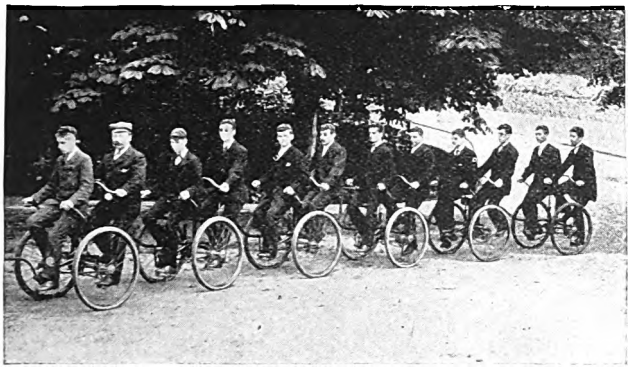
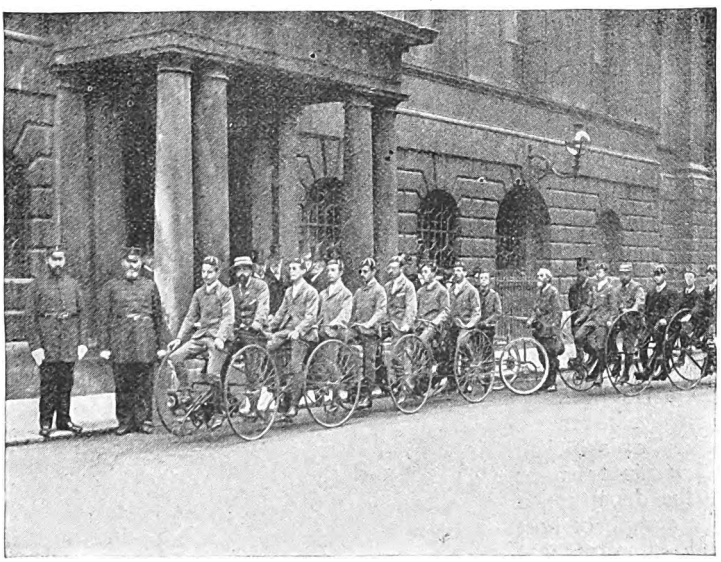


The "Express," the cycling machine of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at West Norwood. There are twelve riders, and the occupant of the second seat steers. Curiously enough, the last seat is the worst.

off, getting jammed between the 'bus and a vehicle which was at the moment passing in the opposite direction. He narrowly escaped instant death, but he came out of the catastrophe minus a foot and with a peculiar injury to the spine, which has permanently contracted the muscles of the neck, causing the sufferer to appear with his head tilted backward. Although labouring under this physical disability, he is, nevertheless, a good rider. Nor is this all; there is a rigidity of the joints of the same leg which is minus the foot, which necessitates his having a swing pedal on his machine to rest it upon. Movement of the body is, of course, curtailed on account of the stiffness of the neck and shoulder muscles, so that pace, endurance, and long distances are denied him.

Mr. Robinson, of Northampton, many years ago met with an accident, necessitating the amputation of a leg. There are few men in Northampton better known than he, as in the capacity of secretary to a local organisation, which looks after the interests of those whose busy lives are devoted to the native industry, he has made numerous friends. In going about he naturally relies for secondary help on the usual kind of convenience adapted to such unfortunate circumstances, but whenever he can Mr. Robinson prefers cycling to walking. As shown in our photo, our popular friend never goes abroad on his wheel without his "crutch." At first he caused no little amount of sensation, this interest being kept up for some little time after he had, so to speak, alienated his affections from his old friend—his crutch — and transferred them to the cycle. It was no fancy idea that induced Mr. Robinson to follow in the tread of fashion; it was absolute liking for the pastime.

The writer is acquainted with three one-legged cyclists, prominent among whom is our old friend, Mr. W. E. Jones, of Malden Road, Kentish Town, and of the Old Camden C.C. Jones, at that period of his life when he courted fame on the racing track, caused the liveliest interest. He holds the 100 mile amateur record, which he claimed on August 30th, 1891, when he rode the distance named in 8½ hours, riding on a ¾in. solid Jones also performed what was then con-



These are some other of the College machines, which can be divided from "eights" to "fours." These blind men have been lunching with Sir Stuart Knill, the Lord Mayor, and with him were photographed a few moments prior to their departure for Birmingham.

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sidered the Herculean task of riding 130 miles in 11hrs. 50mins. on the North Road, which, for a one-legged cyclist, was a marvellous performance. His challenge to the world of one-legged cyclists still holds good.

One-legged riders can mount and dismount more easily than their more favoured fellow-creatures, so I am told by Mr. W. E. Jones. This gentleman, for instance, can hop on and off his machine with apparent ease, and at no time requires assistance; but he always carries his crutch with him in case of accident.

The fearless blind riders of the Royal Normal College, at West Norwood, are still often to be seen out on their "Express" a wonderful machine comprising tricycle seats made for twelve. This marvellous example of cycle building is steered by the occupant of the second seat, one who has not been deprived of his sight, while the Principal, Dr. Campbell, takes the last seat—"the worst seat of all," as he expressed it to me when I visited him.

There are other machines in use at the College made to carry four and eight riders, and apart from these the "Express" can be reduced to three "fours." During the mayoralty of Sir Stuart Knill a large party of blind cyclists from the College started from the Mansion House (having lunched with the Lord Mayor) for Birmingham. At the request of his Lordship, just a few minutes prior to the departure, a photograph of host and guests was taken. Until now the picture has never before been reproduced.

Hugh Macdonald, of Leeds, is an amateur, but as expert a trick rider as any professional. He can do all manner of tricks, the one pictured being amongst his simplest.

Hugh Macdonald, of Chapeltown, Leeds, although an amateur, can certainly claim to be nearly as expert as many a two-legged professional who has gained fame on the music-hall stage. His pluck is firm and unbending, like his will, and he enjoys his fun on the machine.

What tricks does he do? Well, while the machine is in full motion, he will lean back in the saddle, throw his hands behind him, swing his only leg over the handle-bar, and maintain that position during his pleasure. Again, he can curl his leg under him while he is in the saddle. He can also mount and dismount rapidly while the machine is in motion, and further, he pleads guilty to other little harmless frivolities of a similar nature.

A "curious" cyclist is Mr. Frank Whinfield, of Newcastle, a man of independent means, but incomplete growth. The upper portion of his body is perfectly formed, but his legs are dwarfed, measuring in length not more than 18in., while his feet are no larger than a girl's of five or six. A low machine has been built for him, and when out for a spin the spectacle he presents is very singular. Yet he is a hard rider, and can climb hills when perfectly-formed men have to wheel their machines up. He took to cycling shortly after the introduction of the pneumatic tyre, on the advice of his medical man; and in a report made by the doctor it was stated that the diseased legs had stretched one and a quarter inches, while the hitherto flabby muscles had become firmer.

At the first blush it seems improbable, but one-armed cyclists are really better situated for riding than one-legged men through the balancing on the machine being better obtained. Yet diligent inquiry reveals the remarkable fact that there are four one-legged cyclists on the road to one one-armed rider.

The curious spectacle of a certain London dwarf riding on a bicycle opens out vast possibilities, and suggests theories bordering on the assumption that it is allowable for nearly all cripples to join in the delights of cycling.

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AN ELEPHANTINE FOOTBALL FINAL.

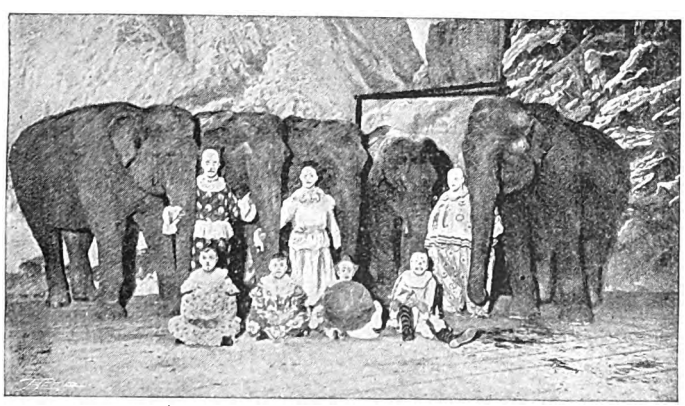
By W. M. Duckworth, Junr.

Illustrated by Photos taken under the Author's Guidance.

"The Royal Elephant Football Team" is not a temporary monstrosity. It is perennial like the evergreen and invincible like the British Fleet. At present it is touring, and cherishes the hope that it will soon meet a rival team in the field.

Football, as practised by a mammal of some tonnage, naturally becomes a weighty subject. To tackle a half-back weighing four tons is enough to strike terror into the strongest heart. Hence it was a matter of extreme difficulty for Mr. James Sanger, of the illustrious house of "Lord" Geo. Sanger, the captain-in-chief of the aforesaid team, to muster a contingent of humans to meet the huge monsters in the "friendly" it was my pleasure to witness recently in London.

Elephants, as a rule, suffer under the delusion that man is invulnerable, but those who figure in Mr. Sanger's team have been taught to treat the human anatomy with respect, and to play football like reasonable beings.



The teams first paraded for their photograph.

A salient feature about the team is that it weighs sixteen tons and is capable of exerting a pressure of about 500,000 pounds on one man. Consequently in putting your name down as one of the opposing force you devolve upon yourself a serious risk.

The team is limited, for the sake of the opposing humanity, to five elephants—by name, Palm, Ida, Jenny, Rose and Tiny—all healthy specimens from the Burmese frontier. The last-named four are of the softer sex, and their ages, if I may make so bold as to reveal them, range from thirty-five to seventy-five years, which is, you will admit, a little beyond the time when enthusiasts take a revolutionary part in the great game of football.

On the occasion of my visit to the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, in Leicester Square, where a special performance was permitted to take place for the enlightenment of the photographer, a team of Sandowian clowns—all picked men—under the able captaincy of Mr. Sanger, was elected to take part in the elephantine bombardment. Both teams were grouped together for a preliminary snapshot, to which it was thought reference would have to be made at the close of the game for purposes of identification; but happily the precaution proved unnecessary.

A shrill trumpeting heralded the appearance of the five monsters who laboured in funereal procession out of their dressing room at the rear of the stage, and without the least uproariousness spread their portly persons about the "field." At the sound of the referee's whistle, Palm, the irreproachable, the irresistible, the immovable,

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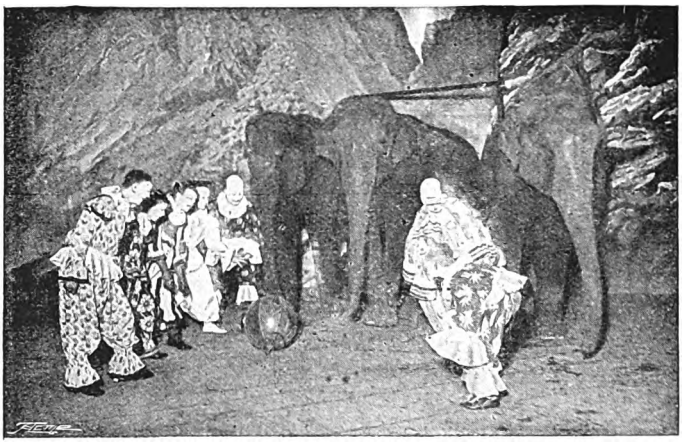


The kick-off took place punctually.

having won the toss, commenced cannonading in his own inimitable style. Note in the photo the left wing preparing to receive a possible pass from the centre forward.

Palm is a marvellous athlete considering he has been knocking about the world for seventy-five years. In company with the rest of the team his yearly peregrinations on foot amount to something like 6000 miles.

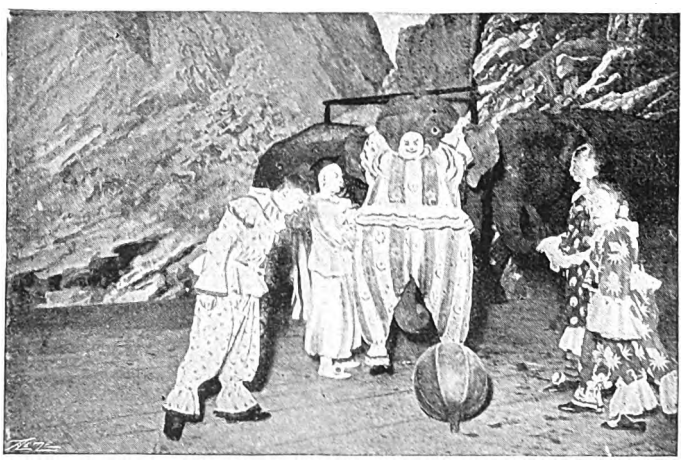
Often in a fit of temper the team will become obstreperous, but never dangerous. Ida or Tiny will chase an opponent with the ball, for the unholy fun of the thing, till the poor man drops from sheer exhaustion. In a particularly playful mood Ida will quietly duck her massive head and, momentarily poising the flabbergasted player on her trunk, will launch him gently out of the "field." The third photograph depicts Ida in this her favourite charge.

Before the team became fully qualified under the Association rules each member had to undergo a severe course of training. For four weary months he received daily instruction in the elementary movements of the game. He was placed in a corner — a very large corner under the circumstances—and a number of keepers were told off to flourish the ball about before his very eyes. The elephants were then taught how to kick straight, pass, cover their opponents, and to charge like decent footballers. Tiny had special lessons in goal-keeping, and the weird gyrating and gesticulating performances that take place at every match testify to the fact that Mr. Sanger has not laboured in vain. Extra feeding was essential at every practice by way of encouragement. As to food, the consumption at a military barracks on Christmas Day would compare favourably with the appetites of these mammals. Half-a-ton of food a day is a mere snatch. The five of them can obliterate a haystack in a week. An after-meal refresher for one elephant is generally fifteen large stable buckets; a particularly dry throat would mean twenty-five to thirty buckets.

Periodical changes of diet were given in the early stages of training, and all superfluous flesh sweated out by vigorous exercise. Since the team played its first match ten months ago the diet has been limited to hay, corn, bran, bread-crusts and water, with whisky—alas! their favourite tonic—occasionally mixed. But the team believe in the glorious doctrine of consuming all that they can lay trunk on.

Moreover, their digestive organs do not suffer from the incursions of foreign bodies, such as bricks, umbrellas, pieces of chairs, tables, and what not.

Before now Ida and Tiny have swallowed the boots belonging to some of the opposing team, and left them to walk home in their socks. Once a whole change of new clothes,



The "humans" were awarded a free kick for a charge by Ida.

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A fine shot resulted in a goal, which, however, was disallowed by reason of the goal-keeper being deliberately charged.

including a valuable watch, found their way down Tiny's throat, leaving the late proprietor thereof to seek privacy in a barrel; and a ravenous appetite has led them to undo one another's ankle chains and steal out from the stable in search of food, carrying the iron links in their trunks so as not to make a noise.

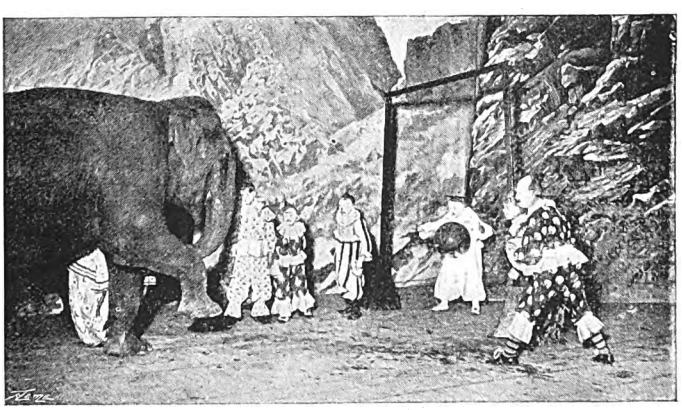
One of the many admirable traits in the elephantine character is the cast-iron dislike of being "sat on," to use an expressive colloquialism. For instance, if Palm or Rose or one of their mates cannot extract a loaf from the bread pan, he or she will, rather than submit to the humiliation of the thing, swallow the whole concern and trust to Providence to spare him or her from a well-earned attack of nightmare.

But this is wandering from the subject. Let us imagine the game is in full swing. The penalty kick as practised by Palm dissolves itself into nothing else but a wilful attempt to murder the goal-keeper. Particularly was this the case in the match I was privileged to view. Soon after Ida had fouled an opponent by caressing him a little too fondly with her trunk, it was alleged (I say this "advisedly") that the clown on the left wing tried to trip the 4-ton half back within five paces of the goal. This, of course, involved a penalty kick, which was duly entrusted to Palm. The 4-ton half back hesitated for a moment, like a man about to run amök, and then, putting as much of his weight behind the ball as possible, scored the first goal of the match, in the way you will observe in the photo. I might mention that never before had the goal-keeper been struck with such a brilliant display of stars as dazzled him on that occasion, and it was some time before he could recall his encounter with them.

The professional eye would note that charging is Palm's strong point. Yet he doesn't try to obliterate you. He has a Gatling gun-like way of repelling your attack without moving his position; a slight wriggle of his monstrous body as if it were charged with a sudden current of electricity, and his man is down like a ninepin.

The veriest tyro would see at once that it would require the most expert dribbler to pass Palm, or, in fact, any of his colleagues, despite the stringent rule of "hands" which prohibits the use of the trunk.

Also, as he can imagine, it is an impossibility to get a goal while Tiny's extensive anatomy spans the mouth. A tactful player may endeavour, therefore, to coax the custodian out into the open, and woe betide him if he does! The goal-keeper will probably enter into the full spirit of the thing and direct a sweeping attack on him, with her trunk lifting



From a splendid run down Palm put in a hot shot.

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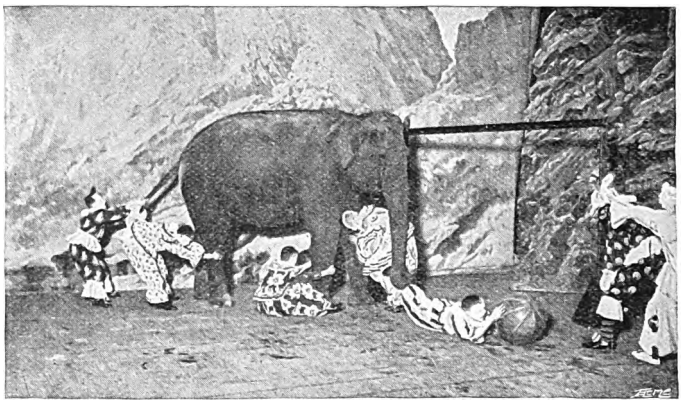
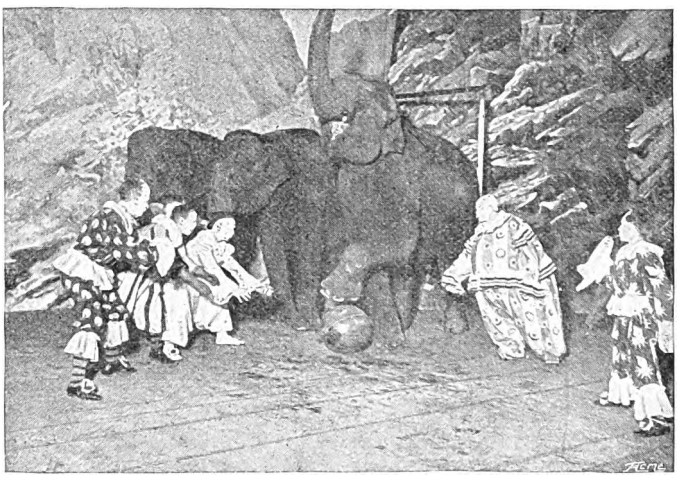
ball and opponent back over the cross-bar.

There is reason to believe that the elephants regard the referee as the same idiosyncratic conglomeration of evils as do many other footballers.

Palm remonstrates with an erring "knight of the whistle" in a striking manner. He lays his victim out on the ground by a dexterous twist of the trunk, and threatens him with uplifted foot, the pressure from which would pulverize him like a Nasmyth hammer.



Tiny fouled by tripping.

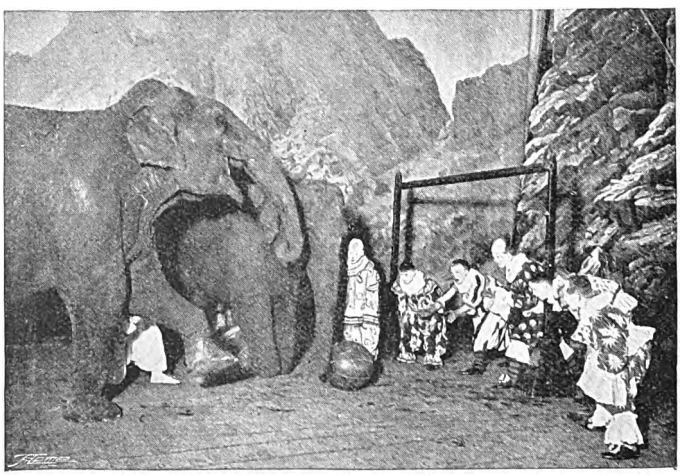


A warm shot was finely cleared by Ida.

However, these noble animals, inseparable to the death like Dumas' Musketeers, are nothing if not versatile. They are ever ready to take on Rugby, but be it "Rugger" or "Soccer," there is an unwritten law that each man shall pay his own funeral expenses if necessary. It is only natural that they should feel more at home with the rougher game. To see, as I have seen, a "scrum" between 16 tons of elephants all on bended knee, and a struggling panting mass of perspiring humans, is something to remember; but to be one of the men themselves in that stupendous jam, particularly at an "exciting moment," is something never to be forgotten.

With all due respect to Rugby footballers, however, Mr. Sanger is inclined to deprecate the game, as it tends to brutalise his elephants, especially old Palm. One practice day Palm was nigh losing his temper, when he literally wiped the stable floor with his keeper. Palm fortunately did no harm.

The only time the



The monsters nearly scored off a free kick in front of goal.

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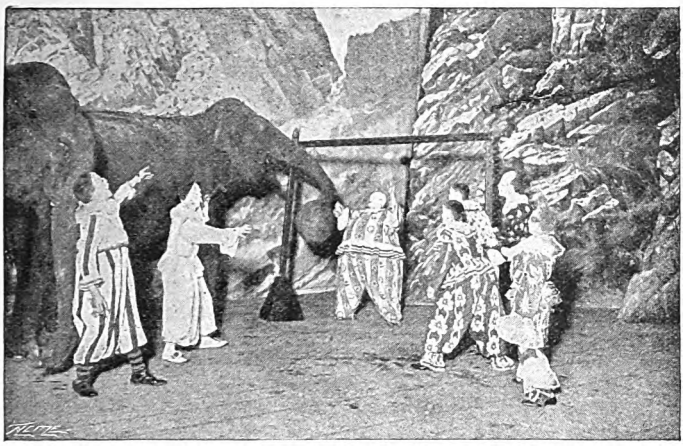


Jenny put in another warm effort on the stroke of time.

tusker—they call male elephants "tuskers"—ever became dangerous was when a milk cart drove over his corn at Greenock. With that keen sense of resentment so characteristic of his race, he ran after the culprit, and, picking up the driver, the cart, and the horse with his trunk, threw them bodily over a hedge! This happened while he was in training for a Rugby match.

Palm is unanimously looked upon as the champion kicker of the Rugby team. To him, therefore, is appointed the office of kicking the goal after a try has been scored.

Obviously, in the Rugby match the opposing team is heavily handicapped as regards the "holding" of the elephant. It is as much as the whole human team in one solid combination can do even to catch hold of the ball while Palm is scouring the field with it in his upturned trunk. Ida's favourite delight is to tantalise her opponents by flourishing it under their very noses. It takes a remarkably bold and clever player to get the ball away from her.

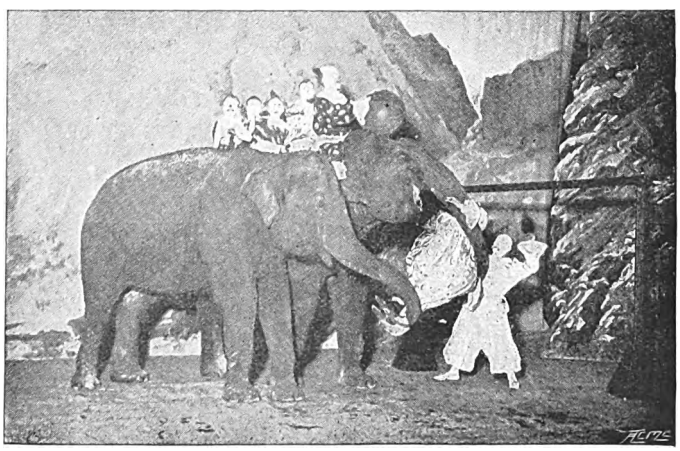
The teams have a highly ingenious method of retiring from the field when the whistle blows for "time." Just to show that no ill-feeling has come between man and beast, the humans ascend to the somewhat barren plain of Palm's back, while the wounded or those incapacitated by loss of wind and so forth are carried off in a sort of ambulance which the elephants make with their trunks.

At the close of the match the ever-victorious five (I say "ever-victorious" because they haven't suffered defeat yet, and they have played over fifty matches) are received in the dressing room by a small army of keepers, by whom they are washed and brushed up before going home. As each one is "dressed" he is put aside to cool, for he has grown extremely hot and clammy during the game.

As a matter of hard fact, Mr. Sanger told me seriously that when he feels chilly he stands with his back to Palm, just as though he were a blazing fire! That being the case, it might occur to the frivolous mind that it would be an excellent thing to grow an elephant in one's cellar, as a sort of heating apparatus for the entire house!

Not the least noticeable feature of this interesting football is the unqualified enjoyment of the monsters. They enter heart and soul into their game.

It is marvellous how rapidly they pick up the various niceties. The most expert professional is a baby compared with Palm when it comes to a neat trip. You can dodge most men, but you can't dodge that trunk. It just catches you when you think you are well past, and down you go. Of course, Palm looks sublimely innocent, and one can almost fancy a look of sorrowful surprise on his countenance when the whistle allows the human's frantic appeal for a free kick.



The teams departed amicably, Tiny carrying off the badly wounded.

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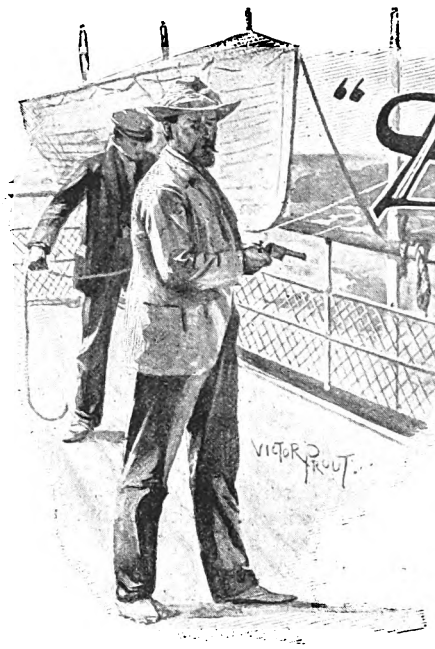

"Shootin'"

By Huan Mee.

"That's a good shot."

"Ordin'ry, simply ordin'ry."

"Oh! Five to one you can't do it again."

"Take you in tenners."

Saunders dropped a few cartridges into the chambers of his revolver, and the target was rigged up again. We were on the *Mexican*, homeward bound from the Cape, and had been killing a morning, bottle-shooting. With two shots he had cut the cord as it swung from a spar above, and smashed the bottle before it had reached the water.

"Simply ordin'ry," he muttered once more, as he raised his revolver. Ping! the cord was severed; ping! the bottle shattered before it touched the waves, and a round of applause went up, as with a deprecatory shrug, he drawled again, "Simply ordin'ry," and returning the pistol to his pocket took the notes.

"Well, my luck's in after all," young Rainsford said with a half grin, "I'd have given fifty to one instead of five. It looked impossible."

"Thank your lucky stars you didn't, drawled Saunders. "Ah, my boy, you're young. You'll get wiser as you grow balder. Never bet a thing's impossible just because you can't do it yourself."

His hand wandered in the direction of his hip pocket. "Now, I guess we'll reverse the odds," he suggested with a twinkle in his eye, "five to one that I do it three times runnin'."

But there were no takers, and by tacit consent we gravitated towards the smoking room.

"Give it a name, boys," cried Saunders, "but no, don't trouble, this means fizz. Let's have half a dozen extra sec, Steward."

"Here's luck, youngster. Be a bit more thoughtful next time, and you'll save your money. I've seen people put their coin on somethin' that seemed just as impossible to them as my ordin'ry shootin' did to you, and they got left too. Here's luck!"

"Luck it is old chap. It was a square bet, and a square bit of shooting."

"Well, talkin' of bets, and talkin' of shootin' and thinkin' of champagne, puts me in mind of a fellow I knew years ago up Kimberley way. Now he *could* shoot. Doesn't matter about his name. I expect he's forgotten it himself by now, and only goes by a number, poor devil. Luck went agin him all over a little bet, a little fizz, and a bit of shootin'. Call him Jackson.

"Now, that man," continued Saunders, after a pause, "*could* shoot. He'd shoot the buttons off your togs, and you wouldn't know it till you moved. And there was another chap, about Rainsford's age, he was smart with a gun. I reckon he'd 'a shot 'em all on again. Those two boys between 'em could have put in enough fancy shootin' to have run a travellin' show. But they were against one another, and Jackson got snookered.

"Ha! he was a terror; he was the hottest specimen you ever met at poker, and the smartest passer of diamonds as Kimberley ever saw. Kimberley knew all about Jackson; and well, Jackson knew all about Kimberley. The rough diamonds he bought from the thieves, and passed over the border in one year were simply stupendous; and all the 'tecs were helpless. Many's the time they thought they got him with his pockets full, but they hadn't.

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"And he was so virtuously indignant, too. He'd keep 'em loafin' after him for days, and then, with his tongue in his cheek, put up with their searchin' just for the sake of the fun of it. 'Look here,' he'd say, 'you lot make me tired. It's a bit too thick. I'm a peaceable, law-abidin' citizen. Mend my own socks, and whistle "God save the Queen" every mornin' before breakfast, and I'm darned if you don't hold me up every time I go out to buy a little terbaccer. What do you think I've got on me? Diamonds? All right, search me!'

"Well, of course, they had searched him, they were not dainty in their manners in those days. They knew they'd collared him at the wrong time again, and swore that the next it would be all right. Then he'd jaw a bit about the rights of citizens, and stroll away and call for a bottle of champagne.

"And he could absorb slightly too. I don't know to this day whether he drank to keep up his shootin', or shot to keep up his drinkin'. He'd empty the bottles first, and smash 'em afterwards at forty yards, from behind his left ear, or some such other fancy game. He'd got a sort of right on every empty bottle for miles round, and no one disputed it, in case he gave up shootin' bottles. 'Send 'em up to my crib,' he'd say, after a night of it, and next mornin' he was practisin' on 'em as if he never knew what drink was, and always turned in at nine.

"Now, Jackson, had been goin' it too hot for anythin', and the bounders up at the mines were gettin' just a trifle uppish. The 'tecs stuck to him night and day, but they couldn't find how the diamonds were passed to him, or how on earth he got rid of 'em afterwards. When they wasn't ransackin' his crib, they was holdin' him up, and all with the same results—absolutely nil.

"'And what's the price of diamonds to-day?' he'd say in his most affable voice, 'and what's the leakage this month, and how many boys have you sacked this week on suspicion?' Of course you couldn't do it now, but things was a bit different then, and all the time they was kickin', and he was gettin' more jaunty than ever.

"Now, Jackson's place was a good way out of Kimberley, and a deuce of a lonely place too. About a dozen doubtful cribs like his own, and one tumbledown shanty of a bar, where they'd raise Cain every night, and up till the small hours over poker and champagne.

"Well, one afternoon a youngster turns up at Kimberley, and strolls into the bar of the Kopje Hotel. A smart little chap he was, too, sharp as needles, and as cool as a sherry cobbler. A natty little bounder, with straw-coloured moustaches, a pink and white complexion, and dressed as if he'd walked out of a bandbox or somethin' of that sort. He was the celebrated 'tec the Kimberley lot had brought from Cape Town, the other shootin' chap I told you about. He walks up to the bar, twirlin' his moustache, and listenin' to the conversation.

"'That infernal scoundrel Jackson's been at it again,' one of the Kimberley 'tecs says, 'another pile's gone through.'

"'Got a new chap comin' to help you, eh?' ejaculated a lounger.

"'Yes, and he'll have to be mighty smart to catch Jackson with the stones on him. I've

'And what's the price of diamonds to-day?' he'd say in his most affable voice.

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tracked him night an' day, an' I've never done it.'

"'You'll excuse me,' said the Youngster, with just the suspicion of a smile, 'I'm the chap who's got to be mighty smart. What'll you have?'

"Well, they stared for a minute, but he reassured them, and they filled up again at his invitation.

"'Feather in your cap the day you get over Jackson,' says one.

"'Think so?' he answers with a laugh. 'Oh, you don't know me yet.'

"He glanced round the room. 'All friends, I suppose' says he; 'sort of meetin' for the extermination of Jackson, eh? All right; now, I'll bet that I bring Jackson into this bar with a pocket full of stolen diamonds on him.'

"'Don't brag, young 'un.'

"'I never do,' he says, lightin' a cigarette, and smilin' sort of kindly on 'em.

"'Sounds like it,' says a man who'd been simply phenomenal in his failures.

"'Nonsense; five to one that we walk in together one night, and he's full up with rough stones.'

"'Take you in fivers.'

"'Done,' says he.

"'And I.'

"'Done.'

"Out comes his book, and he writes like lightnin'.

"'Tenners?'

"'Right.'

"And he entered 'em all up as if he'd been a bookmaker's clerk all his life, then with a twist of the moustache and a jaunty nod strolls out of the bar, hires a hoss, and dashes down to the shanty near by Jackson's.

"Course old Jackson knew they'd got a new chap on him, and directly a strange face turns up in the shanty, he eyes him up an' down, and drinks half a bottle to hide his emotion.

"'Have a drink, young 'un?' says he.

"'Don't mind if I do,' says the juvenile, still a-twiddlin' his yellow moustache.

"'Right you are, then. Here's luck. Hope you'll catch your man.'

"'Eh?'

"'Jackson.'

"'Oh! you know him?'

"'Know him? Rather! Eh, Sam?' And he winks at the bar tender. 'Know him, eh? Don't I?'

"'I've heard he can shoot,' says the youngster.

"'Middlin',' says Jackson. 'Shoot yourself?'

"'Middlin',' says the youngster quietly.

"'All right,' says Jackson, taking a greasy card from the table. 'Got pluck enough to hold that, while I knock the five diamonds into nowhere?'

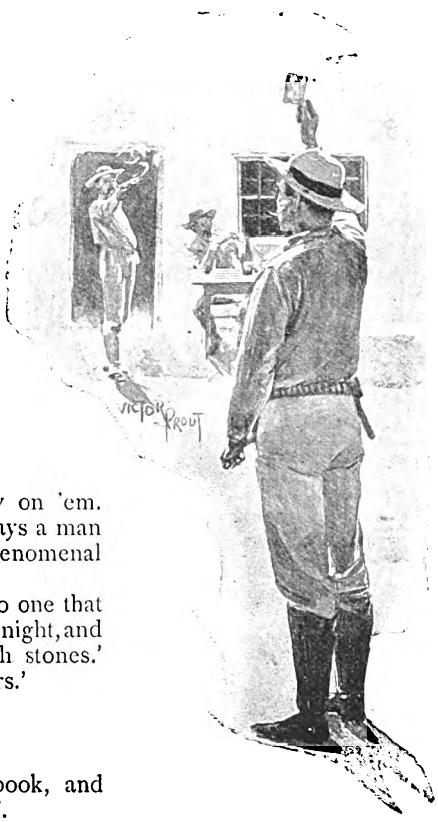
"'Don't mind,' says his nibs with a laugh, and he holds it above his head.

"'Don't move, or I shall hit your little finger.'

"'If you do, Jackson,' says the young 'un, 'I'll knock the tip of your left ear off before you get time to wink. Better come in the open.'

"Jackson did a grin. Of course he knew he was spotted, but they walks out, and Young Strawwhiskers holds up the card while Jackson walks twenty paces.

"Ping—ping—ping—ping—ping!



Ping—ping—ping—ping—ping!

"'Look at it,' says Jackson.

"'Very poor.'

"'What's the matter?'

"'Only snicked the last diamond,' says the Young'un. 'You'd better buy a drain pipe and shoot down that.'

"'P'raps you can do it better?'

"'P'raps I can,' says he. 'Hold up a card,' and he knocks five hearts off, clean as a whistle.

"'That's nothin',' he says, as Jackson opens his eyes, 'I'll show you a bit of

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shootin' one of these days. Let's go back and have a drink,' and back they went and had another, and another, and Jackson asks the Young'un if he's as smart at cards as at shootin'.

"'Raise you till you get suspicious of your own royal straight-flush,' says he.

"'You're too smart to live,' growls Jackson, 'some chap'll—but stop, can you do this?'

"He takes up the rest of the cards, with the ten of diamonds on top, flick, it's gone, and there's the ace of spades.

"'Diamonds gone,' he chuckles, 'where shall we look for them?'

"'In Jackson's pocket,' says the Young'un.

"'But you won't find 'em,' grins Jackson, smitten with the subtlety of the retort.

"'Well, then, up his left sleeve. Come on, pull it down. I used to do that trick to amuse the Band of Hope. Somethin' warranted not to over excite youthful brains. Have another drink?'

"Well, they had another drink, and Jackson said he'd be eternally delighted to see him shoot better than he could, and he also hoped that he'd catch him with stolen diamonds on him; and the Young'un says that he reckoned before Jackson was much older he'd satisfy him on both points.

"'Twenty to one in tenners you don't do one,' says Jackson, 'fifty to one against the double event.'

"'Thanks,' says the Young'un, 'I never bet,' and he strolls away without even winkin'!

"Well, a week runs along, and my lord keeps a smart eye on Jackson, and discovers nothin', because as a matter of fact, Jackson had been keepin' a smart eye on him, and hadn't done anythin'.

"One afternoon he was sittin' in the bar of the Kopjes, a-twiddlin' his moustache as usual, and the regular Kimberley 'tecs who were still a bit raw about his comin' there at all, started a chippin' him.

"'Why ain't you watchin' your friend Jackson?' says one.

"'Watchin' Jackson,' says he, 'well what's the good? He's playin' billiards two doors off, and his game's too wicked to interest anyone.'

"Well, that was one up agin the chap who spoke, because, the Young'un had given him sixty in a hundred the night before, and got out with two visits to the table, so they all laughed, and while they were laughin', one of 'em walks across to the Youngster, and whispers in his ear. Mind you he was a chap who'd failed time out'er mind to catch Jackson himself.

"'True bill?' says the Young'un, wakin' up.

"'Yes,' he says 'they must be passed to Jackson to-night, for the thieves daren't hold 'em.'

"'Why do you put me on it?"

"'Well, I dunno, only because I think you're a bit bouncy, but no fool. Go in, my lad, and win."

"'Thanks,' says the Young'un, 'I will,' and up he get, starts off, shadows Jackson down to his crib, out of there into the bar, watches him all night long, and at two in the mornin' goes after him as he thinks back home. But bless you Jackson knew he was after him, and a pretty chase he led him. All over rough country, a matter of a dozen miles, Young'un thinkin' all the time he was hot on the scent, and then back to Jackson's own place.

"'Goodnight,' Jackson yells, with a burst of laughter, as he goes into his crib, 'hope you've enjoyed your walk!'

"'Yes, thanks,' says the Young 'un, just a trifle pipped, you know, to think he'd been so neatly sold, and in turns Jackson, while the juvenile keeps watch outside all night, and then all the next day, and all night agin, till he's about dead to the world, and yet gets hold of nothin'. Of course he knew, just as much as anyone else did, that whoever could buy stones on the cheap from Kimberley boys only need hand them on the quiet to Jackson, ask no questions, and they'd get a decent price next time they met him—for, mind you, he was the honestest thieving scoundrel who ever walked. And, of course, the Kimberley lot knew this too, and realised if they could only collar Jackson they'd practically kill the market for stolen stones.

"Well, the Young 'un foxes him up to Kimberley, and then, dead beat, hands him over to one of his subs for an hour, just to keep his eye on him, and goes into the Kopje.

"'Where's Jackson,' says one. 'Thought you were comin' in together.'

"'Oh! he's all right,' he answers, blinkin' with fatigue. 'Haven't got him yet, but he hasn't passed anythin'.'

"Hasn't he? Well, I heard him boast five minutes ago that he'd put 'em through right under the nose of young Mister Know-everything, and I thought he meant you.'

"The youngster was about to cut in, but the man who'd given him the hint before touched him on the shoulder.

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With that he swaggers out.

"'Dry up,' he said; 'it's no good losin' your temper. Jackson's done you as he's done the rest of us. I've just left the offices, and they're talkin' of askin' you to go back to Cape Town.'

"'Are they?' he says, with a tightenin' of the lips.

"'Now then, don't get savage. We're all in the same boat. Have a drink?'

"Well, they started a bottle between them, the Young 'un looking about as happy as a corpse at a cheap funeral, and rollin' the gold foil into pellets between his fingers for the sake of somethin' better to do, and then, as he stretches out his hand to the bottle, he stops, gives a chuckle, shoves his hands into his trousers pockets, sits back, and laughs.

"'What's the matter?' says the other fellow.

"'I'll double all my bets,' he answers.

"'Take my advice, a little less brag and a little more work would suit you better.'

"'You know the bet,' he says, turnin' to the others; 'now then, I've failed up to now, but I double the lot. Within a month I'll walk in here with Jackson, diamonds and all. Do any of you take it?'

"'Well,' says one, 'if you must sling your money about, I may as well have a bit. I'll take it.'

"'And I,' says another.

"So with a quiet laugh, he doubles all his bets, and puts his book away, with the remark that, if they didn't have to pay before, he'd be there to settle on that night month, at twelve o'clock.

"With that, he swaggers out, and nothin' was seen of him for weeks. Only rumours came around that he was simply livin' down by Jackson's place, and becomin' a fair out and out bounder, who seemed to make a point of drinkin' Jackson dead, every night.

"Of course the others only laughed, because, they'd tried the friendly game with Jackson before, and knew it meant nothin', and so they waited for him to turn up, and pay his bets, and then get out of it. They all came down in force on the right night, and waited for twelve o'clock.

"That was a Saturday, and from what I've heard, a particularly lively time at Jackson's bar. He and the Youngster had been lowerin' champagne all the evenin', with some particular pals of Jackson's, and durin' the fun the Young'un saw the very thing he had been waitin' weeks for. The diamonds were passed and concealed.

"The other men cleared off, and he and Jackson were left alone, barrin' the villainous owner of the shanty itself, who mind you, would ha' drilled holes in anyone upon demand.

"By and bye the Youngster turns the conversation into shootin'—tells fairy tales, and Jackson, as a man who knows a bit what he's talkin' about, calls him a liar, and advises him to get sober first and shoot after.

"'Mighty fine shooter you think yourself, don't you, Jackson?' says he, getting his revolver out and flourishin' it around. 'Now, I'm drunk, I know, but I'd shoot better 'un you would sober. See here,' he unsteadily swaggered to the end of the bar, and faced a small dingy blackened mirror. 'Stand clear, and I'll smash those five empty champagne bottles over my shoulder, or stand five more full.'

"'Hold hard,' says Jackson, 'hold hard, we don't want any manslaughter. You can't stand straight, let alone shoot. Come outside, the moon's up, and we'll have our shootin' match there.'

"'All ri',' says the Youngster, with a grin. 'Any wher', shoot yer head off,' and they take the five champagne bottles outside, where under the full moon, it's as bright as day.

"'Stick a bottle on that post,' says the Young'un, pointin' to the stump of a tree, and he lurches up, and after a few unsuccessful attempts, balances a card upon the neck and a cork upon the card.

"'Shee yer knock 'er cork off, and not move card, as you think you're a shooter.'

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"Jackson took steady aim and fired, but struck a fraction low, sent the card and cork spinning and shattered the neck of the bottle.

"'Silly shot,' says the Young'un, 'S'prised at you, Jackson, thought you could shoot. Thought Jackson could shoot, but he can't; silly shot, smashed the bottle.'

"'Do it yourself,' says Jackson, and he sets up another bottle.

"'I could shoot the leg of a fly off, astandin' on the cork,' he boasts, with a stupid grin, and taking the same distance, sends the cork a'flyin'!

"'Good shot, considerin' you're as drunk as an owl,' says Jackson, only there's a lot of spite in his voice, as he counted he could shoot a bit himself. 'Luck,' he continues, jeeringly, 'that's what it is, luck.'

"'Luck be hanged!' replies the Youngster, swaggerin' round, "I told you I could shoot better drunk than you could sober; and with that he does another bit er fancy shootin', an' another, an' another, fairly knockin' chips off Jackson, 'cause he can't get miles near him, and his dander gets uppier and uppier every minute.

"'Where's tuther bottle?' says Young-strawwhiskers, when they'd smashed four out er the five.

"'Ain't no other bottle — smashed 'em all,' answers Jackson.

"'Saw five on table, smashed four, saw five on table, saw—'

"'Shouldn't be surprised if you saw fifty in your state—'

"'Saw five on table—'

"'Oh, shut up, now look here, I've only been foolin' about, I'll show you a bit of shootin'.'

"'Don't want to see no shootin',' mutters the Young'un, half asleep on a tree stump. 'Wanter go home. Goter bed. Used to shoot fire-flies once, Wanter go home an' lie down, and practise at 'em in bedroom. Swear saw five bottles.'

"'Oh, cuss the bottles,' Jackson shouts. 'We're discussin' shootin'. Got pluck enough to hold a cigar in your mouth, and let me knock off the ash?'

"'Any fool 'ud do it! Brightash day!'

"'I don't mean here, you silly ass. Way down in the hollow there. Where I can only see the spark. Got enough pluck?'

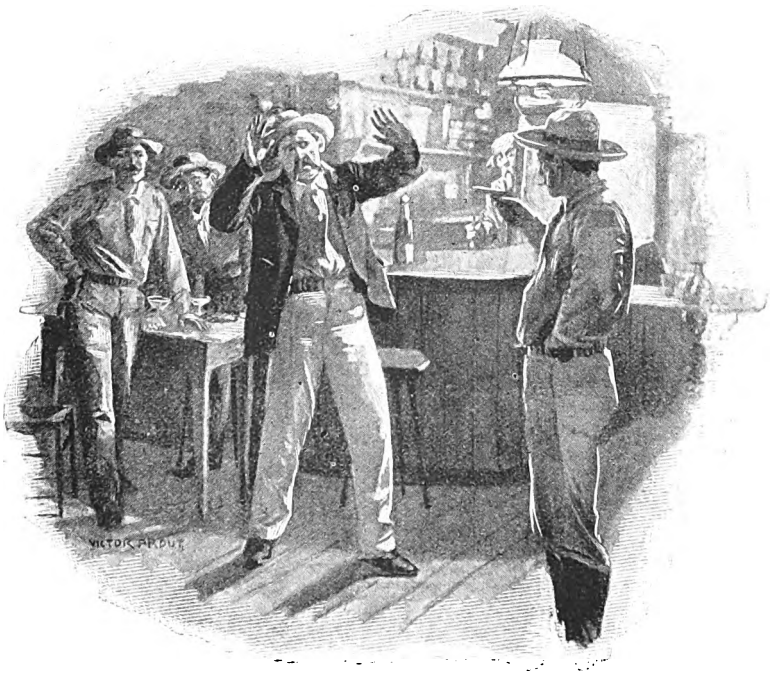
"'Well, you've been missin' such easy shots.'

"I shan't miss this one. Come on,' says Jackson, and off they start together, but the Young'un's got an obstinate drunk on, and quarrels at every spot the other man suggests, this one's too light and that one he's been practisin' in, and he walks him about an hour till he's satisfied.

"'Now then,' says Jackson at last, 'puff that cigar up, stand straight, and I'll knock it out of yer mouth at thirty paces. And lean your head up agin that rock, I don't want people to say I lured you down here to shoot you.'

"'All ri',' says the Youngster, 'all ri' old fellow, don't 'cite yourself,' but he stands pretty stiff, all the same.

"Then there's a sharp ping, and up go a shower of sparks.



'Up with your hands,' says he, 'the game's up.'

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"Good shot,' says my lord, 'good shot, Jackson.'

"'Think you could do it?'

"'Couldn't do it to-night, too drunk.'

"'Think you could when you're sober?'

"'Yes, backwards. Gimme bottle soda water, and I'll do it now.'

"'Yah! think I'm er travellin' mineral water factory? Try it, young cockey, I'll take the risk. Try it, or own you can't shoot for nuts.'

"'Gimme soda water, I'll do it. Feel rotten, ni' air upset me. Soda water, and I'm all ri'.'

"He steadied himself against Jackson, and looked him gravely in the face.

"'See here, my frien', you're taking mean advantage. Know I'm ill, and won't give me chance. Walk back to shanty, and I'll get soda water, and come back and shoot with m'eyes shut.'

"'I'm not goin' to walk four miles there an' back,' says Jackson, 'come to the hotel and get your soda, and then I'll shoot you for a tenner.'

"'Ri' you are,' says the Young'un, and maudlin' about the 'ni' air,' and ''strordinary effects on shootin',' he takes Jackson's arm and rolls along the road into the Kopje's.

"Poor Jackson, he scents danger the moment he sees the 'tecs, but Yellow-whiskers is too sharp, and directly they cross the threshold up goes his gun, and Jackson is blinkin' at the muzzle. There weren't much drunk about him then.

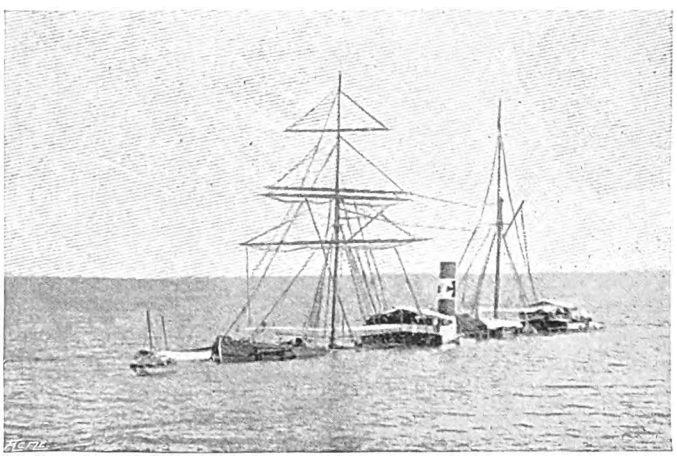
"'Throw up yer hands,' says he. 'The game's up. Jem, take that champagne bottle out of his pocket, it's full of rough diamonds.'

"There was a bit of a tussle, but, Lord, it weren't no good, Jackson was done. 'I wish,' said he, 'that shot er mine had been a bit to the left.'

"'Maybe you do,' says his Nibs quietly a-twirlin' his moustache agin, 'but it's too late to alter sights.' An' then he turns to the others, and, in a nasty little sarcastic voice, exclaims: 'Well, gentlemen, if it's all the same to you I reckon I'll gather in them bets.'"

A WRECK IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

HERE is one of the most remarkable photographs of a wreck ever taken. The unfortunate vessel, which is slowly settling down, was passing through the Suez Canal when it was run into by a German mail boat, and so badly damaged that the water commenced to pour in in tremendous quantities. The accident took place in the Great Bitter Lake, and directly after the collision it became evident that the damaged vessel was sinking. The crew, however, managed to run the ship to one side before she finally settled down, and thus saved the passage of the Canal from becoming temporarily blocked, a serious thing for navigation.



Snapshot by H. Hillman.

A catastrophe in the Suez Canal.

Our photograph was taken in the early hours of the morning by a passenger on another vessel, passing through the lake at the time.

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THE TRAIL OF WHITE BONES.

Bleached bones for hundreds of miles—bones of men, women, children, and animals. You can see them still, and a sad sight they are. It was the old Sante Fe trail, from the United States to California, just after the discovery of gold there fifty years ago. Men fairly stampeded for the diggings from all parts of the world. By ship around Cape Horn they went, and by land over the great American continent. White, canvas-covered waggons crawled like wounded birds across vast spaces of alkali desert; treeless, waterless, on fire with the sun by day and chill with dews and damps by night. They climbed mountains and forded streams in the long, interminable journey; they were slain by the savages who roamed those desert lands; they perished from hunger and thirst; they died of fevers and of stings of poisonous snakes; they quarrelled among themselves and killed one another; but they died, *died*, DIED. By scores, by hundreds and by thousands they died, and their bones made a white streak in the direction of the sunset and the land of gold.

Not all died; oh, no. An immense army arrived at their destination; but the sickly, the feeble, the poorly-provided—*these* perished by the way, often when within sight of the country where they fancied that nuggets of the yellow metal were thick as acorns under a big oak in autumn.

This is the point I want to bring out:—These people made a gallant push for fortune (Oh! the pathos of the story which cannot be told here!) and failed for want of endurance and strength. And it is *such as they* that put the noble element into the tale of human living.

"*I struggled on as best I could*," says a woman. She was not seeking gold or diamonds; she was merely trying to do her every-day duty—a task without a spice of inspiration or romance in it. She was trying to do this in the face of illness and pain; putting up a plucky battle with the odds dead against her. Deserts of distress and mountains of difficulty lay ahead; days whose sunshine was a mockery and nights whose darkness had no quiet—held out no goblet of soothing nepenthe. There was work to be done, a family to be looked after; yet this woman (like millions of her brave sex) could only do her uttermost. "I struggled on," she modestly puts it, "as best I could."

So did the gold-seekers; and with them, as with the greater caravan that "moves to the pale realms of shade," many die before they ought.

"In the spring of 1896," runs this simple narration, "I began to feel weak and ailing. No matter how light the meals I ate—always without desire or relish—pain at the stomach, chest and sides was sure to be the penalty. At length my whole body grew to be so nervous and sensitive that I could hardly bear the touch of my *loosened* clothing.

"I was constantly retching and straining, until—strangely enough—my throat and eyes became swollen and inflamed. The dreadful nausea sometimes persisted for hours together. With all this, and with an aching pain in the region of the heart, I got but little sleep at night. Then weakness increased upon me till I could hardly drag one foot after the other. From time to time I had to give up and go to bed; yet *I struggled on as best I could*.

"A long, weary year I had of this; taking every medicine I heard of in hope of relief; but to no purpose until a friend chanced to call and told me how she had been cured of a like complaint by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle, and after a few days' use of it found great relief. I was able to eat nourishing food, which my stomach seemed to welcome and digest.

"This was hopeful indeed. With *real* confidence now, I continued taking the Syrup and gained strength from day to day and week to week. Then the pain at the heart left me, the nervousness got less and less, I could sleep all the night through, and was soon strong and well as I was before the fearful indigestion attacked me.

"Since that horrible time there has been no recurrence of the disease; and if I ever feel out of sorts a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails to set me right. I can do my work easily now, and shall never cease to praise the remedy that brought about the wonderful change."—(Signed) (Mrs.) JANE SHADDOCK, 27, Queen Street, Torquay, March 21, 1899.

Thus the struggle was over; not in defeat but in victory. Are there no more feeble ones to whom this little story will be good news? Aye, multitudes—all over the world. And for them it is written. May their tired eyes see it here in print.

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THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL—*Article on "Drugged Foods," June 4, 1898, says:—*

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(See page 274.)

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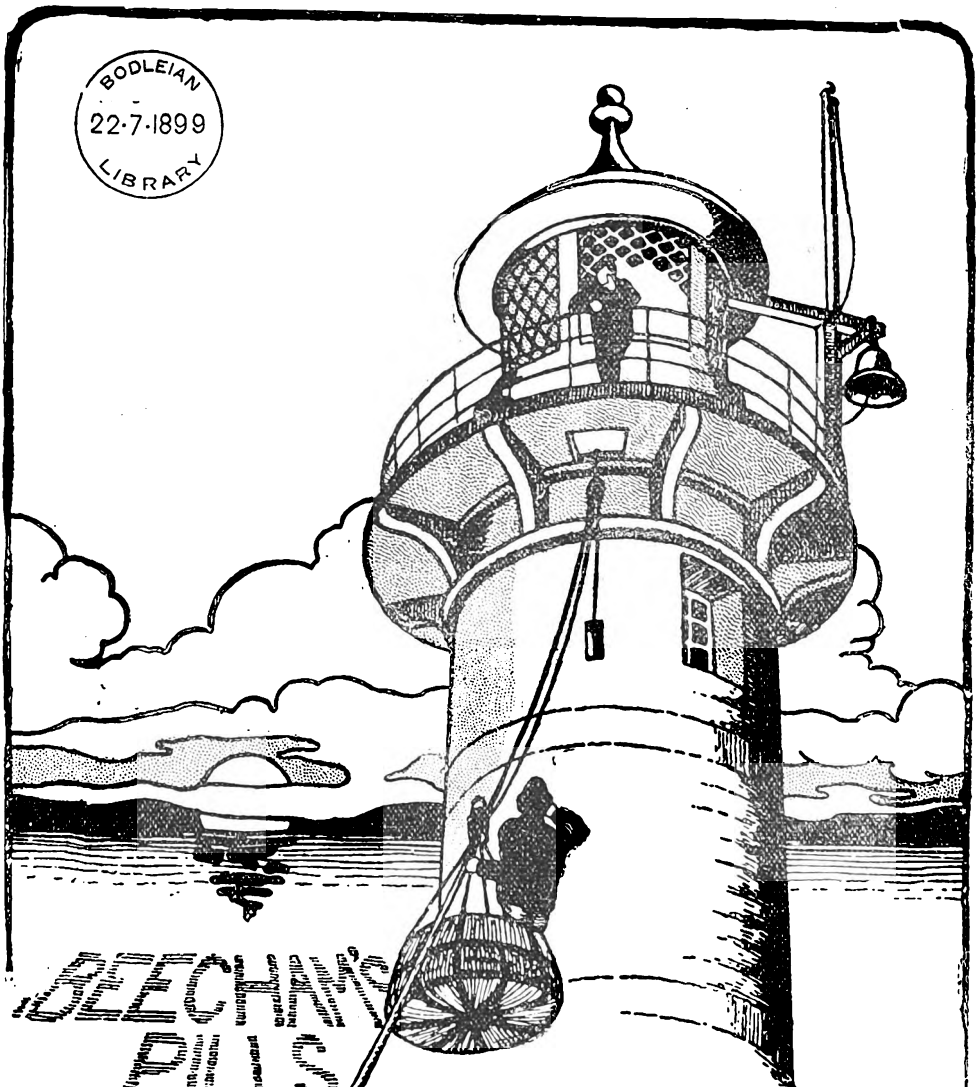
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Russia's Advance Towards India

Conversations with Skobeleff:

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the - - -

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"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS- - Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars."

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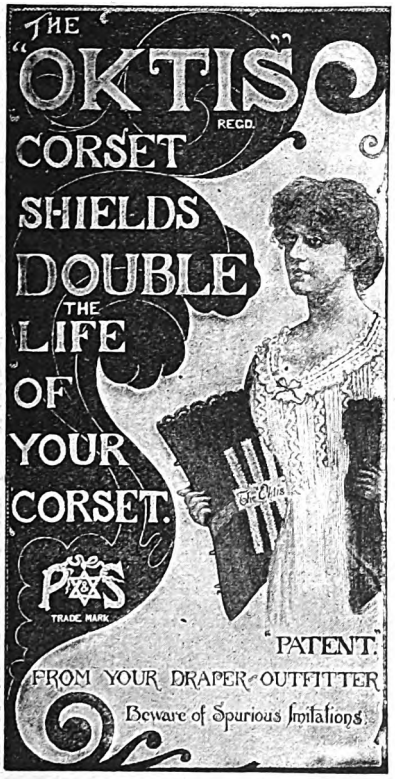

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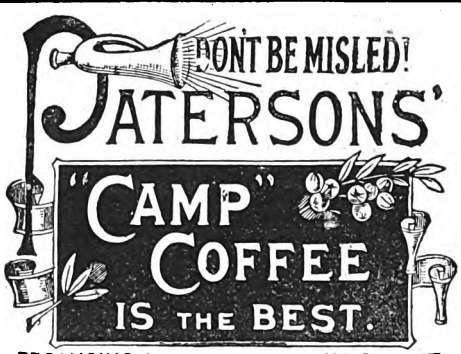

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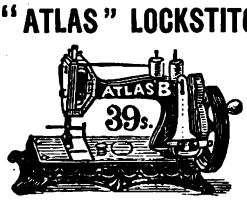

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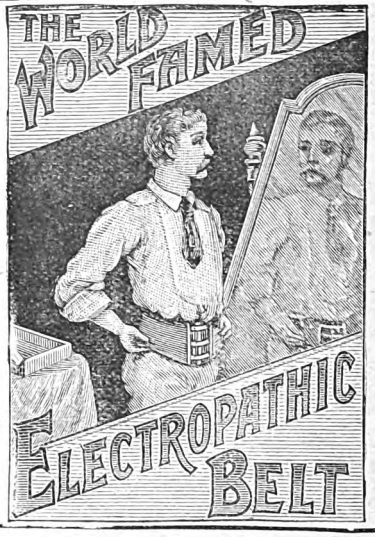

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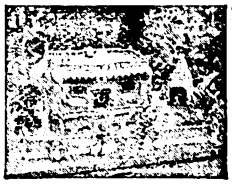

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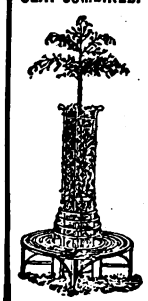

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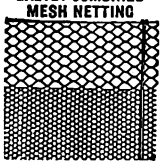

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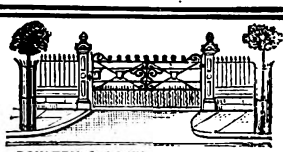

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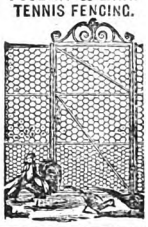

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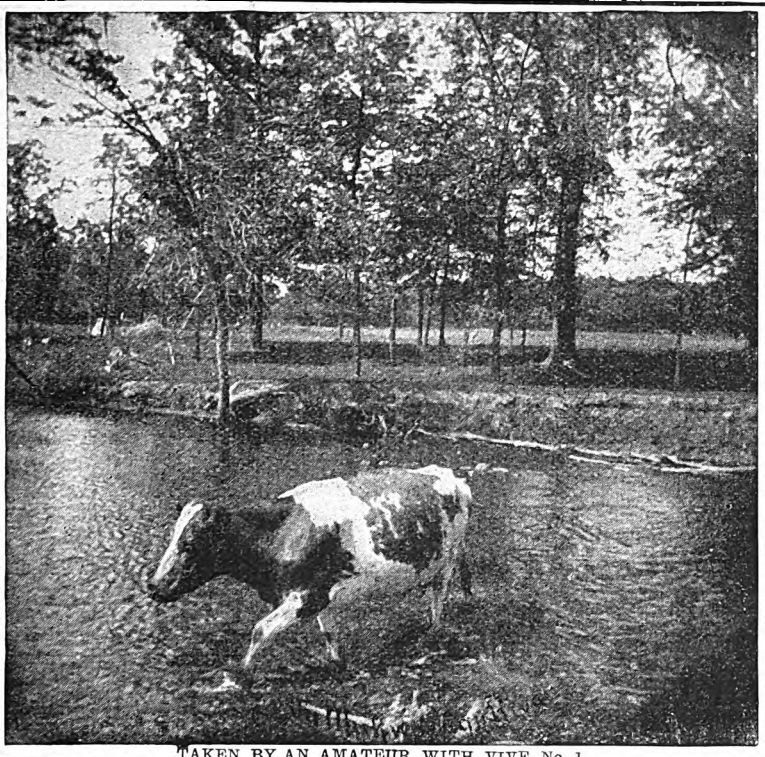

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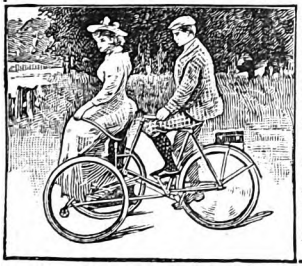

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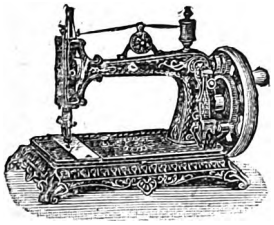

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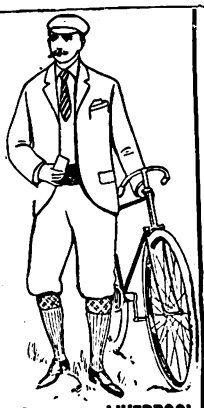

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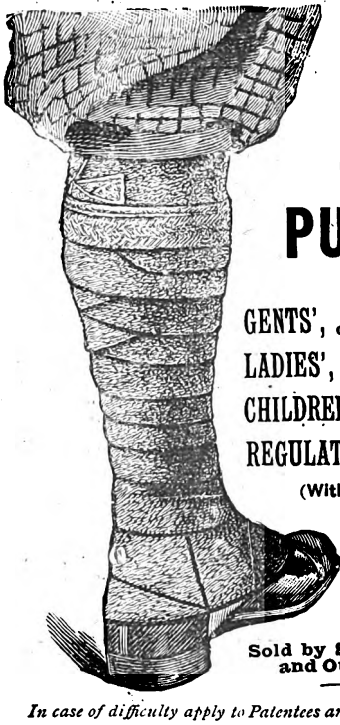

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first half-yearly Volume of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/-, or post free, 1/2.

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The Art of the Camera

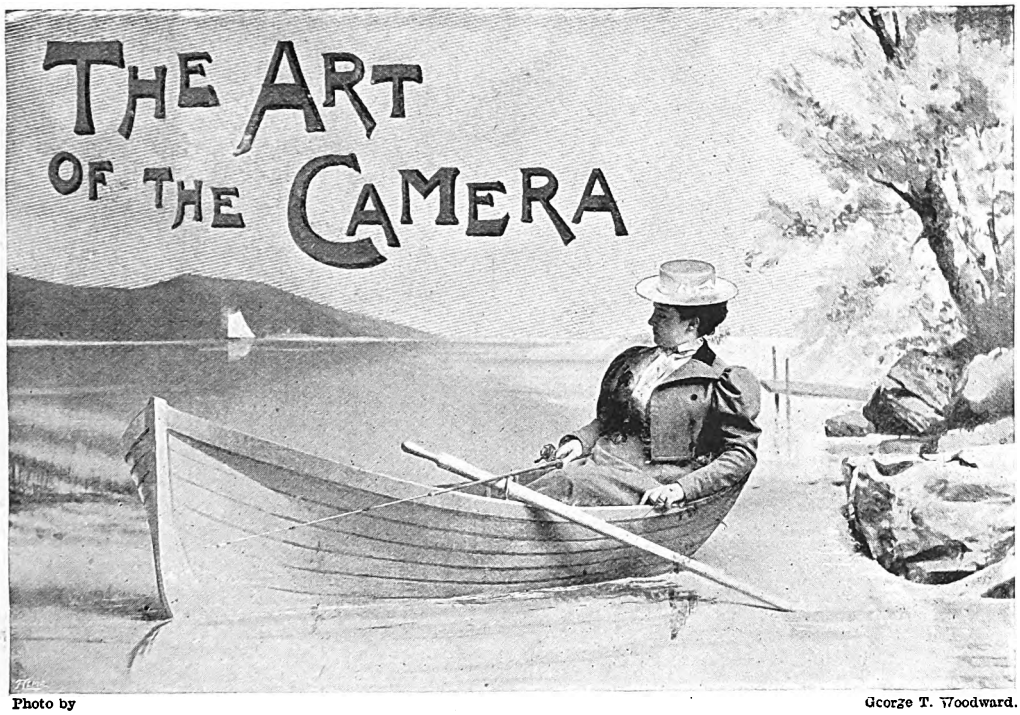

Photo by George T. Woodward.

By Roderick Grey.

The Opinion of the Public.

I am not surprised to find that the remarks I made a little while ago on the most profitable way to use a camera have attracted no small amount of attention. I have had considerable correspondence on the subject. Not that I mind that. On the contrary, nothing helps a regular contributor more than a good big letter-box. I like to hear just what pleases my readers, for, after all, I write to please people, not to instruct them.

If anything I may write proves useful or suggests an idea, then so much the better. Bu I make no effort, and have no desire to go beyond that. Therefore, when I find a particular subject, or a particular way of looking at things is widely approved of, it encourages me to try and pursue the matter a little further.

It is the same with an editor. He can guage as a whole the popularity of his magazine, and of any special number, but it is not always so easy to decide as to the particular story or article which finds especial favour. Expressions of opinion on the various contents of each number are always of service. Large as the editor's morning mail may be, he will not object to intelligent expressions of opinion, favourable or unfavourable, and whether relative to any particular article, or to such series as Snapshot Interviews, or Our Stereoscopic Gallery, or the Bushrangers series of stories, or, indeed, to my own monthly remarks under the head of The Art of the Camera.

Public Popularity.

To "catch on" is an expression well-known enough in the newspaper and magazine world. In a sense it marks the ambition of every editor and every writer, and may be said to comprise public popularity.

What an extraordinary phenomenon is this "catching on!" A man writes a book. For a while it shows no signs of being widely read. Suddenly one becomes aware of the fact that the book is being talked about. You hear of it yourself, and read it, and you tell your neighbour of it, and he tells someone else, and so on. The book has "caught on," and the fortunate author suddenly finds himself famous, at any rate, for the time being.

It is the same with the competitions that appear in the various papers. One of them, after having been a most moderate success for several weeks, suddenly becomes the rage. Everyone goes in for it, and the printers can

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scarcely print off copies of the paper fast enough for the newsagents to sell.

Much the same thing has happened with the ROYAL MAGAZINE itself. It has "caught on," and the circulation, is something stupendous. Moreover, it will grow, and it deserves to. Thousands and thousands of you will buy, say, this particular number. You will read all, or most of it. Perhaps you will read what I am now writing. When you have finished the magazine, you will, I am certain, be pleased with your purchase. You will have had a wonderful three-pennyworth, and—and here lies the point of the matter—you will tell your friends so.

It is marvellous what an individual can do in the way of influencing his or her various friends. Some of your friends may not have seen the ROYAL MAGAZINE. You mention it, and advise the purchase. Behold a new reader. If everyone secured one new reader it would mean the doubling of the circulation which would be a pleasant, but somewhat big surprise for the proprietors. Great magazines, however, do not double their circulations in a month. But they grow steadily, and, therefore, I say that if you like this or any other number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE say so, not only to the editor, but to your friends.

Photo by F. Ollo.

The Water Carrier.

Some Hints to Photographers.

THE same applies to the matter of sending in photographs, the sort of photographs an editor wants. Tell your friends if you do not photograph yourself, tell them even if you do. Tell them also the sort of photograph that is no good, it is easier than telling them the sort that is. For instance tell them that a photograph half developed, or covered with spots, or out of focus, is of no value at all. Photographs must be clear and sharp with good lights and plenty of contrast. It must be remembered that in the reproduction these high lights tone down tremendously, and although the original may appear a trifle hard the ultimate result will be satisfactory.

Again, use a little discretion—I was almost going to write common sense—in choosing your subject. Such a lot of people write to the editor and ask, "What sort of photographs do you want?"

He wants all sorts. That sounds vague, perhaps, so I will endeavour to be more specific. To the individual who possesses a camera capable of taking a full-sized plate, I would recommend in the first place subject photographs—such, for instance, as the one in this number entitled "The Genius of the Family," &c.

It requires skill and some experience to do pictures of this sort. There must be proper composition. To compose a picture satisfactorily is of course one of the greatest arts of all picture makers, whether painters or photographers. I have no space at present to say much on this subject, but must leave it to the intelligence of the photographer. Enough to say that there should be no crowding of the figures into one corner in such a way that the first glance betrays the presence of a big patch of wasted space. The *idea* of the picture, the story of it, must, as it were, cover the entire area so that every part helps

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Photo by Worthing Portrait Co.

The Genius of the Family.

in its important or its modest way to tell the story. Every detail, too, should be harmonious, with no striking incongruity that at once stamps the picture as an arranged picture.

If your photograph is to represent a scene inside a labourer's cottage, there must be no accessories such as one would only find in a rich man's dwelling.

What are termed art studies are difficult, because, apart from everything else, a good model is hard to find. Humorous sketches, too, are difficult, because it is always so hard to be natural when trying to be funny. I wonder how many dozens of photographs of bicycle spills have been shown to me, and how few have appeared really funny. Most of them seem exactly what they are, viz., representations of arranged spills, with one machine laid carefully on the other and a couple of individuals obviously trying to appear hurt or surprised.

To the Owner of a Small Camera.

For the possessor of small cameras and hand cameras there is the field of interesting scenes and snapshots. The former includes photographs of buildings or monuments, or freaks of Nature that are interesting from a historical standpoint, or by reason of having become famous. With respect to this class of photograph, however, one has to remember that professional photographers may have already anticipated you in a manner and with a result you may find it hard to equal. Still, there are a number of really curious things individuals may light upon which are well worth photographing.

When you have taken and developed your negative, print a good copy. Do not commit that woeful mistake of sending a bad print with a letter explaining that you can easily send a good one. Send the good one in the first instance, and write lightly on the back a brief description. You can also send a more elaborate account of your subject, but the one on the back serves at once to catch the attention of the Editor.

To the Snapshootist.

Finally, for the snapshootist, there is the ability to do a series of, say, half a dozen pictures, all on the same subject, but different in themselves. Of course, I do not mean by that the same pictures merely taken from different points of view. I mean a set of pictures which illustrate how something is done, or which depict a peculiar custom.

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Photo by

"ROSES WHITE AND ROSES RED."

Wm. Marriott Dodson

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People have such chances nowadays of taking unique photographs, considering how easy it is to travel about. Why, you can go by the Palace steamers all the way to France or Belgium and back in a day. How many opportunities may there not be for a snapshootist who has intelligence on such a trip. It is no use taking photos of what everyone notices. You must take what everyone will recognise, but has not exactly noticed. Fifty people will probably take the jetty as the steamer leaves, and the result is worthless. But how many will quietly stroll around the steamer and analyse the passengers, and then get good snapshots of, say, a half-dozen unmistakable types?

Again, a snapshootist must be ever on the alert for a real snapshot—the recording of some sudden incident. I remember talking to a friend one day who had been for a day's outing on one of those self-same Palace steamers. He had a hand camera with him but had no result worth publishing. Incidentally in describing his day's amusement, he mentioned that on his way down the river he saw a big liner not forty yards away from him cut into a barge and sink it.

"Did you snapshoot it?" I asked

"Well, er—er I—er wasn't ready, I—I was so interested that I didn't think of it."

"Exactly" I said, and I reflected that he had lost an opportunity of more than paying the whole expenses of his outing.

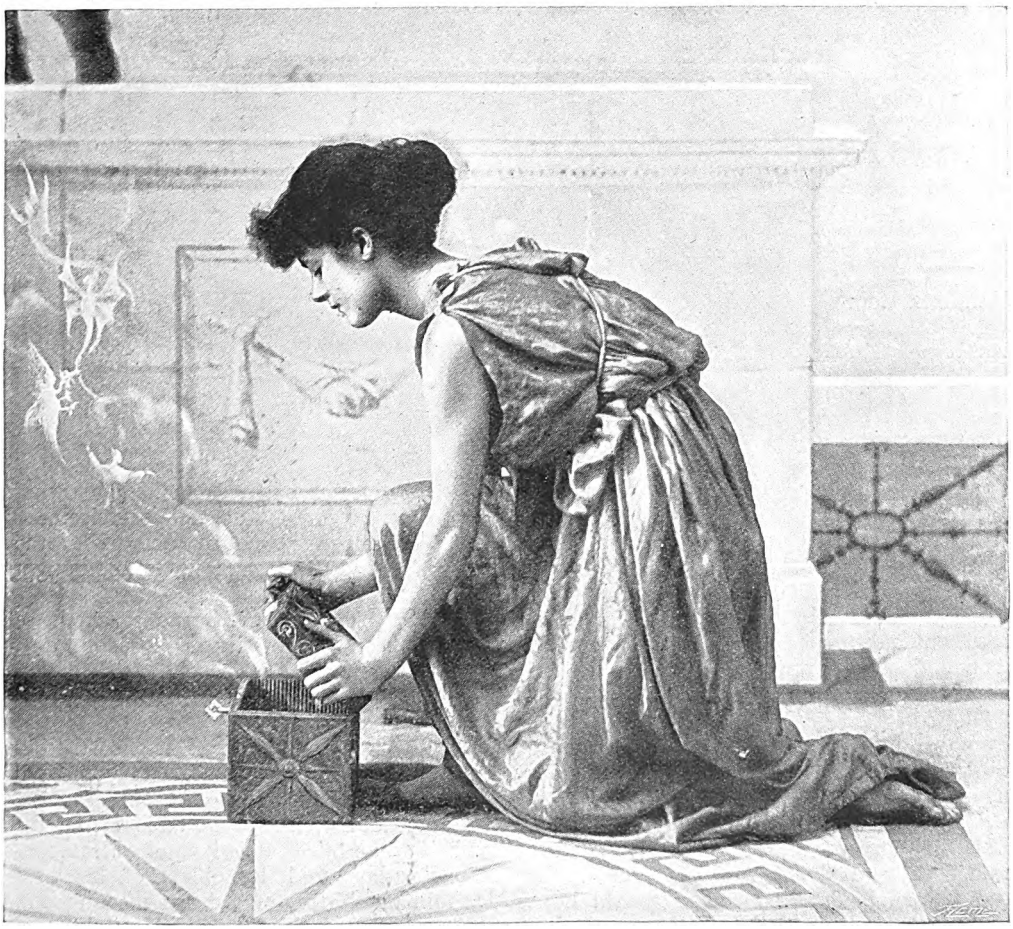

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

Pandora.

Prometheus made an image of clay and stole fire from Heaven to endow it with life. In revenge, Jupiter instructed Vulcan to make a female statue, and having caused it to live, presented the woman—the beautiful Pandora—with a box, to be opened after her marriage. Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, married Pandora, and when the casket was unlocked all the evils that flesh is heir to flew forth, and have ever since afflicted the world.

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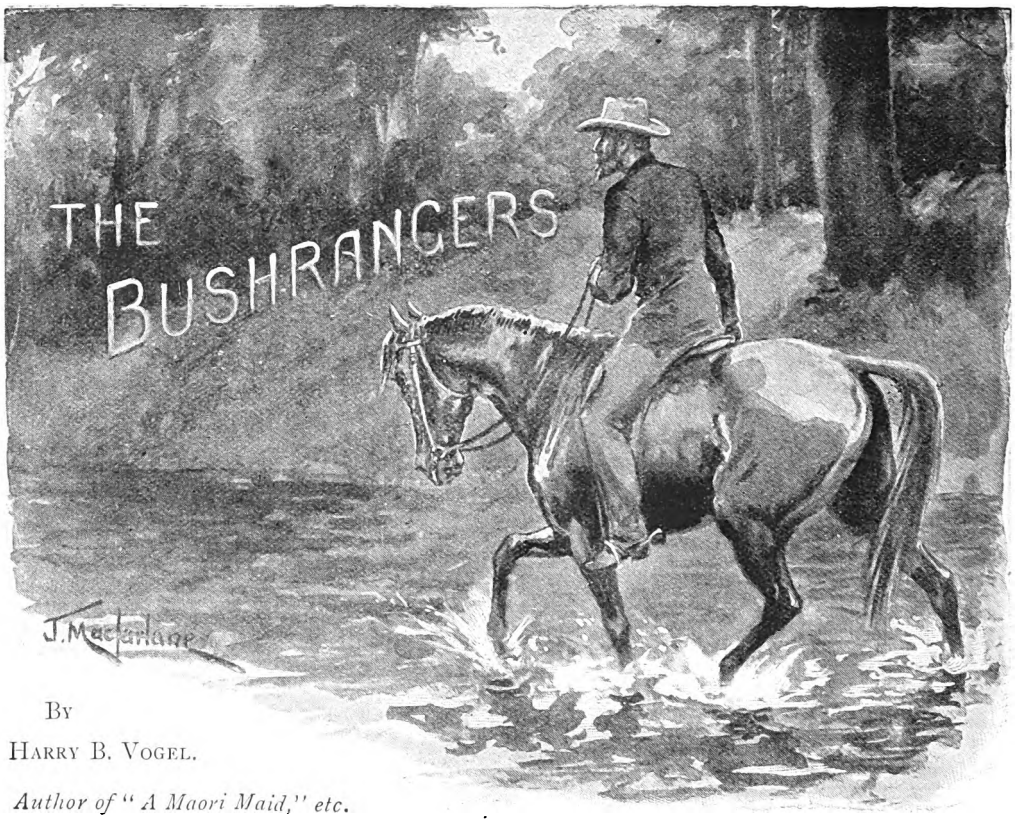

By

Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," etc.

No. IV.—GARNET'S MISSION.

(A Complete Story.)

Garnet's descent on Campbelltown exasperated the police authorities beyond measure.

To have entered the township in broad daylight, to have made the entire police force prisoners in its own official building, to have paraded the streets in uniform, and, finally, to have entered the bank and robbed it of all its negotiable wealth, were nothing less than abnormities. It made the authorities almost a laughing stock. They felt themselves defied by a band of outlaws, and in consequence they were making the most strenuous endeavours to effect a capture.

Garnet, safe in his head-quarters by Echo Lake, shrewdly suspected as much. He rather enjoyed the reflection. Yet, at the same time, he had conceived a wild hope that the part he and O'Dare had played in rescuing the Bellmont station might be used to procure for himself and his companions some offer of clemency.

The idea crystallised until, after a council of war, he started on a solitary and desperate journey to interview Mr. Russell. The owner of Bellmont could, Garnet felt, exercise considerable influence, and in memory of the services he had been rendered Garnet thought that he would.

Riding across country, Garnet reached the homestead on the morning of the second day, and from one of the gardeners learnt that Mr. Russell was in the small cottage which served him as an office.

The bushranger's entrance startled the old gentleman. Yet he gave him a welcome and bade him sit down.

Garnet took a chair at the table facing the runholder, and then, quietly, and with unconscious pathos, told the object of his visit. He told the history of the first meeting with Nolans, and of the rescue. He told, too, just so much of his old life as was absolutely necessary without divulging his identity.

Mr. Russell remained silent for a few moments after his visitor had finished.

"You will make the application for us?"

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asked Garnet, eagerly. He was trembling. This man, brave as he was, was trembling and quivering with anxiety and hope.

"Certainly, most certainly. Its the least I could do in return for what I owe you. Besides, apart from that, I'm more than willing to believe that only the misfortune of circumstances has led you to your present plight. Pray God I may be the means of setting you once more in a position to retrieve your past!"

"Amen, sir, to that! It almost seems too much to hope for."

"No, no," said the old gentleman, "cheer up. Let me see. I'll write a letter direct to Colonel Hughes at Hobart. Nothing like going to the fountain-head. I don't know him quite as intimately as I knew his predecessor; still, I may have some influence. I'll set forth the whole of the circumstances, and undertake to keep you and Nolans as assigned servants and be responsible for you. See, I'll write it off at once."

"Not so fast," broke in a harsh voice.

Garnet and Mr. Russell glanced quickly across the room. Standing in the doorway was a young man, tall and slight, with dark hair and sallow complexion, and eyes set so near to each other that they leant a sinister, ugly look to his countenance.

As Garnet recognised the newcomer, he half rose from his chair.

"Lieutenant Austin!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," was the reply, snapped out with a smile that showed a gleam of jagged tobacco-stained teeth. "No, no, my man, I know you, I saw you come in here, and now I've got you, Mr. Jack Garnet. Up with your hands or I'll put a bullet through your head—up, up."

The door closed to gently as Austin stepped into the room with his pistol pointed at the bushranger. The latter glanced quickly across at Mr. Russell and then slowly lifted his hands. At the same moment, the station-holder leapt to his feet.

"Mr. Austin, surely you forget where you are."

"Almost, 'pon my soul, almost, he, he! But I don't forget this gentleman," sneered the young officer.

"Then, let me remind you that you're a guest in my house, and at the present moment in my private room."

"Where this escaped convict has unceremoniously thrust his presence on you, eh, sir? Otherwise it would look like harbouring an escaped convict, eh?"

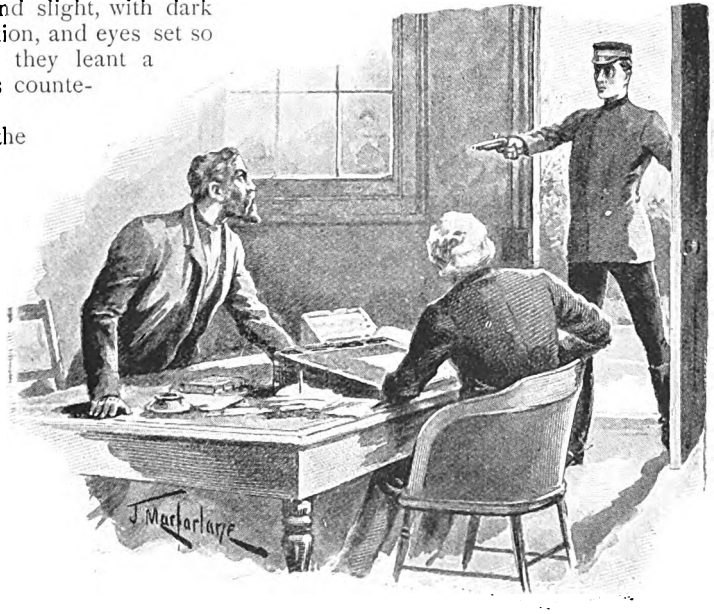
For an instant the old gentleman was white with passion. He controlled himself, and even laughed.

"Tut, tut, my young friend. James Russell of Bellmont is not in league with escaped convicts against the authorities. Put that pistol down, I tell you; this man won't harm you or move out of the room. I'll answer for that."

"He's my prisoner, sir."

"Pardon me, Mr. Austin, he's mine, and I decline to hand him over to you without you produce adequate authority."

"Eh, what? I don't understand," said Austin, with a blank look on his face.



"Not so fast," broke in a harsh voice."

"Sit you down and listen to what I have to say."

Still gripping his pistol, and keeping an eye on Garnet, who had dropped his hands on to the table, the officer took a chair.

"I'm writing a letter, the contents of which

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I will read to you. I want it sent with all possible dispatch to Colonel Hughes."

For some ten minutes there was stillness in the little room, broken only by the ticking of the big kitchen clock on the mantel-piece and the scratching of Mr. Russell's pen. At length the epistle was finished, and the station-holder read it out. It was a full recital of Garnet's story, and wound up with an appeal to Colonel Hughes to grant the request made by the bushranger.

"He'll never do it!" exclaimed Austin. "The days of the gang are numbered anyhow."

"Colonel Hughes will decide that," replied Mr. Russell. "They've earned some consideration, and I fancy my request may be granted. Now, will you yourself take this across to Campbelltown and have it sent on by special messenger to Hobart?"

"What's to be done with him meanwhile?" asked the officer with a nod towards Garnet.

"He will remain my guest," said Mr Russell slowly. "In a week's time you will be here with the answer—alone. This man has come to me under circumstances that forbid me to permit any unfair advantage being taken. I have no wish to act contrary to the law, but if I ask him to meet you here, it must be, as it were, under a 'flag of truce.' You understand? I'll add my stipulation in my letter, I think," said Mr. Russell, and he did so. He sealed up and directed the envelope, and gave it to Austin.

"I'll be off at once," he muttered, and he left the room.

"Mr. Russell, nothing in this world that I can do can express my gratitude for what you have just done," said Garnet, quietly.

"Tut, tut, let's see the result first. Don't be too sanguine, for I fear that young fellow. In the meantime, my wife will find a room for you——"

Garnet shook his head.

"Not that sir. I must measure myself by what I am, not by what I might have been. With your permission, I'll go off to the hut of one of your out-shepherds, and be back here this day week."

Eventually this arrangement was carried out, and Garnet, armed with a letter from Mr. Russell, took up his quarters at a hut on the western boundary of the run.

Slowly enough for the exile on the far boundary did the days slip by. In some strange way the hope that had once been high gave place to feelings of despair. He grew anxious and nervous. A presentiment that his mission would end in failure overwhelmed him. It filled him with the most poignant grief. The thought, too, that Austin the bearer of the letter was the chief obstacle to success, drove him to the precipice of unrestrainable anger.

He hated the young officer. He was the cruellest tyrant in the prison at Hobart. By his lies, he had over and over again gratified the depraved pleasure of seeing his fellow creatures writhe and shriek under the lash. He was the most hated of all the prison officials, and for that reason, probably, stood high in the estimation of those who were in authority.

Austin effected the transmission of his letter to Hobart, and obtained a reply with greater rapidity than Mr. Russell anticipated. The decision of the Commandant was unfavourable. Apart from the difficulty of condoning Wingy's crime, the final verdict was owing largely to Austin's assurance that he could easily effect Garnet's arrest.

To do this was unquestionably an act of treachery towards Mr. Russell. The Commandant himself realised this, and for his own part would have scorned to undertake such a task. Yet he understood Austin well enough to know that he, at any rate, would have no such scruple. Under the circumstances, therefore, of there being a man enthusiastic enough in his profession to do its dirty work, the commanding officer could only shrug his shoulders, despise the man, and quietly congratulate himself.

It was towards dusk of the sixth day, that Austin reached the outer gates of the Bellmont homestead. He was not alone. Five troopers and a sergeant rode behind him and rode with a quick eye and a lifting hand, for the man they hunted had a reputation not yet deserved.

Drawing near to the house, Austin posted the troopers so that they commanded it on all sides. Then, accompanied by the sergeant, he stepped up on to the verandah. He left his companion in the front hall, and, walking along the passage, entered the dining-room, where the evening meal was just on the verge of completion.

There was a cry of surprise when he entered.

A look of disappointment clouded his face as he glanced round the table and failed to see Garnet.

The window leading on to the verandah was open, but his quick eye saw no vacant seat, no sign of an absent partaker of the meal. Probably it only meant that he was in some other part of the house. But where?

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He looked sharply at Mr. Russell, and, with an abruptness, amounting almost to insolence, asked where Garnet was.

Mr. Russell made answer with a question.

"Have you a reply to my letter?"

"Yes," was the curt rejoinder; "there it is, and that shows my business." He dropped a letter and a sheet of folded paper on the table. Mr. Russell took up the former, and, opening it, read it.

"They have refused," he murmured, "Mr. Austin," he added, looking up, "I feel that this is your doing. It may be your idea of your duty. I only say, may God forgive you for driving three of your fellow-creatures back from an effort to be honest!"

"Where's Garnet, Mr. Russell? I'm not on any errand of discussion. The man can't escape me. I've surrounded the house, and unless you lead me to him, I regret to say that I must search for myself."

"I'll not lead you to him."

Austin stepped back to the open door and called the sergeant.

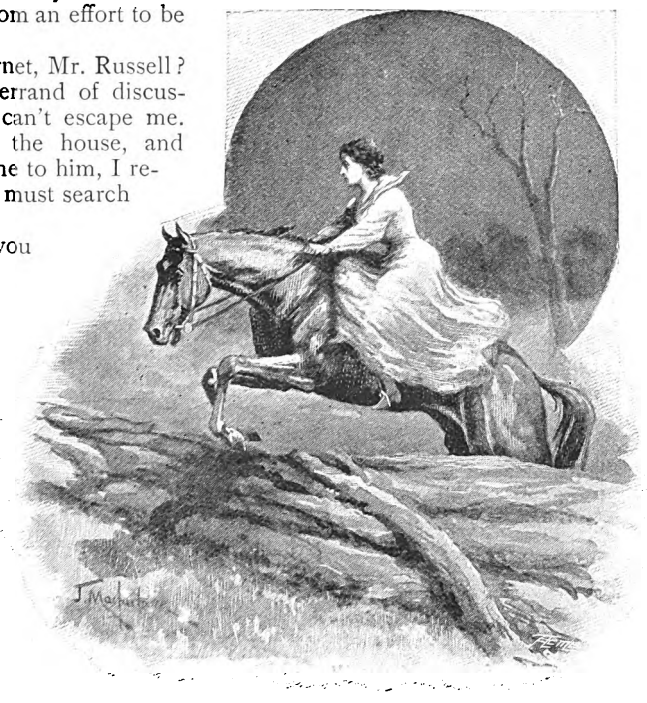
After peering carefully round the two men left the room, first insisting upon Mr. Russell's accompanying them.

"May, you must send someone out to the hut as quickly as you can go," whispered Mrs. Russell. "Garnet will be over here to-morrow unless he is warned."

The girl rose from the table and strolled out on to the verandah. On the lawn she saw a trooper, his horse tethered to a tree, his pistol in his hand. He touched his cap to the young lady, as she walked slowly towards the back of the house. Crossing the yard she entered the stables. They were deserted. At such an hour she knew the grooms would be down at the men's quarters.

Once inside, all trace of slow unconcern vanished. With feverish rapidity and the skill of a Colonial girl, she caught her horse in its loose box and slipped on the bridle. In another minute she had reached down her saddle, and, with quick fingers, adjusted it on the horse's back and tightened up the girths. She clambered on to the manger and jumped into the saddle. Then through the open door, bareheaded and in her white muslin dress, she rode out.

Fortune still favoured her, for she saw no one. Turning sharply to the right she passed along behind the outbuildings and leapt the post-and-rail fence that shut off the yard from the house paddock. Then, with a low call to her horse, she loosened the reins. The animal was fresh and flinging its head, it burst into a wild gallop.



She wasted no time on gates.

"Steady, boy, steady," whispered the girl, "there's a long way to go. Steady."

The animal seemed to understand its young mistress, and settled into a long, swinging stride.

The fates, kind to a point, had, however, a misfortune in store for the messenger of warning. Austin had heard the clatter of hoofs, and, from a window, perceived the girl leaving the stables, and again saw her as she galloped through the twilight across the paddock. In a moment her object flashed on him, and, moreover, he guessed her destination.

"She's gone to warn him, and he's out at the hut by Dead Man's Creek," he muttered, as he bolted out of the room. "Come along, there," he shouted to the sergeant as he tore downstairs.

It took but a few moments to gain the horses. Two men were left behind with in-

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structions to continue the search and keep a look-out. The others followed closely at the heels of the officer and the sergeant, as they darted through the yard gate and followed in the wake of the young girl.

She had no idea that she was being pursued, but she had a shrewd notion that sooner or later she might be, and, moreover, she was anxious to accomplish her return as speedily as possible. It was reckoned to be a good nine miles to the hut by the usual track, although riding as she was it was less.

She wasted no time on gates. She knew every inch of the country, and took every short cut she could. The moon was well up, and as twilight faded the silver rays grew stronger, until the night was like day.

In less than three-quarters of an hour she had accomplished her journey. She saw a light glimmering in the cottage, and as she clattered up the door opened.

She slipped from her saddle, and, almost stumbling, was caught by Garnet. For a moment she felt his strong arms about her, and to that girl, far away in that lonely hut, there came the sudden interpretation of all her hopes and anxiety. It was but the incident of an instant, and then quickly she told him her news.

In the moonlight she saw Garnet's face grow white. She saw a look of despair creep into the brown eyes. She saw the quiver and clutch of his hand, as he pressed it across his forehead.

Then she saw him erect with closed lips and a hard gleam in his eyes. She saw him stiffen himself and become at once the man of fierce action.

He tethered her horse to a post—it was blown but full of life. Then he led her inside and placed a stool for her.

"You must rest yourself a few moments," he said.

"Yes, yes, but you! You must be quick. They may have followed me. You must get away at once!"

"I'll saddle my mare," said Garnet, and he walked out through the door at the back, and in a few moments led the animal from the yard, saddled and ready. He threw the rein over the gate post.

"The shepherd's away after wild dogs," said Garnet, as he entered, "If you'll excuse me, I'll get my belongings together."

As coolly as though dressing in Piccadilly chambers, he slipped on his coat and waistcoat, and picked up his watch and whip. Finally, he looked to his pistols.

All the while the girl sat watching with eyes that might have betrayed her to an invisible onlooker.

Suddenly her quick ears caught a sound.

"S—sist! I hear horses. Hurry, hurry!"

Garnet stepped to the door. The girl was right. A horseman was approaching at full gallop, and he was near enough to be recognised as Austin. A hundred yards or more behind him Garnet caught a glimpse of others.

"It's Austin!"

"Quick, quick!" exclaimed the girl.

Garnet turned and held out his hand.

"Good-bye. God bless you for what you've done," he said, and before the girl quite realised, he had bent down and kissed her hand. In another instant he was gone.

Garnet had, during his four or five days' stay at the hut, made himself intimately acquainted with the surrounding country. Consequently, so long as he had sufficient start, he was not frightened of pursuit. Within a mile and a half the rolling, open land ran into a mass of broken hills and shallow creeks. Travelling up the beds of the latter would destroy all tracks, and would eventually lead him into the Western Ranges, whence a return to his headquarters was easy.

With a light touch of the spurs on the mare's flanks, Garnet flashed past the little yard and darted out into the silvery haze. For a short distance he kept a bee-line, so that the hut remained between him and his pursuers, and hid him from view. Then he bore away to the left and made for the gulley of Dead Man's Creek, intending to push up along the flats of the river.

He had no fear for himself. His mare was fresh, whilst the horses of the police had already come a fair distance at a good pace. Even apart from that, he was better mounted than any of them. Nor were they in all probability accompanied by a black tracker. If they were, his task would be more difficult, although even then he had little doubt of his ability to elude his pursuers.

Steadying his mare, he galloped down the dip. At the bottom, he let her have her head once more. Suddenly, a horrible thought flashed upon him. The girl!

He was saving himself. He was almost indeed beyond reach. But Miss Russell! What of her?

She was alone. Dick, the shepherd, was away and Austin would find her at the hut unprotected. True enough, the troopers were there, and in numbers there was safety. But suppose Austin sent the men on in pursuit and stayed behind himself!

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Garnet knew the man, knew him for the merciless, unscrupulous scoundrel that he was, knew him far better than did his kind-hearted host. No girl, much less a beautiful girl such as Miss Russell, was safe in the hands of such a fiend.

The young officer possibly might do what was right by her. He might send her to the homestead or even see her back himself. Yet, on the other hand, he might not. He had been outwitted by her. His treachery had been fruitless through her prompt bravery. Suppose he gave rein to his fierce temper? Suppose he wreaked some terrible revenge upon her?

The reflection that it might cost him his position was not likely at such a moment to trouble Austin. He had too powerful friends at Hobart to come to much harm. Moreover, by helping an escaped convict the girl had put herself into the fellow's power, and whatever happened to her he could deny, and would probably be believed. The police authorities were not likely to place much credence on any accusation made by a woman caught in the very act of assisting a notorious bushranger to escape.

Such were the thoughts, such the fears that assailed Garnet. A groan broke from his lips. It was impossible for him to push on. At all costs, at any risk, he felt impelled to make sure of the girl being out of reach of harm.

He pulled up short, and for a moment cast about in his mind for a means of doubling on his pursuers. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. It was dangerous. It was desperate. Yet it seemed the only chance he had.

With a touch of the spur he urged the mare along the grass-grown river bed at full gallop. Now and again a moor-hen would flick across the track and disappear into the short reeds, or a startled mountain-duck would rise with a loud whirr. He took no heed, but at a turn in the shallow river he wheeled the mare into the water, and waded up the centre of the stream.

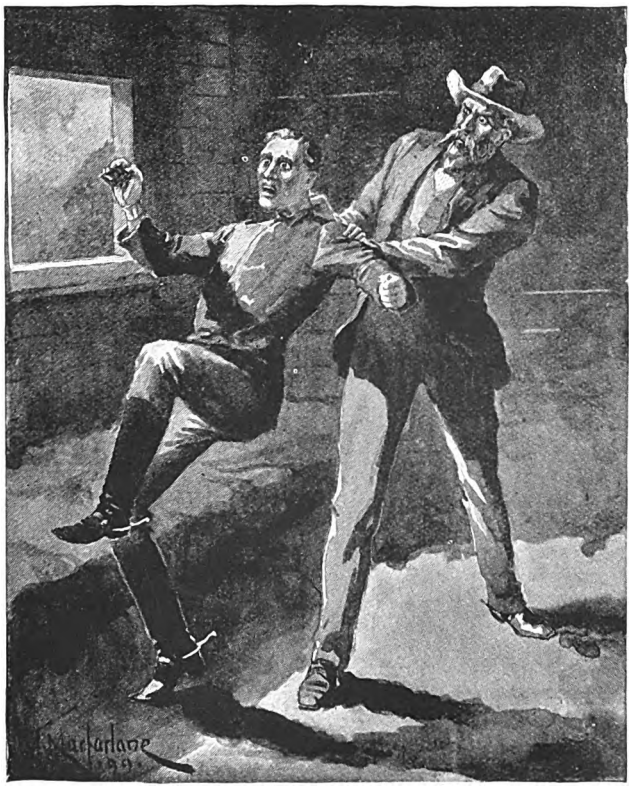
He had chosen the moment with care, for the last few hundred yards the hard going was unlikely to have left a track that any but a tracker could discover. After wading some two hundred yards, Garnet suddenly turned sharp off to his right up a creek that travelled down from some rough rocky country.

"They'll know I'm well mounted and will reckon on my trusting to outdistance them. They'll imagine I'm pushing on for the Ranges," he murmured.

Presently he drew out of the creek, and in another moment was lost to view in the darkness of a deep cavity. He dismounted and took off his coat and spread it on the rock, holding the mare so that her fore-feet stood on it. Then he unfastened the bit to prevent her champing at it, and awaited the approach of the troopers.

They were not long. The mare heard them before he did, and he played with her soft nose and whispered to her. Nearer and nearer they came, until the hunted bushranger could distinguish their voices.

At the foot of the gully, not a hundred feet from their quarry, they drew rein. A word or two passed, and then once more



A man, with a pull, wrenched Austin from his hold.

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they pushed on up the main stream. Garnet's surmise was correct. They had no thought of his doubling back. They calculated that he was pushing on with the one idea of getting clear away.

"Austin's not there, and there are four of them," Garnet murmured, as he listened to the Sergeant leading the conference and giving the order to ride on. "I'll be in time, little woman, don't fear," he added softly.

He listened until the voices and the clatter of hoofs died away, and then quickly adjusted the bit in the mare's mouth. He slipped into his coat, and swinging once more into the saddle, pressed down the creek, and headed back along the trail he had come. It was as well he did.

Scarcely a minute after Garnet had left the cottage, the young officer dashed up. Leaping from his horse, and keeping it as a cover in front of him, he cautiously approached the door. On the threshold suddenly he saw Miss Russell.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a sneer, "so it was you, after all, eh? Where is he?"

"Gone!" was the girl's answer, and he saw a smile of triumph on her face.

"You warned him, eh? By gad! you shall pay for it!" He threw the reins over the post and pushed through, and from the back door saw Garnet in the distance. He rushed to the front of the hut as the troopers dashed up.

"He's made for that gully. After him, and stick to it, though you have to be at it until daylight! Alive or dead, mind!"

As they galloped off he re-entered the dwelling.

"Now, Miss Russell, what have you to say for yourself?"

The girl rose to her feet and met his look.

"Nothing," she answered, coldly, "except that I am going back to the homestead.

"Are you? Come, come, not so fast," he added, as she moved towards the door, "not so fast, I say," and he gripped her by the wrist.

She wrenched herself free.

"How dare you, Mr. Austin!"

"You've got the best of me over this so far, eh? Now I can turn tables. You came here and you can stay here. You and I, just the two of us; and very good company we'll be."

"I—I don't understand you."

"No. He, he," he laughed, "but you will. It's delightfully lonely and romantic. Sit down," he added, thrusting her back into the stool, "sit down and be at home."

Terrified to a silence, the girl sank on to the stool and buried her face in her hands. She realised her position then, and the trap she had fallen into. She was alone in this far away cottage, at the mercy of a man who was devoid of mercy. Nominally a gentleman and received as her father's guest by reason of his official standing, he was, nevertheless, a low, inhuman brute. The mask had fallen at last and she knew him for what he was.

For some minutes he left her in peace. He locked the front door and then led the two horses round to the yard at the back. The one thing she could do in his momentary absence she did. She armed herself with a short bowie knife she caught sight of on a corner of the rough mantel-shelf.

Presently he returned, and his insolence had degenerated into a fierce, merciless passion. He taunted her and teased her for awhile and then suddenly stooped to kiss her. With a sharp twist she tried to use the knife, but he was too quick for her.

"Ah, would you?" he exclaimed, wrenching it from her and throwing it into the middle of the room. Once again he essayed to embrace her, and in the brief struggle neither of them heard the thud of a horse's hoofs, and neither of them saw a face peer for a moment through the tiny window.

But just as his hot breath was on her cheeks, just as his lips were almost touching hers, the slender door burst in with a crash. A man in one stride stood by the girl and, with a pull, wrenched Austin from his hold. The young officer staggered back and his hand went to his pistol pouch. He was too late. Like lightning, Garnet's fist struck him on the jaw. He fell and lay in a motionless, huddled heap.

Garnet turned to the girl. The reaction had almost unnerved her. Yet, with the indomitable pluck and the pride of a brave woman, she steadied herself.

"That's twice, Mr. Garnet, twice you've saved me," she said, rising to her feet.

"No, no; it's nothing compared to what you did for me."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and he saw that she was still a little dazed. Then suddenly she seemed to remember. "You're in danger here, in dreadful danger. Oh! you must get away quickly, quickly!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, but not until you yourself are in safety," was Garnet's quiet reply. "Where's your horse?"

"At the back, I think."

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Throwing open the door, Garnet ran to the yard. He knew that his only chance was in speed and he was glad to find the horse ready for use. He led it round and quickly lifted the girl into the saddle. Then they started towards the homestead at a gallop.

"Where are you going?" she asked, racing alongside of him.

"To see you safely home," was the firm answer.

"But I'm safe now, quite safe."

"So am I. The police are off the scent. But I'll not canter a yard until you are safely home."

The girl made no answer, and mile after mile they galloped in silence.

"See," he exclaimed, as they reached the summit of a small rise, "there's someone."

"It's my father, I expect, and the police may be with him. Oh! you must not run deliberately into danger."

"I don't care. I must just be sure that it is your father," said Garnet, and there was that in his voice which brooked no questioning.

"It's a solitary rider," he exclaimed presently.

Half-way across the flat they met. It was Mr. Russell.

"May! Thank God you're safe!"

"Sh—sh, father, sh—sh, I'm safe, but——"

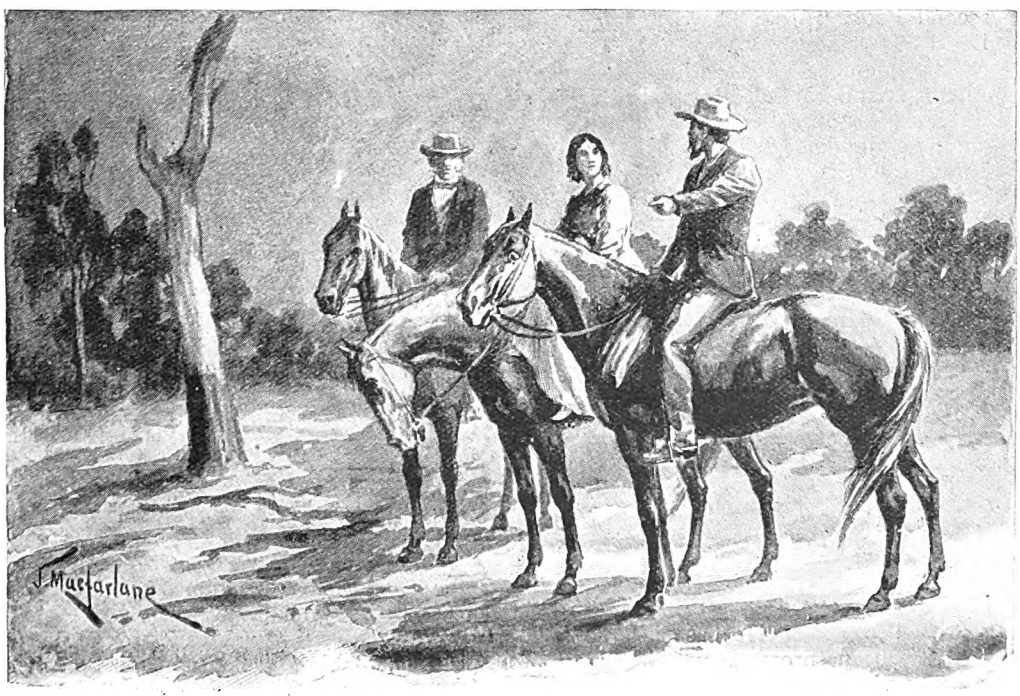
"Yes, yes, you must get away, Garnet. My application has failed, and the police are after you. I'll not let the matter drop, but I fear that though you and O'Dare might be treated leniently, they won't discuss Nolans."

Garnet shrugged his shoulders.

"He's my mate. We sink or swim together. Don't bother about it any more, Mr. Russell. I don't suppose we'll ever meet again, though you may hear of me. Good-bye, Mr. Russell — good-bye, Miss Russell. There's my road," he added, as he drew his hand from the girl's and pointed to the West, "into the darkness, away from the light of the dawn. It seems prophetic," he added bitterly.

Without another word, he wheeled sharply round and put his horse into a gallop. At the foot of a small spur he turned, and they could just see him. They themselves on the rise, father and daughter on their horses, stood silhouetted against the silver sky.

"God in heaven bless and preserve her!" the lonely rider murmured, as he lifted his hat. And above the thud of his horse's hoofs, there rose the deep sob of a brave man overwhelmed with regret.



"There's my road, into the darkness."

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Good and Faithful Servants of the Queen

By William Will.

In the old kirkyard of Crathie, sweet with the scent of the birks and the firs, are many of the Queen's memorials to those who, having served their day and generation by their sovereign's side, have passed through the valley of the shadow to their rest.

Is there, in the history of monarchies, a parallel to the dedication of Her Majesty's second book, "More Leaves?" "To my Loyal Highlanders," it runs, "and especially to the Memory of My Devoted Personal Attendant and Faithful Friend, John Brown, these records of my widowed life in Scotland are gratefully dedicated."

Prince Albert, when visiting the Balmoral stables, saw a rough country youth whose father occupied the Bush, a farm in the immediate vicinity of Balmoral, on the north side of the Dee. Prince Albert found that in his stable boy he had no sycophantic courtier, but a lad who spoke unaffectedly to him, with the ease that sits so well upon the Highlander. But let the Queen tell the story of the promotion of John Brown, who "in 1858 became my regular attendant out-of-doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded. . . He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant and my personal attendant."

What more Queen Victoria has to say of John Brown, is it not written in "Leaves" and "More Leaves?" Was the hill pony to be led when the Queen scaled the bens with no courtiers by her side—none save the Highlanders who ate the bread they earned at Balmoral—John Brown was there. Was the Royal carriage upset, John Brown was "indefatigable in his attention and care." Was breakfast to be served to the Queen in her sitting room, John Brown—"Brown, who is always ready to do anything required"—waited upon his mistress. Had the news of friends' deaths to be broken—such friends as Dr. Norman Macleod and the Prince Imperial—it was John Brown who was called upon to do the delicate work. It was Brown who had the keen eye for white heather; and it was Brown too, who, with the superstition of the Highlander, would not pass a clump without picking some.

John Brown dared to do what almost every man in these islands would have shrunk from, and to bear out this statement there are stories still told among the hills that have not yet found their way into print. When driving between Balmoral and Braemar one day, the Royal party was overtaken by a sharp shower of rain. The carriage was stopped, John Brown got down, and suggested to Her Majesty that she should put a plaid round her shoulders. The Queen declined the offer, and asked him to mount and let the drive be continued. "Hoots, lassie," said Brown, taking the plaid and placing it in position, "tak' the plaid roun' yer shoothers (shoulders) or ye'll get a wat skin."

The story of the table at Glassalt Shiel has already been told. One day Her Majesty,

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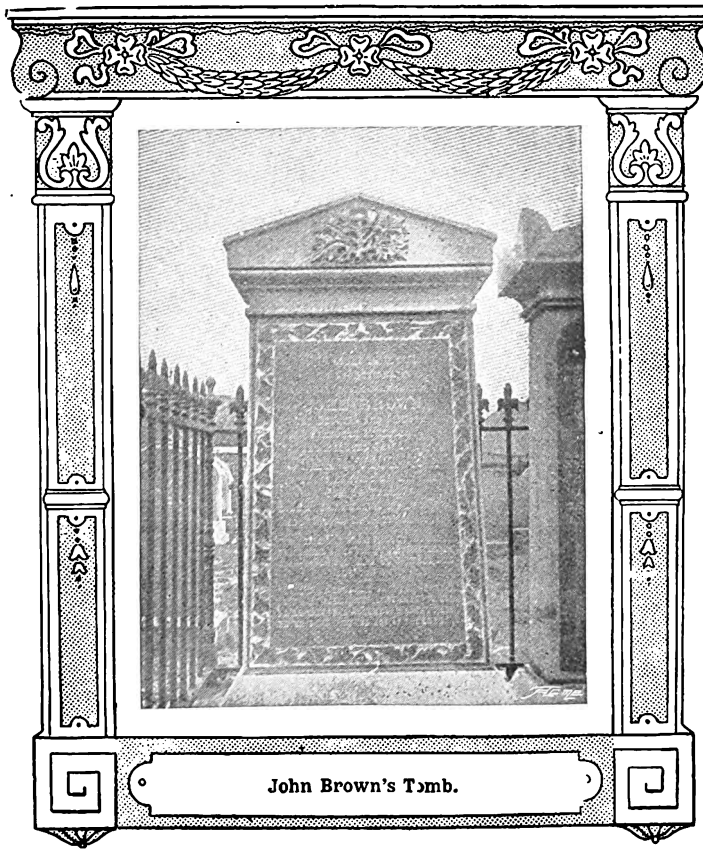
not in the best of humours, was sketching at the Glassalt Shiel. She wished for a table on which she might sketch, and the servants had exhausted the stock, but still the sovereign was dissatisfied. In their plight they went to Brown, who seized one of the rejected tables and set it down with a bang. The Queen looked up surprised, whereupon Brown exclaimed: "They canna *mak'* tables to you up here, your Majesty." His mistress took in the situation, and worked it off with a laugh.

When, in 1872, the young madman O'Connor rushed up to the Queen's carriage in Buckingham Palace Garden with a petition in one hand and an old pistol in the other, it was appropriate that the faithful retainer, Brown, should seize and disarm him. For this act Brown was presented by Her Majesty with a medal, which is shown on a life-size bronze statue by Boehm which stands in the Balmoral grounds.



John Brown's Tomb.

John Brown died at Windsor, in 1883, aged 57 years, grieved for as a friend by the Queen, who afterwards wrote: "His loss to me . . . is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me . . . is but a feeble expression of the truth. A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loyal and more loving never beat within a human breast."

Over his grave in Crathie Churchyard his mistress and Queen erected a block of native granite, on the pedestal of which is a Scotch thistle. The inscription runs to the effect that John Brown, "personal attendant and beloved friend of Queen Victoria," was "born at Craithenaird, December 8th, 1826; died at Windsor Castle, March 27th, 1883. That friend on whose fidelity you count, that friend given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift. 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

The Queen had erected a large house for her faithful servant, who, however, was destined to rest in it but one night, and that night he was in his coffin, for on the morrow he was carried to the quiet kirkyard; and it is a remarkable coincidence that John Brown's successor, his cousin, Francie Clark, who also was honoured by the Queen with the gift of a house, was in it for only one night, and he, too, was in his coffin, preparatory to burial in Braemar Kirkyard on the following day.

Next to the decease of John Brown, no death among her servants was felt so painfully by Her Majesty as that of Annie Macdonald, who for many years was the Queen's senior dresser. Annie Macdonald, the "Annie" so often lovingly mentioned in the Queen's Journals, died on Sunday, July 5th, 1897, and it is a remarkable coincidence that on the corresponding Sunday (July 7th) two years before, Her Majesty lost her personal attendant, Francie Clark.

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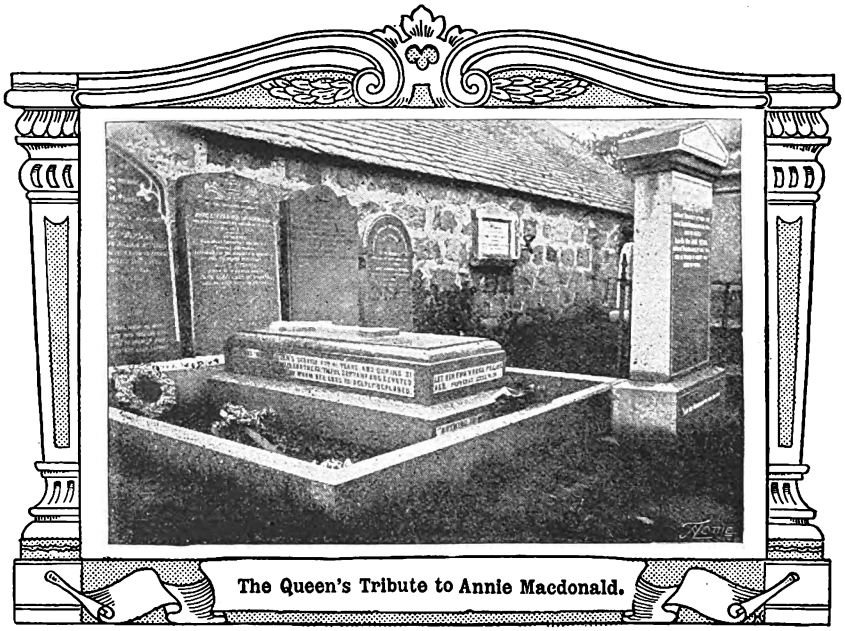

The Queen's Tribute to Annie Macdonald.

Mrs. Macdonald "was a most devoted and excellent servant, and a true friend of the Queen, who deeply deplored her loss." She was the daughter of an Abergeldie blacksmith named Mitchell, and entered the Queen's service as a coffee-room maid over forty years ago. Early Her Majesty took an interest in the Deeside lassie, and when Annie fell in love with and married one of the Queen's footmen, her Royal mistress interested herself deeply in the union. Then, when death took Macdonald away, just three years after the Queen's own great bereavement, the eagerness with which the Sovereign, out of the fullness of her heart, tried to cheer her servant has been instanced as one of the most pathetic incidents in Her Majesty's personal life. The Queen never sought to conceal her great regard for Annie Macdonald. She petted her; she painted her portrait in oils; and on the walls of one of Her Majesty's private apartments the portrait has an honoured place. Unlike many Court favourites of these and other days, Annie Macdonald was loved by all who knew her. Shopkeepers in the vicinity of the Royal Palace of Windsor knew the kind face, whose eyes were continually looking for sweets and toys for the Royal grandchildren, or for some warmer raiment for her more unfortunate sisters.

The news of Annie Macdonald's death greatly shocked the Queen. An entertainment to be given to the Royal tradesmen was hurriedly ordered to be postponed, four servants with lovely wreaths were sent from Windsor to the funeral at Crathie, and a memorial service was held at Windsor. To one of the wreaths was tied a card, on which, written by the Queen, was :—"As a mark of affection."

When Her Majesty is at Balmoral the grave is never without wreaths, sent by order of the Sovereign. In our photo of Annie Macdonald's tomb some of Her Majesty's flowers are to be seen.

The inscriptions and the tomb are like everything of the kind that Her Majesty does, neat and affecting. Beneath a handsome cross in relief is this :—"This stone is placed by Queen Victoria in grateful and affectionate remembrance." On one side are these words :—"She was in the Queen's service for 41 years, and during 31 years was wardrobe-maid, and the faithful servant and devoted friend to the Queen, by whom she is deeply deplored." At the foot is this from Proverbs :—"Let her own works praise her." And on the base :—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

The tombstone to the memory of Mrs. Macdonald's husband, one of the Queen's footmen, stands at the head of Her Majesty's tribute to her wardrobe maid.

In the wall, a few paces from Mrs. Macdonald's grave, is a tablet erected to the memory of Francis Leys, one of the few trusted retainers who were allowed to accompany Her Majesty and the Prince Consort on their mountaineering excursions.

In the shadow of some spreading trees in the kirkyard of Crathie are three simple headstones to the memories of men whose names

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are not redolent of the heather. John Spong, whose death at the age of 49 years was deeply regretted by the Court, was Queen Victoria's upholsterer ("travelling tapissier" is the native-puzzling designation on the tombstone), and when he died at Balmoral in June, 1870, had been for 19 years in the Royal service. He was a man in whom the utmost trust was reposed, as was necessary in the responsible position occupied by him. On the headstone, "erected by Queen Victoria, in remembrance of his faithful services" is this verse:

Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
Still shall be blessedness and light at last,
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest—
Rest, sweetly rest.

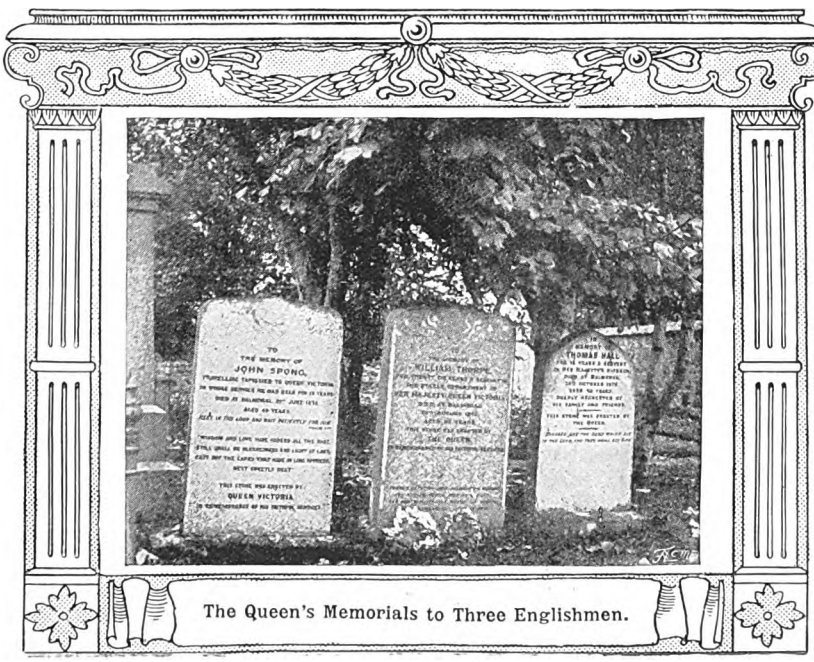
The central stone of the humble trinity bears the name of William Thorpe, and "was erected by the Queen in remembrance of his faithful services." William Thorpe, when he died, had been in the Royal stables for some twenty-six years. During that long period he came often in contact with the Prince Consort, who had a high opinion of Thorpe's character. On the tombstone are these lines, selected by Queen Victoria:

Earth's fleeting joys he counted nought,
For higher, truer joys be sought—
And now with angels round Thy throne,
Unfading treasures are his own.

The smallest of the three stones was erected by the Queen to the memory of Thomas Hall, who was for many years attached to the kitchen staff of the Royal household. He died, "deeply regretted by his family and friends," at Balmoral in October, 1875; and on the gravestone which the Queen caused to be raised over his grave are the words taken from the Scriptures: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they shall see God."

Perhaps the most pathetic interest attaches to the stone erected by a sorrowing Queen to the memory of James Bowman, the Royal gamekeeper. Bowman, when he died, was a man over the allotted span, namely, seventy-one years of age. One morning, the old gamekeeper left home for the purpose of gathering cranberries in the Ballochbuie deer forest, and in getting over a fence, became entangled in the wire. The poor old man must have made desperate efforts to extricate himself, for when on the following day a post-boy discovered him, Bowman was torn and bleeding. He was greatly exhausted, for he had been struggling for twenty-four hours in the fence. When the Queen heard of the accident that had befallen her faithful servant, and of the critical state in which he lay, she hastened to his cottage, which she reached just as he was breathing his last.

Her Majesty was deeply affected, for old James Bowman was a valued servant and had been a favourite of the Prince Consort. He was physically, a fine type of a Highlander, and was one of those painted by Macleary at the express request of the Queen. On the mural memorial stone, of native granite, Her Majesty caused to be



The Queen's Memorials to Three Englishmen.

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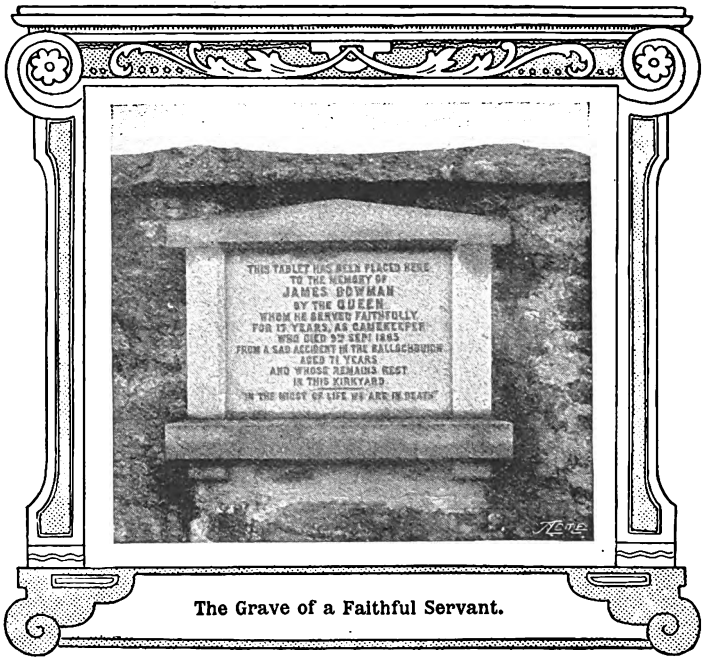

THIS TABLET HAS BEEN PLACED HERE
TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES BOWMAN
BY THE QUEEN
WHOM HE SERVED FAITHFULLY
FOR 15 YEARS, AS GAMEKEEPER
WHO DIED 22 SEPT 1865
FROM A SAD ACCIDENT IN THE BALLOCHBUIE
AGED 71 YEARS
AND WHOSE REMAINS REST
IN THIS KIRKYARD
"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH"

The Grave of a Faithful Servant.

inscribed: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Under a mountain-ash tree in a corner of Crathie Kirkyard, stands a plain grey headstone, which was erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of Daniel Burgoyne, who was only a few years in the Queen's service as an assistant in the butler's department. Burgoyne was a young man of good parts, and was rapidly making a name for trustworthiness that would have secured him further promotion. He died in 1886, at the age of thirty-six, and doubtless it was Burgoyne's youth that prompted the Queen to select for the gravestone these simple words from Holy Writ: "Thy will be done."

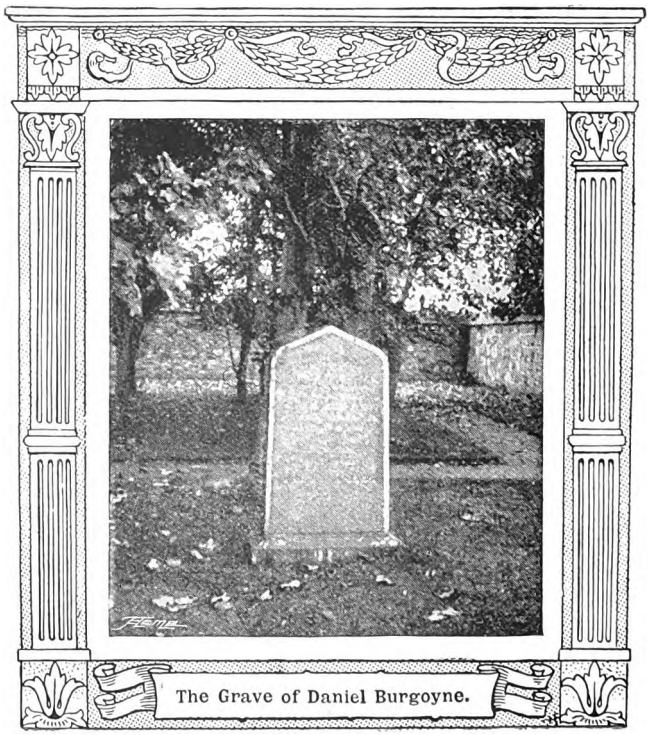
Peter Farquharson, whose name savours of the district, was for many years at Balmoral, and was another favourite gamekeeper under the Prince Consort. He was a quiet, plodding man, a good type of the men with whom the Prince and the Queen surrounded themselves when on Deeside.

In a lesser degree than John Brown, Francie Clark had the confidence of his Queen, and he also had a headstone erected to his memory by his sovereign. He was originally dog man at Balmoral, and when, occasionally, John Brown was off for a day or two, Francie took his place.

Physically, Francie Clark was a fine type of a Highlander, and as—like all the Queen's immediate attendants—he was always immaculately dressed, he stood well in Her Majesty's eyes.

Francie was for thirty-five years in the Queen's service — John Brown was a thirty-four years man—and in 1894, at the Braemar Gathering, he was awarded the premium for length of service.

When influenza attacked him a second



The Grave of Daniel Burgoyne.

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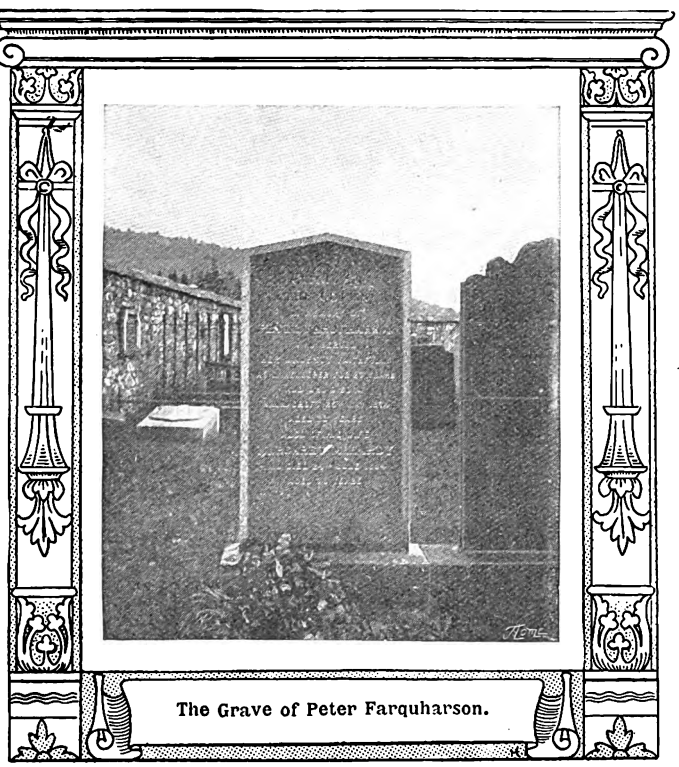
time in 1895, Her Majesty sent her attendant to the Continent, from which he returned apparently fully recovered, and deeply touched by the Queen's kindness. Cancer had been making insidious inroads, however, and although Her Majesty ordered the best that money could procure, secured two nurses for night and day attendance upon the sufferer, and saw that everything surgically possible was done, Clark died after an operation.

Her Majesty was terribly dejected. She had postponed a performance of the opera "Romeo and Juliet," and now she countermanded the order for music on the Terrace. Francie Clark's remains were taken to his beloved hills; and in the graveyard of St. Andrew's, Braemar, he was laid to rest; mourned by Queen and cottar. A lovely wreath of immortelles from Her Majesty lay on the coffin, and floral tributes from Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and other Royalties were also sent.



The Grave of Peter Farquharson.

If Queen Victoria admired her attendant in the flesh, she did not forget his grave in the lonely God's acre on Upper Deeside; for one of her first actions when she came down in the autumn of 1895 was to go and place with her own hands a floral tribute on the grave of her departed servant.

By the side of the mural tablet erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of Francie Clark, is another "in memory of John Grant, for 26 years the faithful head forester to the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria, who died at Rebreck, 17th November, 1879, aged 89 years; also his wife, Elizabeth Robbie, who died at Craig Lourigan Cottage; . . . much beloved by Queen Victoria and all the Royal Family."

John Grant was born in the village of Braemar in 1810, and having been twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon as keeper, was taken over with the estate by the Prince Consort. It was the Queen herself who said of Grant that he was "an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion." He was devotedly attached to the Prince, and the Prince was fond of him.

Her Majesty has always had a real concern for the people about her. Everything connected with the families of her servants is of interest to her. She knows all about the children round Balmoral. When one of John Grant's sons died in America, Her Majesty sent a headstone of native granite to be placed over the grave. One of the sons was Prince Leopold's wardrobeman, and to-day John Grant's daughter, kindly Mrs. Mussen, is housekeeper at Balmoral Castle.

In his old age John Grant was pensioned, and in a lodge called Croft, built for him by the Prince Consort, he passed the remaining years of his life. It was to his cottage at Rebreck that the Queen went often to see her old and trusty servant; and it was on the occasion of one of these visits, "after darling Alice's loss," that Grant broke down with grief and sympathy, sobbed hysterically, and could not come into the room where the Queen was. He died in the autumn of 1879,

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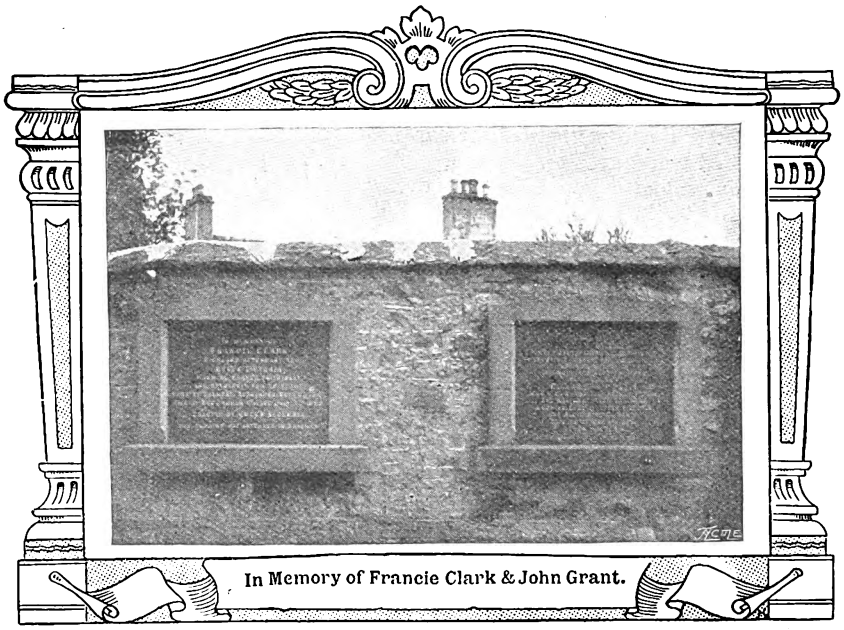
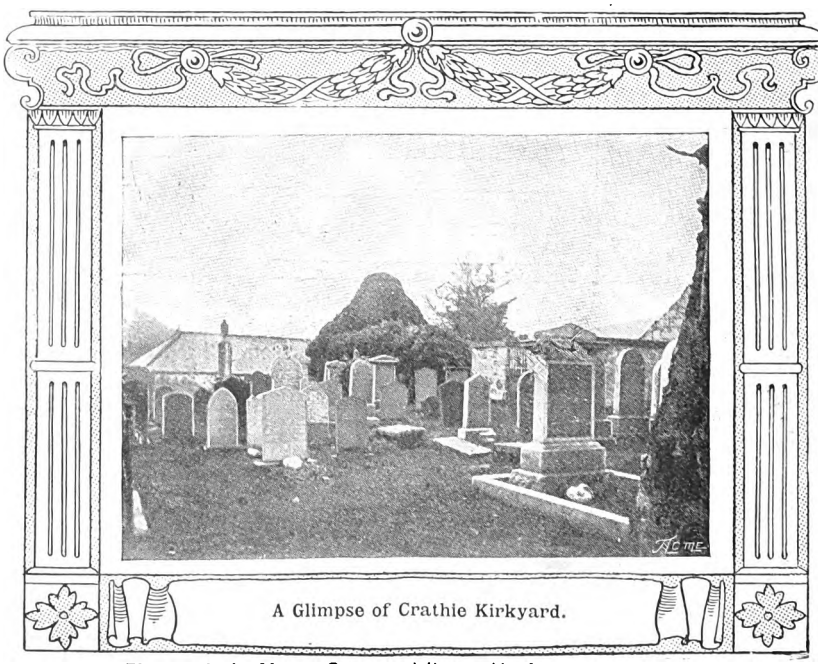


In Memory of Francie Clark & John Grant.

and Her Majesty postponed the departure of the Court for a few days in order that she might pay her last respects to her old friend.

Because of the respect she bears for those grown grey in her service, the human and humane interest that she takes in the lowliest in her household, and the womanly instinct that prompts her to do the right thing at the right time, Queen Victoria is enthroned in the hearts of her servants; and the lasting bronze statue of Her Majesty at Balmoral—a present from her Deeside servants and tenants—is a tribute not alone to a sovereign, but to a woman who rejoices with them that rejoice, and who sorrows with them that hath sorrow.

. In that little Scottish kirkyard she has forged many a link to the great chain that binds her to her people as no monarch of the world has been bound. One's mind travels to a contrast of that king whose dying speech was a condemnation of the very essence of our Queen's greatness. "A subject and a Sovereign are clean different things" Charles said. And Queen Victoria—well, I dare swear she thanks God rather that she is the good woman that she is than that she is Queen of the greatest empire on the face of this earth.



A Glimpse of Crathie Kirkyard.

Photographs by Messrs. Cooper and Porter, Aberdeen.

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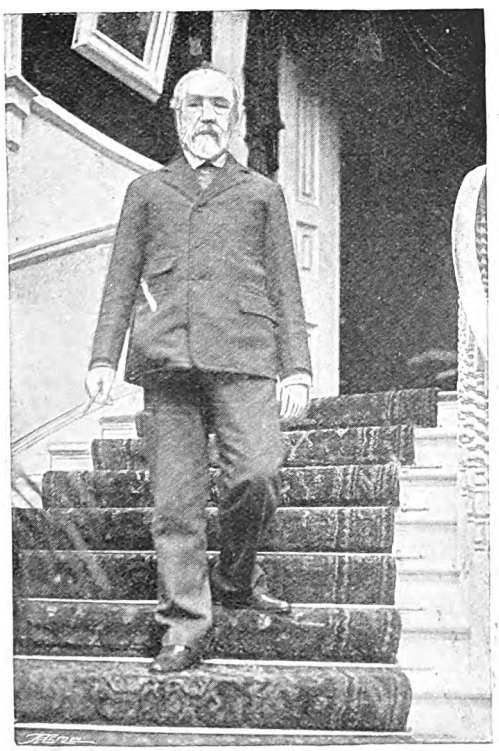
MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.



"Ah! Good morning. I'm afraid I haven't very much time to spare."

"I leave button-holes to—well, other people; but I'm very fond of flowers."

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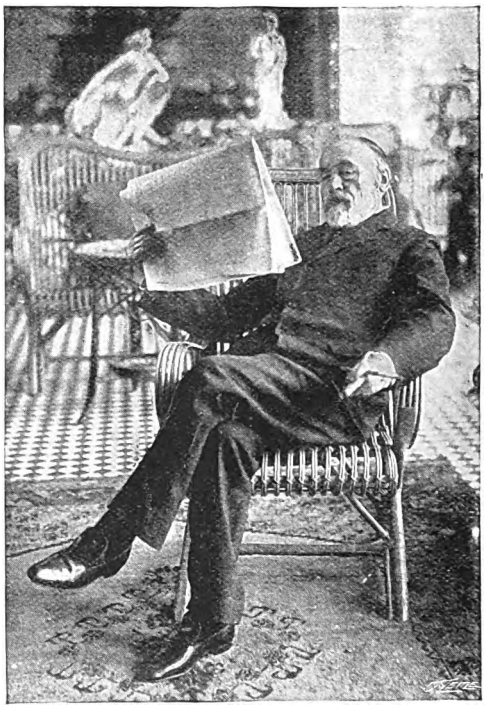
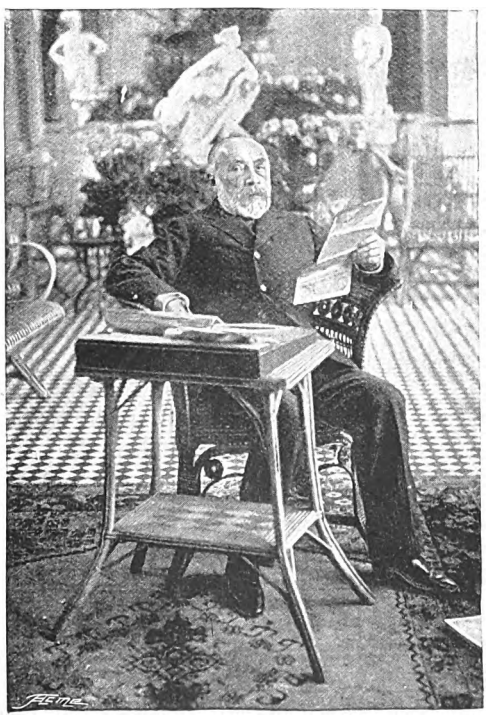
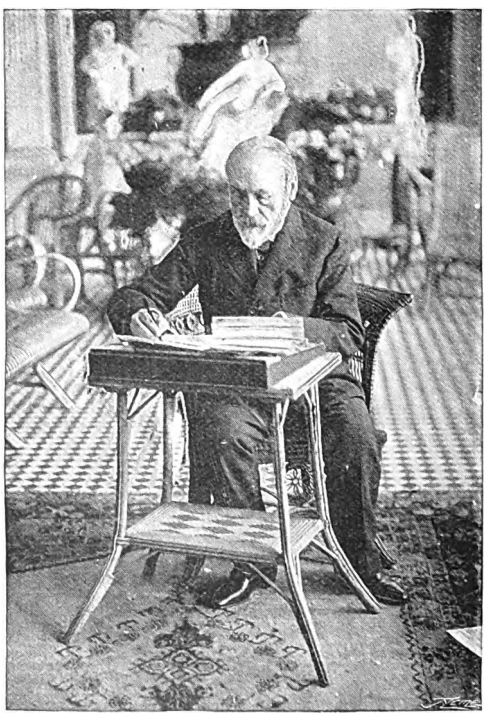
"I have a cosy corner over here."



"You won't mind my finishing my pipe?"



"I do a considerable amount of work down here



Writing and attending to a portion of my correspondence."

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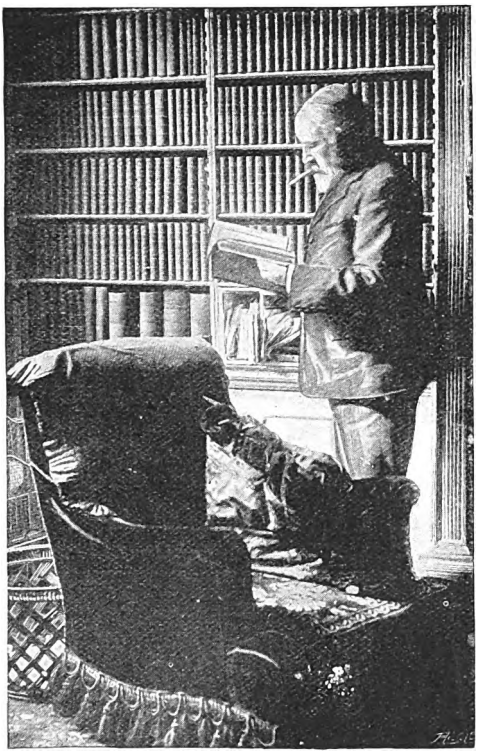
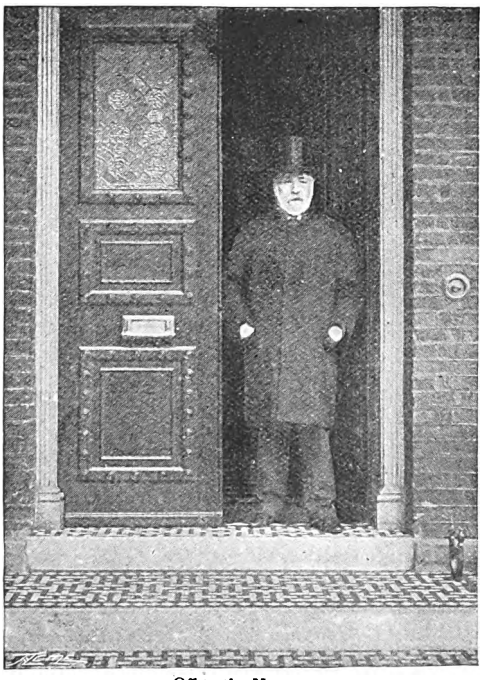
"I must just finish off some notes."



"There is nothing like being accurate in one's facts, you know."



Off to the House.

From Special Snapshots by C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

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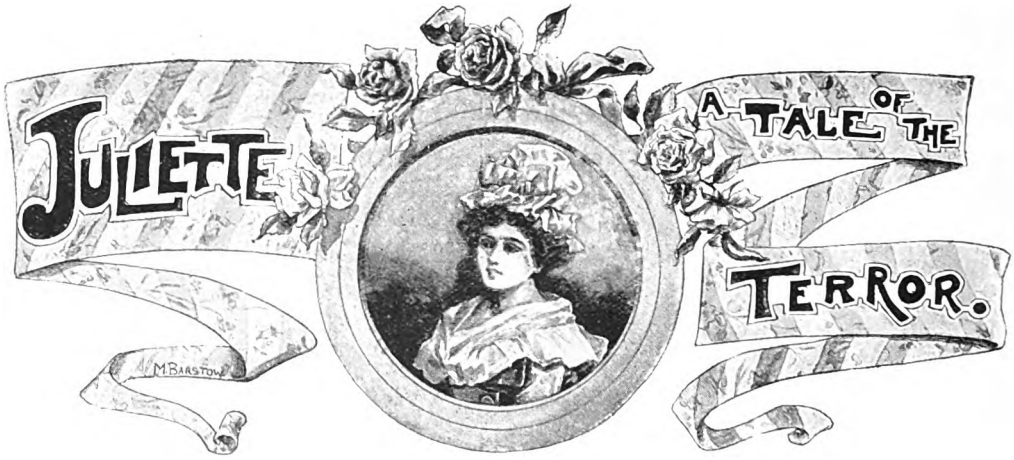

By Baroness Emmuska Orczy.

PROLOGUE—1783 A.D.

They brought the boy home, the three of them—his two friends, and the doctor—brought him home to die, for the surgeon said he could only last an hour at most.

Juliette did not cry, did not even utter a sound. Her great eyes wandered from the inanimate form of her brother before her, to that of her father, whose joy and pride the boy had been.

The lad had quarrelled with the young Baron Déroulède—as gallant, and honourable a gentleman as could be found at the King's Court.

The motive of the quarrel? Ah, who could tell? Ostensibly a dispute over a deal at cards. Probably the bright eyes of one of the Queen's Maids of Honour might not be altogether out of the question.

And so this morning they fought, in a *carrefour* of the Bois de Vincennes. The Baron Déroulède was a noted swordsman, and the lad fell after the third attack with a thrust through his left lung. The doctor thought it best to bring him home—to die in his father's, his sister's arms.

Presently, when it was all over, when the young body lay in marble-like majesty, when the friends had departed, and the old Count Marny was alone with his daughter, face to face with his great grief, he took Juliette's hand and, placing it on her dead brother's head, he spoke in tones, that were almost those of a maniac, so wild and purposeless they seemed; though to *her* they had the solemnity born of unconquerable sorrow.

"Juliette, I may be too old to accomplish it, but you are young; swear, Juliette, swear that he will not remain unavenged."

Juliette repeated the oath her father thus dictated to her.

"You will find him out, Juliette; remember you must be cunning, but God will help you to track *him*, the murderer. And I too, Juliette, when I am dead, my spirit will help you. Swear, little one . . . swear, once more."

And Juliette swore, as her father commanded. Then the old man seemed satisfied.

CHAPTER I.—1793 A.D.

It was never safe in that terrible year of 1793 for any woman of outwardly refined appearance to walk in the streets of Paris alone. Any passer-by, therefore, would have wondered at what could have possessed that graceful young girl to walk down the Rue Taitbout alone in the middle of the afternoon, when there are more idlers than ever at the corners, more absinthe than at any other time of the day in the heads of the good citizens and citizenesses of Paris.

She walked rapidly the whole length of the street towards an imposing group of tall houses, where dwelt several well-known citizen-deputies. So far she had been left fairly unmolested, save for a few jeering remarks at her dainty appearance.

Doubtless the broad tricolour scarf the young girl wore tied round her waist had contributed in no small measure to her comparative safety. It seemed, therefore, an act of absolute folly on her part that, having reached a spot close to No. 25 of the Rue

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Taitbout, a handsome house inhabited by the popular Citizen-Deputy Déroulède, she should suddenly tear off the Republican badge, which had been her safe conduct, and throw it ostentatiously in the mud.

This extraordinary overt act of anti-patriotism was the spark that set the pent up tempers aflame. For one moment positive stupor petrified the lookers on; but this only lasted a second. The next, twenty hoarse voices shrieked with frenzied passion:

"Down with the aristocrat!"

"To the lantern, to death with her who insults the Republic."

Shrieking women, half-tipsy men, yelling urchins seemed to have sprung up from the very ground, for in less than a minute the foolhardy girl was attacked by a regular crowd of the lowest Paris mob, gesticulating, hooting, yelling, while those in the foremost rank had already snatched at her skirt, and were dragging her away from the porch of the house, to which, after her curious act of defiance, she now clung with the energy of wild terror and hopeless despair, her back against the door, facing the hideous crowd. In an agony of terror she gave forth one piteous shriek, hammering at the door with her small fists.

"Help, Citizen Déroulède! Help! murder! Here, at your very door."

A long, mocking laugh from the mob greeted this piteous appeal. At that moment the door behind her was gently opened, a strong arm swiftly and suddenly encircled her waist, and in less than a second she felt herself dragged away from the mob.

Five minutes later the young girl, whose foolhardy, and apparently purposeless, action had so nearly proved her own undoing, was sitting comfortably installed before a gaily blazing fire, while an elegant and dignified-looking old lady leant over her, trying further to soothe her still agitated nerves.

Through the window, which was partially open, came the sound of a powerful voice, evidently accustomed to command and to be obeyed.

"My son's voice," said the old lady with undisguised pride, "you need have no more fear now, mademoiselle; he is talking to the mob, you are under the protection and in the house of Citizen-Deputy Déroulède."

A look of exultation and triumph crossed the girl's eyes, but it was a momentary flash, the next instant she was thanking Citizen Déroulède, who had stepped into the room once more, for his timely aid in a moment of such deadly peril.

The girl looked very beautiful in her helplessness and gratitude. No wonder that the Citizen-Deputy, who was but a young man after all, stooped and kissed the dainty hand that was stretched out towards him, forgetting that such customs would have been called "aristocratic," and most unworthy of a representative of the People.

In less than a minute the girl was attacked by a crowd of the lowest Paris mob.

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CHAPTER II.

About a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, five men were sitting in Citizen Déroulède's comfortably furnished study round a table covered with a green cloth, and encumbered with cards, counters, and the usual accessories that are necessary for a game of hazard. Though each held in his hand a few cards, and from time to time made a jerky attempt at following some sort of game, it was nevertheless quite obvious that these five men were discussing other matters than the hazards of baccarat or the latest production at the "Molière." The face of each looked anxious and careworn, and all of them started visibly at the slightest sound behind the heavily curtained door or closely shuttered windows.

The host himself, a powerful, well built figure, with handsome refined features, so well known in the assemblies of the "Convention," seemed eager, alert, watchful, and his strong fist was doubled up on the table with a gesture of determination and energy.

"We must succeed this time," he said, "I see no eventuality to stop us. We five who have planned this thing are alone to know of it. We cannot, we shall not fail."

"At any rate, there is no chance of a traitor among us," said one of the guests. "Money is plentiful; our measures are well taken. There is only the great, the difficult task of apprising the unfortunate Queen of the means we have devised for her escape, and of conveying to her the necessary funds."

"As you all know," said Déroulède, "fate has wonderfully favoured us. I am on duty as governor at the Conciergerie after to-morrow, and, though I can never have long talks with her Majesty—whom may God preserve and protect!—yet I can always slip money and letters into her hand."

"In the meanwhile, are the letters and money safe in your house?"

"Safely locked up in that desk," said Déroulède reassuringly. "My mother has our cause as much to heart as any of us, and our two Auvergnat servants, terrified though they are into a semblance of republicanism, are staunch to the holy cause, and devoted slaves to my mother and myself."

"But, Citizen Déroulède," said one of the guests, an oldish man, somewhat tentatively, "you have a visitor in your house. What of her?"

"The daughter of a good Royalist, who died for his convictions," said Déroulède rapidly; "a girl who nearly met with a terrible death through a foolhardy exhibition of her principles, in the open streets; moreover," he added fervently, "one of God's most beautiful creatures, full of guilelessness and innocence."

A smile went round the faces of those assembled; but evidently Déroulède had succeeded in reassuring them. No doubt the girl was his *fiancée*, or almost so, and as such there would be no cause for the fear of her indiscretion.

The hour was getting late, and all that was necessary had been fully discussed. The four men prepared to leave, and were wrapping themselves in their mantles and cloaks whilst shaking hands with their host.

"Will you, for our own satisfaction," said one, "let us assure ourselves with our very eyes that the letters and money are absolutely safe? It is a great responsibility on such young shoulders as yours, Citizen Déroulède, to conduct this great affair almost single-handed."

"I know no fear," said Déroulède proudly; "and here," he added, taking a key from his breast pocket and unlocking his desk," is the casket that contains all that is needed to place our beloved queen out of the clutches of the bloodthirsty tigers who . . . "

He paused, the casket was still in his hand. All heads were turned, terror-stricken, towards the door, which had been gently and silently opened.

"Madame Déroulède has desired me to ask Monsieur, if she should send in some refreshments for his friends, before they leave."

Juliette's graceful figure was standing in the doorway, one tiny hand holding back the heavy draperies, that framed her like a picture. As well have suspected, one of the saints of Notre Dame to harbour thoughts of treachery or even indiscretion, as this sweet face, all youth and girlishness.

Déroulède smiled re-assured, and with deliberation and calmness, replaced the casket in his desk, and once more turned the key. The others seemed to have conquered their fright.

Juliette after hearing Déroulède's thanks, again retired, and the five men were once more alone.

Not one of them made any comment on the little incident that had so much disturbed them, and their host seemed anxious not to provoke any.

Ah! had they but been gifted with second sight, or had the bandage of wilful blindness been torn away from their host's eyes, the bandage placed there by the most beautiful

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hands in Paris, their quietude would not have been of long duration. Juliette had paused one instant outside the door, her hand pressed against her heart, as if to repress its very beating. A look of triumph, of exultation, aye! of vengeance satisfied, distorted for a moment those Madonna-like features.

CHAPTER III.

The next evening Déroulède was to leave his mother and his home, for his new quarters within the Conciergerie, in his capacity as temporary lieutenant, which functions he intended to utilise for the furtherance of the great plan he and his comrades had conceived, to effect the unfortunate queen's escape.

He had said good-bye to his mother, who had already retired to her room, and now stood in his study, ready to go, the fateful casket in a small valise which he held in his hand.

"Tell Mademoiselle Juliette, that if she will favour me with her presence, I would wish to bid her good-bye," he said to his servant, "and in half an hour see that a carriage is at the door, to take me and my luggage."

Five minutes later she came in, tall and graceful. Her cheeks were very pale, her lips trembled slightly, and there was a wild, curious look in her large, wide open eyes.

"It is kind of you, Mademoiselle, to grant my request," he said, with a timidity, most unusual, in this man accustomed to face and speak to the most unruly mob the world has ever known, "and to come to bid me God speed."

"You are not going for long, Citizen Déroulède?" she asked.

She seemed strangely nervous and agitated, and once almost seemed as if she would fall. He led her to the sofa, and took a low seat beside her.

"In these times, Mademoiselle, any farewell might be for ever. But I am actually going for a month to take charge of the unfortunate prisoner at the Conciergerie."

"In any case, then, Citizen Déroulède, the farewell I bid you to-night will be a very long one."

"A month will seem a century to me, since I am destined to spend it without seeing you," he said, as if involuntarily; "but——"

He paused, and looked long and searchingly into those eyes, that still wore that wild, haggard gaze. Then he whispered, almost inaudibly:

"But I should not dare to hope that the same reason would cause you to call that month a long one."

She turned perhaps a trifle paler than before, and drew her hand hurriedly away, for he had tried to seize it.

"You misunderstand me, Citizen," she said; "I meant that I cannot stay any longer under Madame Déroulède's hospitable roof. I have already trespassed too long on her kindness, and——"

"You have not been happy with us?" he said half reproachfully, half sadly; "you wish to leave us?"

"For God's sake, do not speak like that!" she said almost wildly; "you do not know, you do not understand, or else——"

"Yes, I understand, Juliette," he said with

Juliette paused one instant outside the door.

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the determination of the strong man, wishing at any cost to know what fate has in store for him; "I understand your sweet, innocent nature, I understand your beauty, which God gave you as a mirror to your angelic mind. How could I have lived all these days under the same roof with you without learning the sweet lesson which the angels from heaven have taught me, to love you, Juliette?"

It was useless now for her to attempt to withdraw her hand, for he had seized it in both his, and was covering it and the tiny wrist with kisses, aye, and with hot tears, tears of an emotion so deep, and so pathetic to witness in a strong man.

Juliette had tried to rise, to tear herself away. In an agony of mind, she tried to stop her ears, tried not to hear this man's voice telling her of his love, this man whom she had dogged, whose hospitality she had betrayed to serve her own vengeance. She tried to think of him only as the murderer of her brother, the guilty cause of her stricken father's early tragic death. She made every effort to conjure up the picture of the boy brought home on a stretcher to die, of the old man holding out a trembling hand towards her, and muttering feebly, "Juliette, live to avenge us both!" But oh! that picture would not stay before her throbbing eyes. Instead of it, she saw this man at her feet, telling her with a voice that forced its way in spite of all to her heart, "I love you, Juliette!"

And she—what had she done? She had forced her way into his house, at peril of her own life, had dogged his footsteps, watched his every movement, and, oh! the horror of it! finally denounced him to those who know no pity. And all in pursuit of the implacable vengeance, that had seemed a sacred duty until, a few moments ago, she first had heard those words and, womanlike, had begun to pity. And having pitied, hatred made way for its twin brother love, with whom it so often walks hand in hand. Ah! if she could but forget, could but undo what was irrevocably done, could but allow her hand to rest in his, her ears to listen to what he had to say! . . .

"Open, in the name of the Republic!"

Déroulède leapt to his feet as this ominous summons, the meaning of which he knew all too well, sounded outside his street door. A minute elapsed while the Auvergnat's timorous hands were heard to fumble with the chain and bolts. Juliette had also jumped, horror-stricken from her couch. Her eyes, dilated and haggard, were fixed with a look of terror on the door, which, in another moment, she knew would open before the members of the Committee of Public Safety, Marat and his fraternity, whom her own hand had summoned hither. Déroulède was now deathly pale. Like a wild animal at bay, he looked round at the walls of his study, up towards heaven, or down towards hell, to find some place to which to flee with his precious casket, that lay still there, in the valise close to his hand.

Already the sound of the heavy footsteps, the muttered curses and oaths, had filled the hall, and were now heard rapidly approaching the study door. One common terror for an instant now held these two enthralled. For a space of a minute their thoughts, their longings, and desires met over the safety of the precious casket. The next, Juliette had seized the valise and thrown it on the sofa. Then reseating herself, with the gesture of a queen and the grace of a Parisienne, she spread the ample folds of her skirts over the compromising bundle, and, as the door was thrown violently open, she said in calm, somewhat haughty tones:

"How strange it is, Citizen Déroulède, that in the year 1793 Frenchmen so easily forget what is due to women, and interrupt a *tête-à-tête* without so much as saying 'Gare!' Your pleasure, citizens?"

Marat, followed by some half dozen men, each wearing the red cap and cockade and tricolour sash, had entered the room, and the cunning eyes of the dreaded terrorist had wandered first ironically from one to the other of the two young people then suspiciously to the desk and other furniture round him.

"What is the meaning of this strange visit, Citizen Marat?" said Déroulède, who had tried to recover his calm and self-possession.

"Information has been laid against you, Citizen-Deputy," said Marat, "by an anonymous writer, that you have just now in your possession correspondence intended for the Widow Capet; and the Committee of Public Safety has entrusted me and these citizens to seize such correspondence and make you answerable for its presence in your house."

"Always, supposing such correspondence to exist," said Déroulède, sneeringly; "I should have thought my services to the republic had been too widely known to allow of a nameless enemy's denunciations to weigh against them."

"The Committee of Public Safety is bound to do its duty by the people whose representatives they are," said Marat, doggedly;

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"but you know best, Citizen Déroulède, whether you have anything to hide. If the accusation prove a calumny, so much the better for you; I presume," he added sneeringly, "that you do not propose to offer any resistance, whilst these citizens and I search your house."

Déroulède answered nothing, and quietly handed over a bunch of keys to one of the men, who, aided by the others, proceeded to unlock the desk and turn over every scrap of paper they came across.

Déroulède dared not turn towards Juliette; he felt that at this moment, her life, as well as his own, lay in a look, in a quiver of the eyelid. The terrorist's eyes were fixed unceasingly upon him, and he dared not attempt to read in Juliette's what was passing in her mind.

The girl sat on the sofa, the folds of her gown hiding that which would have sent her enemy to the scaffold.

The girl, though very pale, seemed to have complete mastery over her nerves, she still sat on the sofa, enthroned queenlike, the folds of her silken gown hiding that which would have sent her enemy to the scaffold, him whom she hated so bitterly, whose hand had slain her brother, driven her father to despair, but whose voice had so strangely moved her just now, when he said: "I love you, Juliette!"

The men after a fruitless search through the desk, had turned over every article of furniture that might have contained papers or correspondence, and were now preparing for their further search throughout the house.

"I shall have to ask you, Citizen Déroulède," said Marat, with mock urbanity, "to accompany us, while we execute our painful duty; I can assure you, that if we find nothing compromising against you, we will soon restore you to a *tête-à-tête* which the citizeness is so wrathful at seeing interrupted."

The request was practically a command, and Déroulède prepared to follow, vainly trying to force his brain to find a way out of the situation of deadly peril in which so many were now involved. Juliette's impulsive act had merely succeeded in involving her into the tangled meshes, without saving the conspirators or the unhappy Queen. Marat and his men would surely return. The comedy could not be kept up through another visit from them. Discovery was imminent. What was passing in that young girl's mind while Déroulède reluctantly followed the human bloodhounds out of the room?

* * * * *

She listened till the sound of their heavy footsteps died away down the passage, then she rose, and picked up the valise. Cautiously she opened the window, and peeped out. . . . Four more men were stationed outside in the street, guarding the exit. Escape, therefore, in that quarter was impossible. She hesitated for one brief instant, then she quietly slipped out of the door, down the semi-dark passage, up the carpetted stairs, still carrying the fateful valise in her hand.

CHAPTER IV.

HALF-AN-HOUR later the Republicans, having fruitlessly searched throughout the house.

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were busying themselves on the floor above, terrifying almost beyond their wits the two Auvergnat servants, an occupation that seemed to afford them considerable amusement, for loud laughter was heard from time to time from that quarter.

Déroulède had been allowed to remain with his mother, guarded by two of the men, who watched his every movements, and listened to every word he said. The old lady sat rigid in her upright chair. There was a curious look in her wide-open eyes, fixed, and staring straight in front of her. It was a look more of suspicion than anxiety, more of wrath than of terror. Her son held her wrinkled hand in his, and was trying with soft, endearing words to soothe and reassure her.

The soft sound of a rustling gown made them both start. It was Juliette, pale still—from the emotions, no doubt, of the last half-hour. Déroulède dared not ask her any questions. The men were there, close to him, ever watchful. He tried to read in her face, but it was almost sphynx-like in its impenetrability.

Madame Déroulède had not turned towards the young girl, she still sat quite rigid, idly toying with a scrap of paper she held in her wrinkled old hands.

"My son," she said suddenly, quite loudly, so that the men at the door might hear if they chose, "have you any idea as to who the dastardly, nameless accuser is, who has dared to frame the calummy that the Citizen-Deputy Déroulède is a traitor?"

The young man, wondering what his mother might possibly mean, did not answer, he had looked at Juliette and thought how pale she looked, and his heart ached to see that wild scared look in her eyes.

"Citizen Marat, from whom I vainly tried to obtain certainty on the subject," continued the old lady in the same hard and dry voice, "could not himself tell me, but he had in his hand this letter, the anonymous denunciation that reached the committee this evening, and he thought that perhaps I might know the handwriting, and——"

"Juliette, for God's sake, what is the matter," here interrupted Déroulède, unable to understand, not daring to trust to his senses, as Juliette with a wild cry had thrown himself between mother and son, and seizing the letter from the old lady's hand began tearing it into shreds with the nervous gestures of one half demented, while her trembling lips framed the half incoherent words:

"No! no!——you shall not read——not yet——Citizen Déroulède——not yet ——wait——a little while longer——wait—"

And her haggard face, her appealing look turned upwards towards Déroulède spoke with pitiable clearness of her guilt and of her treachery.

"Fool" laughed the old lady, shrugging her shoulders and looking contemptuously at the young girlish form so pathetic in its helpless confession of guilt, "look at her, my son as she stands self accused, the vilest thing on earth, a snake in the grass, whom we both have loved and nurtured; aye self-accused, for, fool that she is, that empty paper bore no witness against her, till her own conscience changed it into a damning proof of her guilt."

Déroulède had stood all this while as if paralysed. His mind seemed unable to grasp the hideous truth that would force itself into his aching brain, and instinctively he shut his eyes, that they, at least, might not see this fearful vision of the terrible downfall of one of God's purest angels.

Thus a few minutes sped rapidly by, Madame Déroulède had sunk back exhausted in her arm-chair, and nought was heard now save the low mocking comments made by the men, who had looked on without interfering at the curious scene which had been enacted before them.

It was almost a relief to Déroulède to hear Marat and his companions once more descending the stairs, and the terrorist's sarcastic laugh and coarse jests, when the men told him of the short drama they had just witnessed, seemed even more endurable than the sight of this girl whom he had so deeply loved, and who had waited all these days to repay him—thus.

"Citizen-Deputy," said Marat, "we are all glad to say that we have found nothing in your house that in any way can place your loyalty to the Republic in doubt. At the same time, it is my duty to ask you to follow me to-night, for there are several questions the Committee of Public Safety will desire to ask you to-morrow. They can but lead to your more complete justification."

Déroulède, as if in a dream, prepared to follow the men. What cared he what happened to him now, since the one idea of his life, his faith, his hope, his love, had been so completely shattered? Forgotten were his plans, his friends, the unhappy royal prisoner in the Conciergerie. All had vanished before this picture of the fallen angel at his feet. He kissed his mother, bidding her good-bye, not heeding the old lady's

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sorrowful agony and terror for her only son, and forcing himself not to look once more at the young face he had so dearly loved, he walked out of the room escorted by two of Marat's men.

His footsteps, and those of his escort, were heard echoing down the staircase. Then the hall door was heard to open and to shut with a loud bang. Madame Déroulède had at last given way to tears, and sat in her great arm-chair, weeping piteously. Marat's eyes were fixed with a mixture of sarcasm and contempt on Juliette, who had recovered her self-possession, and stood erect, calmly awaiting the final *dénouement* of the drama she had written with her own hand.

Two of the men, who on Déroulède's departure had withdrawn, after a whispered order from their chief, now returned. One of them carried the casket containing the fateful papers: these he placed on the table close to Juliette.

"You recognise this casket?" asked Marat, pointing to it, and speaking to the young girl, who nodded in reply.

"I suppose you know where it was found?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Hidden underneath your mattress. What have you to say?"

"I will answer when I am on my trial," she said mechanically.

"You acknowledge, then, that they are yours?"

"Yes," she again asserted—this time defiantly.

"Then your denunciation of Citizen-Deputy Déroulède——?"

"Was a lie to screen myself."

She spoke quietly now, without hesitation.

Madame Déroulède gazed at the young girl, trying to understand the enigma that her feeble brain still refused to grasp.

Marat cared little for enigmas. He had not wasted his evening. Here was a most interesting capture, a delightful victim, such as he and his followers loved to see on the tumbrils; a head refined, sweet, aristocratic, such as they loved to see falling under the guillotine.

She was quite prepared to follow the men, prepared to leave this house, whose hospitality she had so cruelly betrayed, for that dark, crowded prison at the Conciergerie, from which there was but one exit—the one that led to the guillotine.

But before going she seemed to hesitate a moment, and looked appealingly at Madame Déroulède. The old lady made no sign, only sitting with her hands clasped, her face averted.

The girl turned to Marat.

"May I—may I speak one word to her? Only a last message. I understand quite well that it is the last time I shall see her."

Marat paused, then he nodded assent.

She went up to Madame, and whispering so low that even Marat's inimical ears could not hear:

"Will you tell him—presently—when it is all over—in about two days—that when I sinned so deeply against him—I did not guess—what he told me to-night—did not know—did not realise. My name is Marny—and he killed my brother—he will remember. I thought only of vengeance—while he dreamt of love. But to-night for the first time I understood him—I learnt to know myself—and—tell him—Madame, that it was Juliette who saved him—by giving her life for his—but remember—only afterwards—promise."

And with a firm, quiet step she followed Marat and his men out of the room.

There was a rattle of the chains as the front door opened. Then it slammed and the house was left in silence.

Before going she seemed to hesitate.

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ADVENTURES AT NIAGARA FALLS

The gallant lad seized his father by the collar.

By F. A. Acland.

Probably no spot on the American continent, and perhaps none in the world, has been the scene of so many perilous adventures as the vicinity of Niagara Falls. Brave rescues, hairbreadth escapes, gloomy tragedies, and thrilling experiences without number are chronicled in various books, in forgotten newspapers, and in the memories of the older residents in the neighbourhood of the great cataract.

For a true story of heroism let that of the lady and the clergyman come first. One pleasant morning in September, 1892, the Rev. Dr. Ramsay, a delegate from his synod in the north of Ireland to the Pan-Presbyterian conference in Toronto, was crossing the bridge that spans Niagara below the falls, together with Mrs. Grimason, his Toronto hostess, and her two daughters. They were walking on the carriage way, which is four or five inches lower than the footway beside it. The distance to the roaring river below is one hundred and eighty feet.

At the edge of the footwalk runs the railing of the bridge, a stout iron fence with interstices apparently not large enough to let human beings through, except perhaps small children, who would not be allowed on the bridge alone.

The party were merrily chatting when they heard the wheels of a carriage behind them, and almost unconsciously moved out of its way by stepping up to the footwalk. As Mrs. Grimason did so her foot caught, she stumbled, and in the next moment was inexplicably and almost incredibly shot forward, head first, between the bars of the railing down towards the river below.

Her daughters shrieked as they saw her disappear with a scream. It seemed clear that she had fallen to death, but by a wonderful chance she struck against one of the girders which stand under the bridge, about thirty feet apart, and her body was curiously stopped on a bar connected with the girder.

Mrs. Grimason was brave and quick witted. She had not lost her presence of mind. On striking this bar she grasped it firmly with both hands, and getting her feet at the same moment in the point of the angle formed by the bar and the girder, she clung there for dear life, and in extreme peril.

She was an aged woman, of little strength, and seemingly quite beyond instant aid.

The Reverend Dr. Ramsay, dazed but for a moment by the astonishing fall of his hostess, went to work without wasting time in words. He saw that Mrs. Grimason should be held somehow in the place where she was clinging; further aid could come later. Telling the daughters to run for help, he himself climbed out over the railing of the bridge, and slid down the upright to the girder just in time to save the unfortunate lady from falling to her death.

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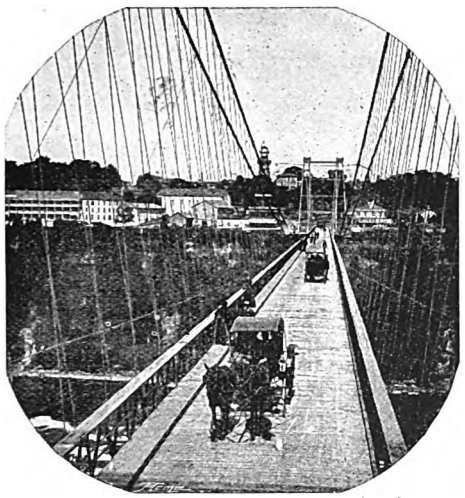

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The Bridge over which Mrs. Grimason fell.

Athletic and strong, the reverend doctor was able to hold on to the girder with one arm, while with the other he supported Mrs. Grimason, now almost lifeless from terror and exhaustion. He could not hope, however, long to endure so severe a strain, physical and nervous.

But, fortunately, the accident had been seen by many. A dozen men arrived with ropes in a few minutes, and these were lowered to Dr. Ramsay, who passed them deftly under the arms of the woman, and she was hauled safely back to the bridge. Then the pastor, with a trifle of aid, was drawn back again from his perilous position, none the worse for having performed a deed evincing extraordinary physical powers, and still more extraordinary courage.

Dr. Ramsay still preaches and teaches in Ireland. He made no fuss about what he had done, but the Royal Humane Society of Canada presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his brave act.

An incident of a very different sort of daring was that in which Captain Matthew Webb lost his life in an attempt to swim the whirlpool rapids.

Webb had made some reputation and a good deal of money by swimming across the English Channel a year or two earlier. At four o'clock on the afternoon of July 24, 1883, he entered a boat manned by one John McCloy, a ferryman, and there stripped himself of everything save a pair of red breeches.

He plunged into the river at the place where the little steamer "The Maid of the Mist" lands, and held his own with ease till he was well past the Suspension Bridge, and could be seen swimming strongly in the middle of the tremendous rapid of the narrows there.

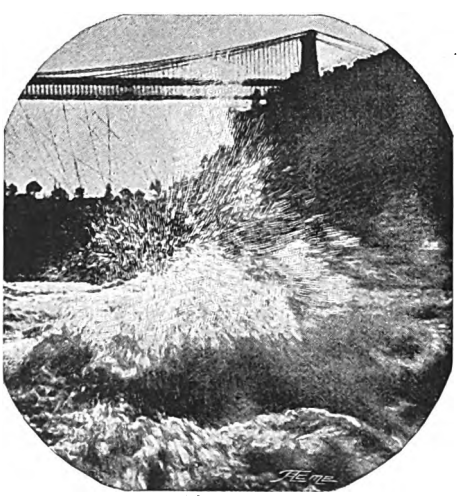
The excitement on shore became intense as he neared the whirlpool, and many thought that, having succeeded in doing so much, he might live through the adventure. As he neared the brink of the monstrous rapids, he waved his hand, some of the spectators thought. If he did so, it was his last conscious motion. Another instant, and he was in the whirlpool. For a moment his head rose above the surface, and then he was seen no more till they found his lifeless body.

The inquest showed that Webb had not been drowned, nor killed by being dashed against the rocks, but crushed by the force of the contact of waves with his body—the rollers of the whirlpool had pounded him to death in an instant.

A notable character produced by the dangers and the peculiar navigation of the Niagara River was Joel R. Robinson, who piloted the first "Maid of the Mist" through the rapids in 1861.

For many years before that time Robinson had been widely known by his many rescues of human life at the Falls. The first of these seems to have been in 1838.

A mechanic named Chapin, who had been employed making some repairs to the bridge from the American side to Goat Island, the lower end of which splits the Falls in two, fell from the bridge into the rapids, and was carried swiftly towards the Falls.



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Where Captain Webb was Drowned.

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Fortunately, he could swim, and succeeded in reaching one of the small islands in the American channel, which seemed quite inaccessible to the spectators on the mainland. Robinson, however, with his little red skiff, succeeded in the apparently desperate attempt to reach the island, and brought Chapin safely back to shore.

Three years later Robinson rescued a man named Allen from a somewhat similar, but more inaccessible situation above the Falls by means of ropes, which were let down to him from neighbouring islands, after he had been on the rock for two days and nights.

Joel Robinson's famous trip in the "Maid of the Mist" steamer was undertaken partly from the wildest spirit of adventure, and partly because it was in the line of duty.

The boat had been built in the gorge just below the Falls, where she plied for a time. Proving unprofitable, her owner sold her on the condition that she should be delivered at Niagara town, near the mouth of the river, a point she could not reach without navigating the whirlpool, a thing never yet attempted. Robinson, however, had for years believed the trip could be safely made.

The Maid was seventy-two feet long, seventeen feet in the beam and eight feet in the hold, with an engine of one hundred horse-power.

A man named Jones volunteered for the trip as engineer and fireman, and a second man named McIntyre agreed to go and give what help he could. So, at about three o'clock on the afternoon of June 15th, 1861, the little steamer started from her dock some two hundred yards above the whirlpool rapids.

When she passed into the rapids Robinson found he had mistaken the split of the current, and he was forced to the outer instead of keeping to the inner or shorter side as he had wished. When a third of the way down the rapid the boat was beaten so furiously by the water that her smoke stack was carried away by the force of the blow, and she heeled over frightfully. Robinson was thrown flat on his back, McIntyre was jammed against the wheelhouse with such force as to break it through, and down in the hold poor Jones, the engineer, fell on his knees and prayed earnestly.

Robinson never lost his presence of mind. He was on his feet instantly and at the wheel. McIntyre was bewildered or stunned by his fall and did not rise. Robinson, with both hands on the wheel, succeeded in putting his foot on McIntyre's breast, and thus kept him from rolling down the slanting deck.

The boat in the next moment slid over into the whirlpool, and was for a moment on an even keel. With his foot still on the prostrate McIntyre, Robinson steered to the right of the large "pot" in the pool, then turned and passed directly through the neck of it and into the smoother though turbulent water beyond. There they swept quietly on to their destination.

The strain of that adventure was ever afterwards visible on Robinson's face. He was said to have aged twenty years during the trip; he abandoned the water thereafter, and advised his sons to keep away from the rapids.

On the afternoon of June 1st, 1872, a painter named William McCullough, a man of sixty-five years, while painting the bridge above the Falls, between the first and second Sister Islands, fell into the rapids, which here are at their worst. Instantly he was swept furiously towards the cataract, then whirled into lesser waves so that he struck against and seized a rock not far above the brink.

Hundreds quickly gathered on the shore and watched, all eager to help, but few knowing what to do. Among them was Thomas Conroy, who secured a coil of rope, fastened one end to a tree on shore, and, with the other end in his hand, waded out as far as he could, and occasionally swam, the water being from eighteen inches to six feet deep.

He aimed far up stream to allow for the power of the current, and at last with great difficulty reached the unfortunate painter and bound him to himself with the rope. They were swept off their feet several times on the way back to the shore, but the rope had been firmly fastened, and they finally landed safely. When they reached shore it was found that McCullough still clutched his putty knife firmly in his hand, having held it during the three hours he had been on the brink of the Falls.

The foolhardiness of boy nature used often to be shown thirty years ago by the lads of Drummondville, the Canadian village on the high land a mile or so back from the river, who went out swimming at a place not a quarter of a mile above the Falls, were carried far down by a furious current, and escaped only by skilfully getting into the foot of an eddy which swept them up-river to nearly opposite where they had started.

But one boy, at least, did a truly heroic thing near the Falls—and a boy of only twelve years old at that—on July 13, 1850. He and his father lived on Grand Island, four or four miles above the Falls. The

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father was drunk, and the boy was rowing him across from the mainland. The wind was strong down stream, and, in spite of the efforts of the lad, the boat at last got into the current and then into the rapids, and was borne swiftly down towards the Falls.

The brave boy struggled to steer the boat to the head of Goat Island, and so nearly succeeded that a wave at last sent it in between the Sister Islands. The next wave upset the boat, but in shallow water.

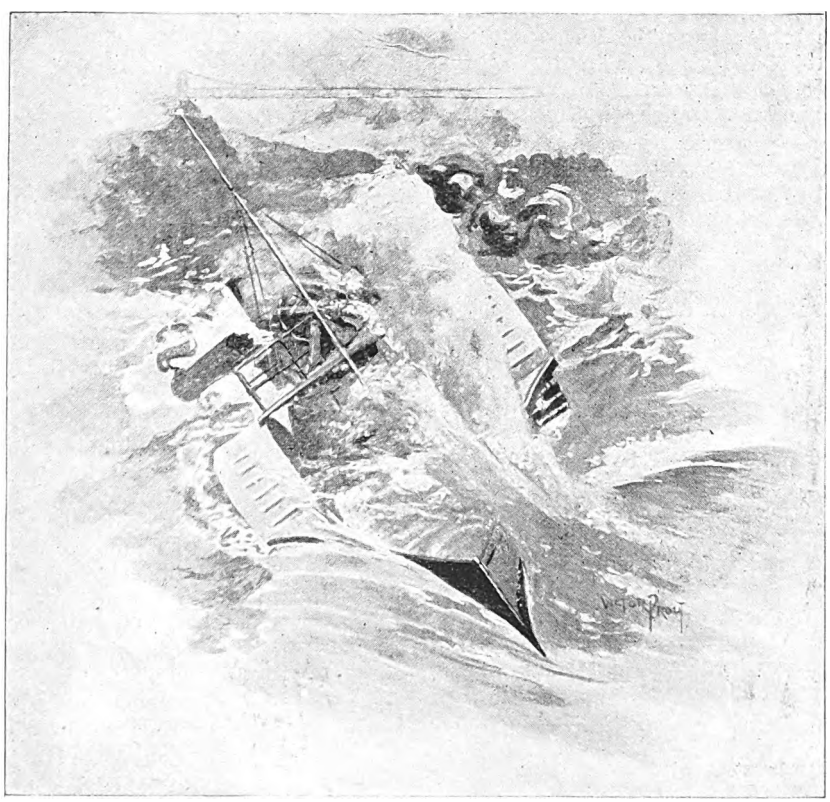
Then, being beside a rock, the gallant lad seized his father by the collar and hauled him to it, whence they were rescued soon afterwards by a crowd of people. Such had been the exertion of the indomitable boy that he fainted as soon as he had reached a place of safety.

One of the oddest recorded incidents in the history of the Falls is probably the adventure of a man named Fisher, shortly after the war of 1812. He was on the river three miles above the Falls, when he saw a bear swimming towards Navy Island, and pursued it with no weapon but a fish spear. The bear turned cleverly, parried the thrust, knocked the spear out of Fisher's hand, then deliberately climbed over the side of the boat, quite unheeding the blows showered upon him by Fisher's oar, and seated himself in the bow.

As the boat was rapidly drifting towards the roaring Falls, Fisher thought he would paddle to shore, and leave the boat to the bear, but the instant he reached for the paddle the beast growled and threatened to spring upon him.

Fisher could not swim, the bear would not let him paddle, and he gave one loud despairing shout—no more, because the bear again threatened to attack him. Luckily the shout was heard, or his danger had been otherwise perceived, for a settler came out, and put a load of buckshot into Bruin, whereupon he took to the water. Then Fisher turned in shore and landed, not a moment too soon to escape being carried over the Falls.

I have previously mentioned Thomas Conroy, the life saver, whose adventure of St. Valentine's Day, 1883, is well worth recording here. He and two other men, named William Walker and Thomas Hines, being out hunting in the rapids above the Falls, had rowed out to a sandbar, about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, and sheeted with ice. They landed on it, taking their guns with them, and leaving their boat, as they believed, securely fastened at the edge. After a few minutes, on looking around they saw the boat drifting down the river.



Her smoke stack was carried away.

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Conroy more experienced in Niagara navigation than his companions, saw that they must be in a desperate situation if they lost the boat, as they might all perish from hunger and exposure before they could attract attention. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, he dived, in order to clear the ice floating in the rushing surface currents, and swam along under the water until he thought he was near the boat. Then he rose to the surface, broke his way through the small ice that covered the water, reached the boat, got into it by tremendous exertions, and succeeded in getting it back to his anxious companions, and saving them and himself from further trouble.

Considering the time of year, the swiftness and coldness of the Niagara water, and the instant decision and physical endurance displayed by Conroy, I regard this deed as not less remarkable than Doctor Nansen's great swim from the Arctic ice to his drifting "kayak."

Wire walking exploits form a considerable feature in the history of adventures at Niagara Falls. They began with the feat of Blondin, the famous French rope-walker, who threw a cable across the chasm in the summer of 1859, and made his first trip across on June 30th of that year. He had been refused permission to stretch the wire from Goat Island to the Canadian side—the newspapers denouncing him as a fool and a fraud—and was compelled to run it to a private pleasure ground on the Canadian side, the work, moreover, having to be done during the night to avoid interference from the cautious residents.

Not many people witnessed Blondin's first crossing, the impression having been general that the man was insane or would fail at the last moment. When he had accomplished the feat, the utmost amazement was expressed which, however, was again turned to incredulity when he announced that he would cross the wire again, and this time with a man on his back—Barry Colcourt, Blondin's business manager—a man weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds. The feat was successfully accomplished on the afternoon of August 17, 1859, amid roars of applause from the multitude that looked on.

On August 24, in the same year, Blondin crossed on the rope chained hand and foot, and on his return carried with him a cooking stove, on which he made an omelette.

In the summer of the following year he had the cable moved to a point below the Suspension Bridge, and immediately over the whirlpool rapids, where he gave several further exhibitions, one being on August 2nd, 1860, when the Prince of Wales and the Governor-General of Canada looked on. Before Blondin started, the Prince, having looked at the wire and the rapids, became nervous, went to Blondin and begged him not to make the attempt. But the rope-walker smiled, said it was not so dangerous as it looked, and soon went across with Colcourt on his back.

The beast growled and threatened to spring upon him.

There have been many imitators of Blondin. In 1873 an Italian named Bellini stretched a wire from opposite the Ferry landing to Prospect Park, and three times he jumped from the middle of the cable into the river and swam to shore.

Steve Peer, a celebrated American wire walker, repeated Blondin's feat on June 22, 1887, in connection with the Queen's Jubilee celebration on the Canadian side. He crossed in nineteen minutes. A few nights afterwards Peer, while intoxicated, determined, so it is sup-

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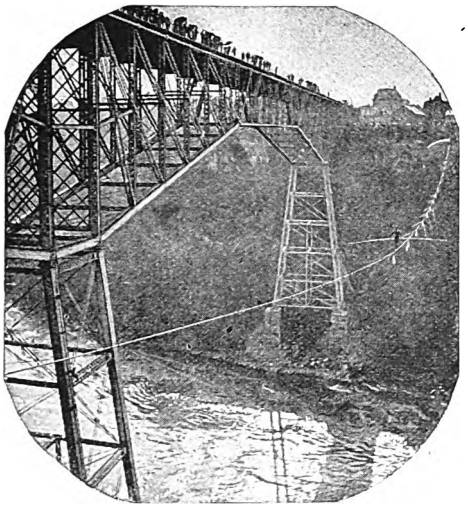

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Dixon crossing on a wire.

posed, to repeat the performance, and, unknown to anyone, went out and climbed on the wire, with the result the next morning he was found lying dead on the rocks below.

An exhibition of wire walking that attracted considerable attention at the time was that of S. J. Dixon, a Toronto photographer, who used the same cable that had been used by Peer. This amateur rope-walker, thirty-eight years of age, had practised almost daily for some weeks on a wire stretched sixty feet above the water of Toronto Bay before he essayed the tremendous adventure which made Blondin so famous. This he undertook dressed in tights and moccasins, and carrying a pole twenty-two-and-a-half feet long, weighing thirty pounds.

He showed no uneasiness or nervousness, though the slight unsteadiness of the long cable caused him to pause frequently to regain the balance that he momentarily lost.

When he reached the centre of the gorge, this amateur lay down on his back on the wire, with his balancing pole under him. Two hundred and fifty feet below ran the furious rapids, ready to devour him should he make a misstep.

He did a number of other daring feats as he neared the other end of the wire, and finally touched soil on the American side thirteen minutes after he started. A few minutes later he reappeared with a hoop around his ankles, and in this way walked on the wire about two hundred yards.

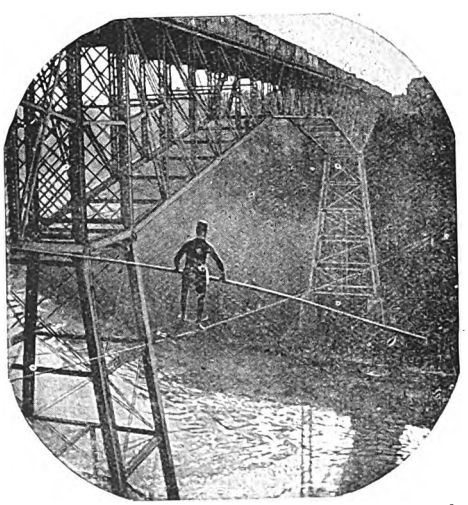
I have dwelt on this instance with some particularity because it serves to show that not practice nor mere acquired skill, but an abnormal indifference to the very common "falling fear," enables rope-walkers to perform their most amazing feats.

During October, 1869, a family by the name of Martin, four women and a man, engaged a hackman named Robert Welsh to drive them down the Ferry road on the Canadian side, a little north of the Horse-shoe Falls. On the way down the pole strap broke and the horses ran away. After dragging the carriage a few yards they tumbled over the embankment to the pathway below, some forty feet down.

The carriage fell upside down with all the party still in it, and under it, save one, a woman, who fell out of the carriage and within range of the feet of one of the horses, which lay on their backs, kicking and struggling. She was killed by the blows, but all who had kept in the vehicle when falling escaped with a bad shaking up.

One of the methods employed by the City of Niagara Falls, N.Y., in disposing of its sewage is by dumping it down a chute into the river. One of these chutes is located near the upper Suspension Bridge. In the spring of 1896, a man named William Shelley backed his load up to the dump, but went a step too far, and horse, load, and cart went shooting down three hundred feet.

Shelley then descended by another route, and was amazed to find the horse still alive. It was, however, too badly shaken to walk back, so a shanty was built which served as a temporary hospital until the animal had recovered sufficiently to be taken back to the top of the cliff and put at work again.



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His return journey with a hoop round his feet.

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THE WAYS OF A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

By

J. J. Bennett.

The Skippers of the "Starfish."

A TORPEDO-BOAT destroyer is more like a live creature than is any other ship. The longer you are afloat in one the more deeply does this impression wear itself into your mind. Not only is it like a live creature, but a creature that possesses a decided will of its own.

"We've a regular baby Niagara tumbling down here through the cowlo," says the engineer, thrusting up his head and shoulders through a manhole in the deck.

"Yes, she's behaving in beastly fashion to-day, isn't she?" replies the captain as the destroyer leaps forward, buries her nose deeply into the sea, heels over until the muzzles of the port six-pounders nearly touch the waves, then, lifting her nose again, sends the water rushing along her deck, quivering the while from stem to stern, and casting out a broad streak of fleecy white foam in her wake.

In time of war, torpedo-boat destroyers would be largely used in the protection of our coasts, especially in patrol work. And, in order to get the officers and men of our navy accustomed to the handling of these coquettish craft, twenty-four have been set apart for instructional purposes. Eight of these are located at Chatham, eight at Portsmouth, and eight at Devonport. All are commanded by young officers, for the most part by lieutenants, and carry, in addition to the commanding officer, a sub-lieutenant, who is second in command, an engineer, a gunner (warrant officer), and from fifty to sixty seamen and stokers. Practically, each destroyer in the instructional flotillas is a fully commissioned little warship.

There is every need of the special training which our sailors get aboard these boats, for

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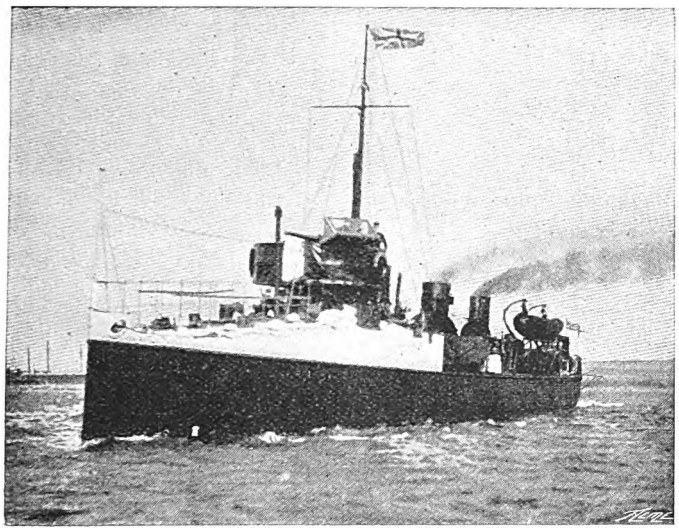


H.M. Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Starfish."

the crew of a destroyer has, at the very least, always a nodding acquaintance with Davy Jones's locker. One of these egg-shells filled with machinery is placed in charge of a lieutenant barely out of his teens, and the experience he undergoes in her either gives him nerves of steel-wire and the confidence of a greybeard, or else shatters him altogether.

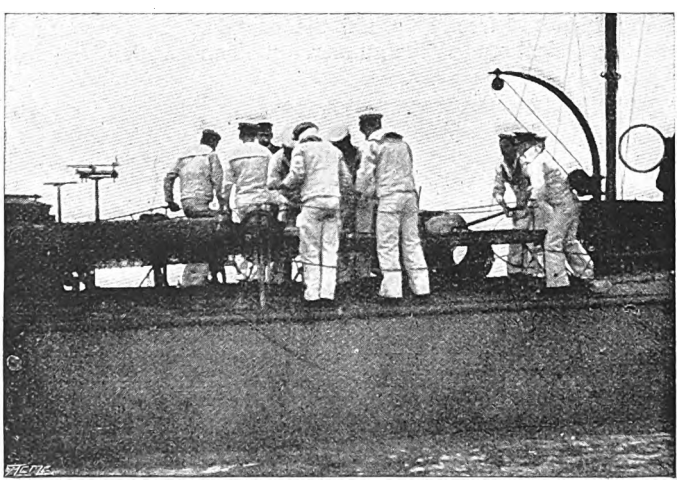
He has to take safely through all sorts of tight places a craft endowed with the mobility of a bicycle and the speed of a railway train. The slightest mishap upsets her. One minute an obstacle is sighted ahead, the next crash goes the destroyer into it, unless the right thing is done just at the right second. A large portion of the instructional destroyer's work is done in the night, when there are either the blinding glares of searchlights to contend against, or else long runs in the open sea to be undertaken, with the imminent risk of running down some trading vessel or fishing boat if the intense strain under which the captain works is for a moment relaxed.

In the responsibility of bringing the boat safely through the other officers, of course, take their share. The sub-lieutenant, who on a big ship is of little account except as a learner, is here entrusted with important duties, and, a boy in years, he is a man in everything else — and he plays the man's part with great proficiency.

Down in the engine-room, where the thermometer registers 140 degrees or more, and the bursting of a steam pipe may mean the scalding to death of himself and his assistants, works the engineer. Close on either side of him, so close that he can scarcely turn his head, run the propelling engines, whirring up and down so rapidly that the eye gets dazed in trying to follow their motions. Yet he has to carefully watch every part, and be ready to deal promptly with anything that may go wrong.

Just behind him the steering engine hisses and clacks as the wheel is put about. Yet amid all this din and confusing dance of machinery the engineer has to see that orders from the bridge are immediately carried out —almost anticipated; and also that the grimy, perspiring workers in the stokehold on the other side of the bulkhead do their duty.

It frequently happens that the vibration of the engines shakes open the seams of the hull, and then, in addition to his other worries, the captain has to handle a craft that is



Loading a Torpedo Tube.

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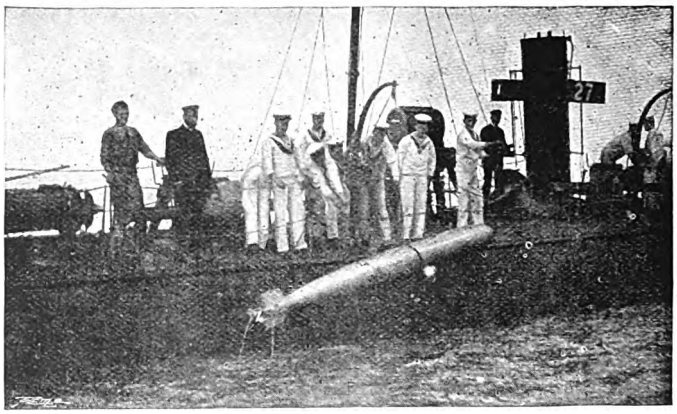
leaking like a sieve, and the crew go about their duties with the discomforting knowledge that their chances of going to the bottom have increased.

By the courtesy of Lieut.-Commander Brownrigg, a representative of the ROYAL MAGAZINE has just made a trip in H.M.S. *Starfish*, one of the destroyers attached to the Portsmouth Instructional Flotilla. Occasionally these meet with some rough experiences.



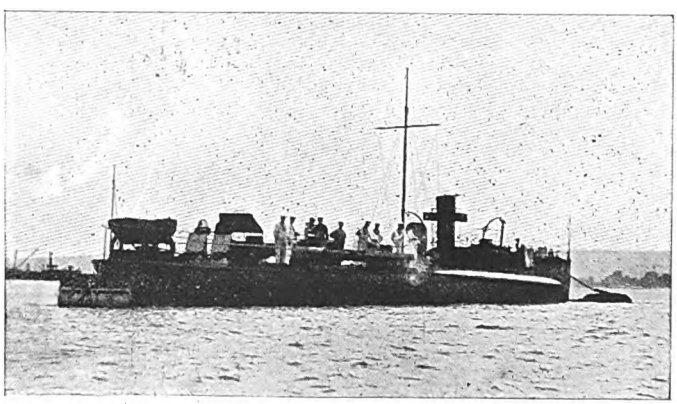
Hoisting in a Torpedo.

Not long since, when the *Starfish* was ploughing her way through a storm to Brighton, a huge wave crashed down upon her, smashing in her bridge and nearly washing Lieut.-Commander Brownrigg overboard.

Twice monthly the destroyers have a combined all-night run, and carry out manœuvres. This is for the purpose of getting the officers and crew accustomed to handling these boats at night, when the greater part of their work would have to be done in time of war.

It is very interesting to watch the crew of a destroyer at practice. They have to learn many things, and all must be done smartly. The operations described in this article were carried out in the Solent, which at all times wears a more warlike look than any other stretch of water in the world. Big guns were booming from the forts, and destroyers were flitting about in all directions like a swarm of angry wasps disturbed in their nest. "Are all the men mustered?" asked the captain. "All here, sir," replied the gunner. "Then clear for action," came the order. In a moment the deck of the *Starfish* was alive with men pulling down cowls and clearing everything away that could impede the sweep of the guns which were at the same time being swung outward and got ready for use. "All ready, sir," was reported in far less time than the description of the scene has been written. Another quietly-given order from the captain, and the quick-firers began spitting out shells that splashed up the water at the base of a small target several hundred yards away. It was like revolver practice in the rapidity of the shooting, but not in the noise, for the quick-firer has an ear-splitting crack that rings in the tympanum for hours afterwards.

Getting out Berthon boats came next. Each destroyer carries two of these, which are made of canvas and close up after the fashion of a circular Chinese lantern. They are stowed forward and are lifted over the side by means of a derrick. "Out boats," called the captain, and a crowd of men pounced upon a Berthon and tore off the canvas coverings. A guy was attached, and the boat swung over the side, opening out as it was lowered. Two men went down in it, and these had the boat made all taut and ready for use by the time it touched the water — it had only a few feet to descend. In tumbled a number of bluejackets, and in less than a minute the boat was ready for pulling away from the ship.



Firing a Torpedo.

The *Starfish* is reputed

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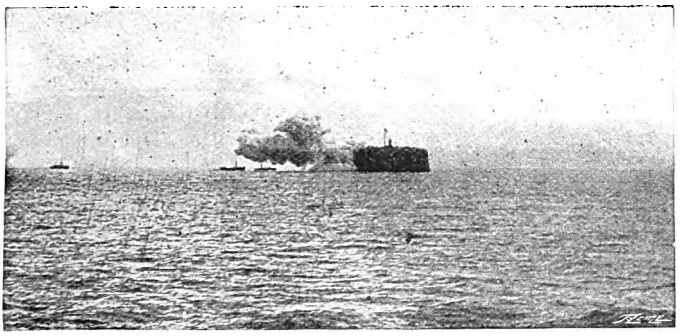
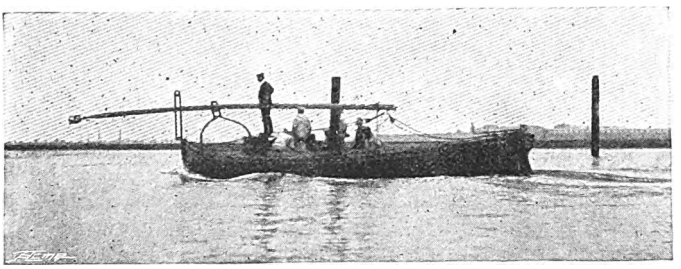


A Heavy Gun from one of the Spithead Forts.

one of the smartest of the instructional destroyers at the evolution. Seventy seconds sufficed to get both boats into the water and manned. They came out again even more quickly, being closed as they were lifted, so that when they were dropped on the deck they were ready for covering up again. The crew of a destroyer not only has to learn how to tackle an enemy smartly, but also how to get quickly away from their own ship should she be disabled. In this they are practised, and when the order to abandon ship is given every man on board has to make for the boats as quickly as he can. It took just three minutes to get all the *Starfish's* boats out, provisioned, and filled with men.

As soon as the order was given the Berthon boats were swung out, the whaler dropped from the davits, and the dinghey was thrown over the side. From the engine room, from the stoke-hold, and up from the bowels of the ship in every direction sprang men just as they had left their work. Some ran with biscuit, others brought water, and others compasses, for each boat has to be properly provisioned for a possible spell at sea. Each man tumbled into the boat to which he was allotted, an officer took the tiller, and away they pulled, leaving the *Starfish*, in theory, a sinking derelict.

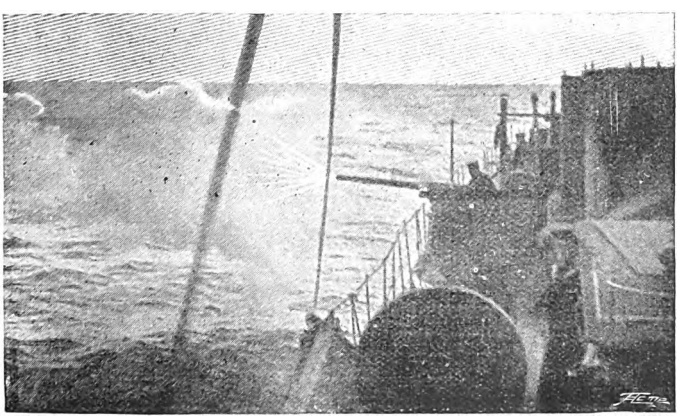
Destroyers discharge their torpedoes from a deck tube. The weapon is first laid in a shoot and then passed into the tube, from which it is expelled by compressed air.



A Steam Pinnace with a Spar Torpedo.

After the tube has been trained into the direction in which the torpedo is to be fired, the gunner gets astride it, takes a sight, pulls back a lever, and out jumps the torpedo, which dives head foremost into the water and speeds off towards the target.

The crew watch its progress with some anxiety, for torpedoes have an unpleasant propensity for going to the bottom instead of floating at the surface when their motive power is exhausted. In the weapon is a balance chamber which can be set so that the torpedo will either sink or swim at the end of its journey. Of course, for practice purposes it is always set to float; but torpedoes have an irritating knack of ignoring the existence of



The Starboard Quick-firer.

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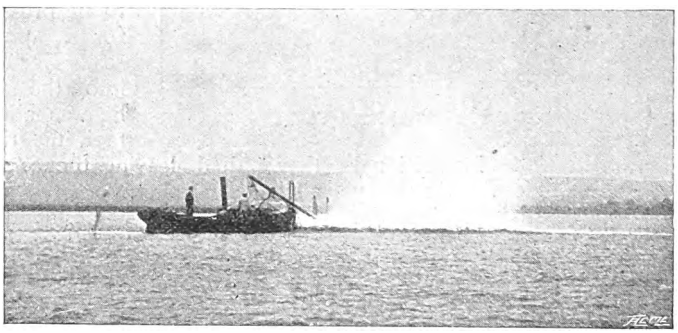
this mechanism and going to the bottom for a rest. Then they have to be dredged up again, if the crew can find them. If not, there is a court of inquiry and other unpleasant proceedings to face, for the Admiralty will not lose a £300 article without knowing the why and the wherefore of it all.

The *Starfish* got her torpedo off successfully. It leaped from the tube, dived into the sea, and struck out for the buoy at which it was aimed with all the zest of a strong swimmer taking his morning dip. Presently the blue flame of a Holmes light was seen bobbing about on the surface of the water close by the buoy. "Ah, there it is," ran round the ship in a tone of relief, and a boat was despatched to tow back the weapon.



Firing a Spar Torpedo.

Practice in firing torpedoes is part of the routine in an instructional destroyer. The torpedoes used are the same that would be made use of in actual warfare, with the important exception that a dummy head is affixed to them in place of the destructive charge of guncotton they would carry in their mouth when directed against an enemy.

But even when thus muzzled the torpedo is a mischievous brute that would plunge straight through the side of any ordinary ship it came in contact with. In order that it may be easily seen when it begins to float, a calcium light is attached to its nose, and this begins to flare up as soon as the weapon stops, and it stinks most abominably.

Work was now over for the day. Dinners were piped, and the *Starfish* began her run homeward. On the way back we had such an opportunity as seldom occurs of seeing the magnificent smoke effects produced by the firing of the heavy guns on the Spithead forts. After every discharge, a dense volume of thick, yellow smoke enveloped the fort, rising slowly and in graceful wreaths to a great height in the air. The only picture showing one of these smoke clouds that has probably ever been taken from so advantageous a position forms one of the illustrations to this article. In fact, all the pictures are unique, they being the only ones ever taken on an instructional destroyer during the time she was at sea.

In addition to the torpedo proper, what is known as the outrigger torpedo is used in our navy. This is carried on the end of a pole which projects over the bow of a boat, and its use is attended with considerable risk to the men working it, for they have to push the torpedo under the bottom of the ship or whatever they wish to destroy, fire it, and get away if they can—a feat which in these days of quick-firing guns is not a very easy one.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

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A LITTLE GREEN GOWN.

By L. G. Moberly.

HIS STORY.

She wore a little green gown, and she came down the steep mountain-path, singing, with a fresh young voice that made one feel that she was part of the Spring and freshness about her.

I wondered who she was, and what she was, when first I heard the gay little voice trilling away far above me. I had strolled out from the hotel whilst my breakfast was preparing, and took a seductive looking path leading up between bright green slopes to great dim pine woods beyond.

The May sunshine fell full upon the slopes, where cowslips and gentian, forget-me-nots and soldanellas wagged their heads in the soft little breeze that came rustling and creeping out of the pines. There had been stillness in the pine woods above me, except for the tinkling of the cow-bells, until I heard that fresh voice echoing among the rocks, and a minute later there came out of the wood and down the path towards me a girl in a little green gown, the sunlight flashing upon the bronze of her hair and the young sweetness of her face.

She swung her hat idly in one hand, care for her complexion was evidently something out of her ken! In her other hand she had a great bunch of mountain flowers, and she sang gaily as she came, until she caught sight of me. And then she stopped, and the colour flamed out over her face.

"Please don't stop," I said, "it was delicious to hear the song coming down off the heights. I came out early myself to enjoy all the loveliness."

"Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed eagerly, all her shyness forgotten, "and are you at our hotel? Oh, of course, you must be, because there isn't another," and she laughed a clear girlish laugh that did my heart good to hear.

"I only arrived last night," I answered, "but it seems delightful here. I shall be in no hurry to move on."

"Oh, I'm sure you won't want to go, at least, if you like the sort of things I like," she said naively, "I mean, if you like mountains, and all the stillness, and the flowers, and oh! the walks here are just the loveliest I have ever seen. But if you like lots of people, and dances in the hotel, and concerts and things, then you won't like it. Mama doesn't, and the others don't."

"I hate all that sort of thing," I said impetuously; and it was perfectly true. I had just escaped from five years of India, called home by a lucky accession to property, and I was sick—sick to death of society, and society ways, and, above all, of society young ladies.

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"I think," I ended, "that I am more likely to like what you like."

We were walking down the slopes meanwhile, and the little white hotel with its green shutters, was close at hand.

"Well, I am glad," she said. "Do you know I don't generally like a man at all; he never seems to like nice, sensible sort of things; perhaps that's because I am only a sort of tomboy myself—that's what Mama and the others say. But I do believe you are going to be different from other men," and she looked at me with the clear scrutinising eyes of a child. "What is your name, though?" she said.

"What is your name, though!" she said.

A sudden feeling of thankfulness shot through me, that I had sent my man on to England, and that I had given my simple surname to the proprietor of the hotel the night before. It would be rather interesting to stand for a little while just on my own merits, as a man and, I trust, a gentleman, with none of the accessories, which though pleasant in themselves, are apt to give one a lot of bother in more ways than one. I still had a resentful recollection of the way in which I had been pursued in India, by every dowager with a marriageable daughter, till I had grown to look upon every young woman with jaundiced eyes. And I knew well enough that it was for no merits of my own that I had been fêted and courted, but simply for those prospects of mine—which now were more than prospects. I was determined that no one here should know anything about them. If any one liked me it should be for myself alone. It was a positive delight, too, to come across a girl like this one, who frankly avowed that she thought a man an uninteresting person!

"My name is Vernon," I said, "Noel Vernon. Are you here for long, Miss—? You see I don't know your name either."

"My name is King—Barbara King, and we are here, I am afraid, for only a short time, because you see my stepmother and her daughters don't much like this place. But oh, I shall be sorry to go," and she drew a long breath of pleasure, as she lifted her face to the clear morning sunlight, and the great brooding mountains.

At the door of the hotel, she turned to me again with that bright smile. "I expect I shall see you soon again," she said, "one soon knows everybody in a place like this"—and with that and a wave of her hand she disappeared.

At breakfast I scanned everyone, to see what her belongings were like, and they did not prepossess me favourably. They were so horribly like the ladies I had left behind me in India—it was a type I had learnt to detest. An elderly and much-dressed lady, who looked at me through the most fashionable make of pince-nez, and two daughters, also dressed in a manner befitting the park rather than these mountain solitudes. My little friend of the morning crept in a little

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late, and I was sure that she got a scolding, for I noticed that flaming colour sweep over her face again, at some words from the elderly lady.

Mrs. King swept up to me later, and began to make a few of those remarks, and ask some of those searching and impertinent questions, to which one is subjected by one's fellow-countrymen in a strange land. And if it had not been for the thought of that dear, fresh, little girl in her green gown, I do not think I should have received the good lady's patronising overtures in a very friendly spirit.

I took an instinctive dislike to her and to her two daughters. I always dislike London smartness transferred to mountain solitudes; but I was frankly amused by the evident indecision of the three ladies as to whether to treat me with extreme civility—as a man—or with necessary hauteur as an unknown, and possibly a most ineligible person!

I am afraid I was only civil to them because little Barbara, whom they evidently despised and snubbed, was a delight to me.

Her frank camaraderie, her bright girlish happiness, her naive pleasure in the loveliness round her, were most refreshing after my experience of two species of womenkind—the ones who wanted to flirt and the ones who posed as new women.

Little Barbara was different, she never treated me as other than a good friend and comrade, her fresh nature was as free and unsophisticated as the very best sort of boy's. In fact there was something about her that constantly reminded me of a boy. And yet there could not have been a more womanly girl. But there was no nonsense about her; she was so frank and straightforward, so free from caprice, so full of pretty womanish ways.

We had many walks together, and her naturalness and sweetness appealed to me more every day.

"Where do you live?" I asked her one day, "and what do you do when you are at home?"

"We live at Sarslake." I started at the sound of the familiar name. "When father married Mrs. Lake, she wanted to settle there—she said the society would be pleasant for her daughters, because of the Castle. Grace and Edith aren't my sisters, you know. Father married a widow with two daughters," and Barbara sighed a little. "And what do I do? Oh, *lots*. I still do a lot of lessons in the morning with a governess from the village; and then I read ever so much; and I know all the poor people, everyone of them, and I go and see some of them every day; and there's a corner of the park where I always take my books and sit—and oh, it is lovely there. But now, of course, it will be different."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the old Earl is dead, and he hardly ever used to be at the Castle, and no one minded my going to that tiny bit of the Park. But now the new Earl will most likely shut it all up, and it *will* be a pity."

"Perhaps he won't," I ventured. "I—I—its just possible I may be at Sarslake in the summer, and I'll put in a word for your special corner——"

"Oh," she gasped, "would you? Could you? Do you know Lord Sarslake?"

"A little," and I smiled into her flushed, eager face. "I will do my best for you anyway."

And then I sat silent, watching the sun flash on her head; and I fell to wondering how diamonds looked upon curling bronze hair, and whether even white satin would ever become that slim young figure as well as did her own green gown.

That evening I accidentally overheard a scrap of conversation which amused me immensely. The door of Mrs. King's room, which was opposite mine, was wide open, and I heard her rather strident voice saying:

"Barbara is so like her poor father. She has just his hopeless way of picking up the most utter nobodies, and making friends with them. Her father was exactly the same. From mongrels to men, he always contrived to pick up nobodies. Look at Barbara now, and this Mr. Vernon——"

I hastily closed my door, but as I did so I laughed softly. So poor, silly little Barbara had picked up a nobody, had she?

And that night I saw again a vision of diamonds and bronze hair.

HER STORY.

It was very nice to be at home again, although we had had a lovely time in Switzerland. But after Mr. Vernon went away it was rather dull. I missed his kind brown face, and everything all felt different. I don't know why. The sun didn't seem to shine so brightly, and the flowers weren't half so lovely. I wondered if he missed me as much as I missed him. He called me his little chum, and told me he thought we should meet again before very long.

That cheered me up. It was one day when I was telling him about the Castle at home,

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and he said perhaps he should come there some day. And I said:

"Do you know Lord Sarslake?" And he answered, in a funny sort of hesitating way,

"Yes—I know him—he—I am rather a great friend of his."

It seemed so funny that I should have made friends with somebody right away in Switzerland who was a friend of our nearest neighbour.

The worst of it was that when we got home Mama and Edith and Grace could talk of nothing but Lord Sarslake, and I did get so dreadfully tired of his name. Besides, the way they talked made me feel, oh, so hot and ashamed. They only seemed to have one idea about him, and that was that as he was unmarried he might surely marry either Edith or Grace. I am sure I didn't see why he should. He must have known such heaps and heaps of people.

One day when they were all talking in this sort of way that I hate, I simply couldn't bear it any more. I just went straight out of the room and out of the house, and ran as fast as ever I could to my own dear place—the one I had told kind Mr. Vernon about.

It is a tiny dell in the park, nothing but a clearing amongst the trees, and just then it was covered with bluebells. They made a blue carpet under the great spreading beeches, and the sun danced upon them through the green of the leaves. I never stopped running until I got to my dear dell, and then I flung myself down, and hid my face in my hands on a bed of soft ferny moss.

"I wish, oh, I wish dear father was still here," I said. "They never talked like that when he was alive."

Then I tried to put away the thought of them, and of all disagreeable things, and I began thinking instead about Mr. Vernon and his nice brown face and kind eyes, and I felt ever so glad I had him for a friend, and I wished, very hard indeed, that I could see him again.

And then—wasn't it funny?—all at once I heard a rustling among the bushes, and in another minute there was the very person I was thinking about.

"Oh!" I said, and I jumped up and gave him both my hands, and I do believe I never felt so happy in all my life! And he looked really glad to see me, and smiled right down into my eyes, till I felt such a queer little feeling in my heart like nothing I had ever felt before, and my face got hotter and hotter, and I dreadfully wanted to put it in that green bank of moss again.

I didn't know why I felt like that. But Mr. Vernon held my hands tighter, and said, quite softly:

"So you are glad to see me again?"

"Ever so glad," I told him. "But how did you come? And are you staying at the Castle? And is that horrid Earl there?—Oh! I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, when I saw his eyes twinkle, and remembered he was a friend of Lord Sarslake!

"Never mind," he said, and laughed. "Why is the poor man so horrid? Have you ever seen him?"

"No, oh no! and I'm sure I don't want to," I added vindictively, remembering my dislike to his very name, and all my old grievance about the possible deprivation of my beloved dell.

"He isn't such a bad fellow after all," Mr. Vernon said. "And, do you know, he—I—well, I mean to say about this dell, he won't turn you out of it. It's all right about that. It will be like your private property."

"*What!*" I cried. "Do you mean to say he really won't mind my coming here just as usual? How perfectly sweet of you to ask him for me—because, of course, you did. And really I *do* like him for letting me come here. You can't think what a difference it makes having this dear dell. I won't call him horrid again. There!"

Mr. Vernon laughed, and then he sat down beside me, and we talked about Switzerland and about lots of other things until I had to go.

Then he said suddenly:

"Do you know there is going to be a great garden party at the Castle for all the neighbourhood?"

Did I *not* know? My family had talked of nothing else for a week, and of their chances of being asked.

"Oh yes, I know," I said languidly.

"You are coming, of course?"

"I don't think there is much 'of course' about it," I answered. "It is not at all likely I shall go to it—I'm not 'out' yet, and, besides, I haven't got a dress anyhow, and—I hate garden parties."

"Come in that little green gown," he said; "and would you hate a garden party if I amused you?"

"No; that would make it awfully jolly, of course," I said.

"I want you to come," he added softly; and I don't know why, but I got quite hot again, and I said ever so quickly:

"Oh, I must really go home, I shall be late for tea!" And I flew off, without saying good-bye properly.

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Then he sat down beside me, and we talked about Switzerland.

"But will you come to my—to the garden party?" he called out, when I was already halfway down the little green path that led to the lane, and I called back:

"I should like to go very much," because you see, I thought if Mr. Vernon was going to be there it would make it really very, very nice, not like the usual stupid sort of garden party.

The next day when I came in from the village I found Mama and Edith and Grace very much excited because a note had come from Lord Sarslake, and if I hadn't made up my mind to think kindly of him, because of his being Mr. Vernon's friend, I should have hated that Earl more than ever.

"Such a pleasant note," Mama said, "so friendly, apologising for not having called, and saying that he hopes we will all go to the garden party, and that he will then have the pleasure of making our acquaintance. Why, Barbara," her tone was quite gracious, "he actually says he hopes that I will bring my *three* daughters. He says that he hears my youngest daughter is not yet out, but he hopes I will allow you to join so informal and friendly a gathering."

And Mama was so elated that she actually said I might go. In my heart I thanked Mr. Vernon for that. I felt sure that it was through him that my invitation had come.

I did not see him at all for the next few days, but I knew he would be at the garden party, because he had told me he would.

Miss Alington, the village dressmaker, said she did not know what *had* come over me. I was "that interested" in my new white frock.

"And Miss Barbara," she said, "you didn't never used to think of your clothes enough to my mind—you was always a bit of a boy, Miss; and it is nice for a young lady to think of her clothes."

Ah, but I did want to look nice now. And when the day came at last, and I looked at myself in Edith's long glass, I thought—well, I thought I really didn't look so bad, though Mama did always say I was so exceedingly plain.

Still, my dress was pretty, though it was quite simple white muslin; and I expect it was because I was excited, that my eyes looked all shiny, and my cheeks very pink.

When we got to the Castle there were lots of people already standing about the garden

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and strolling over the lawns; and directly we came out on to the terrace in front of the house, where the guests were received, I caught sight of Mr. Vernon, amongst quite a little crowd. But when our names were called out, he turned very quickly, and I heard Mama say to Edith. "Why there's that Mr. Vernon we met abroad. How did *he* manage to get here?" And she was putting on her very best company manner, and her iciest smile, when all at once, Mr. Vernon took her hand, and said ever so nicely.

"Welcome to Sarslake, Mrs. King. This is only a renewal of acquaintance is it not? And I hear that we are very near neighbours. I am delighted to see you here to-day." He

I looked at myself in Edith's long glass.

turned to shake hands with the others, and with me, whilst Mama was utterly speechless with amazement.

Just for a second she looked puzzled, but then the truth flashed upon her, as it did upon us all? This was our host; Mr. Vernon was Lord Sarslake!

And of course our surmise was correct.

It was quite funny to see Mama's manner change from icy patronage into the most gracious and charming deference,—but our host, courteous as he was, had his other guests to receive, and we passed on.

It was more than I could bear to hear Mama, who had alternately snubbed and patronised him as Mr. Vernon, telling all our friends who met her, that we had known Lord Sarslake abroad, had seen *so* much of him etc., etc., *ad nauseam!*

And I crept away into the dearest little rose garden, hidden away among the bushes, where I was quite alone, and much happier than in a crowd.

I must have been there some time, I think, but presently there was a footstep behind me, and a voice that made my heart give a great throb, said.

"Ah, there you are. I have been hunting for you everywhere, now that I have done my duty. Well, little chum, have you forgiven me for deceiving you?" And Lord Sarslake sat down beside me, and took my hand.

"Why did you?" I said, lamely.

"I am going to tell you to-day. I had a special reason, and I don't think it was a very bad one. So you didn't wear the green gown after all."

"Of course not," I said. "Why its old and shabby."

"Never mind, I like it. You mustn't throw it away yet."

Then he was silent for a minute, but he still held my hand, and my heart beat faster and faster, till I almost thought he would hear it.

"I want you to come with me," he said abruptly. "I want to ask you something." And still holding my hand, he led me out of the rose garden, and by little winding paths through the shrubberies into the house. We went in through a window, into the big beautiful library, full of, oh, such lovely books! I should like to have stopped and looked at them, but he led me on, and upstairs into the very daintiest sweet boudoir, that looked out over the garden and park to the blue far away hills. There were a great many pictures in this room, but one in especial I noticed. It hung over the

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mantelpiece, and represented a girl of about my own age. But she was dressed in a trailing white satin dress, and she wore a tiara of diamonds on her hair. Her face was the loveliest I have ever seen, and it was as good as it was beautiful. Her blue eyes looked straight out at me, and her lips were curved in a smile, and it almost seemed as if she were leaning out of the picture towards me. I could not take my eyes off the lovely face.

The hand that held mine tightened its clasp.

"Do you like that picture?" he asked softly.

"Yes, oh yes, it is lovely. Who is she?"

"She is my mother—my beautiful mother—who has always been my ideal woman. That was painted when she married my father, and she was about your age then, Barbara." He had never called me that before. The colour swept over my face.

"I brought you here to see her picture," he went on, "and I felt as though I wanted to ask you the question I have to ask, with her eyes upon us. Do you know why all this time I have never told you my proper name? Why, Barbara, because I wanted you to care for *me*—just for my stupid self—wasn't it silly of me? My little chum, will you be my wife?"

I was so dreadfully surprised, that I believe I only gasped at first, and then I looked at him, and said slowly:

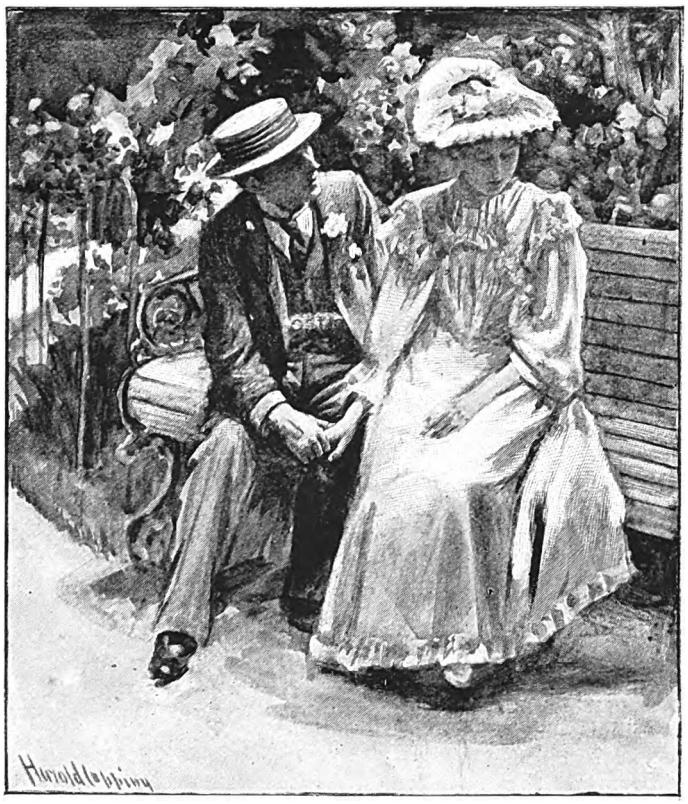
"*Me?*—You want *me* for your wife?"

"Yes, you dear, you, and only you. I have always wanted for my wife someone with my mother's pure strong soul; and I have found what I want—in you."

And I? I never said one single word. I just simply began to cry for sheer happiness. And he kissed me, and stroked my hair, and said such lots of nice things about me, till I felt ashamed. And all the time his mother's eyes smiled down upon us.

"I have often thought of those diamonds upon your hair, little one," he whispered; "and I have pictured you in a white satin frock——"

"Oh," I gasped, "but do you know everyone calls me a tomboy; and I do really believe that perhaps I'll drop the diamonds or wear them crooked, and spill something over a white satin frock. Its the sort of thing I *should* be most likely to do."



Lord Sarslake sat down beside me and took my hand.

And he only put his head back, when I said that, and laughed—and laughed.

"Never mind," he said, "there is something about a boy that I like. And you will have to keep your tiara straight just to be painted in, dear. I shall have you painted as a companion picture to my mother's portrait. But for myself, for my study, I am going to have a portrait of you as I first saw you—your hair in riotous confusion, your face full of the freshness of morning—your hands full of mountain flowers, and your dress—a little green gown!"

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THE DEVILS OF NOTRE-DAME.

By Mary Fermor.

Photos by Ed. Hautecœur.

In order to understand the presence of the grotesque and loathsome monsters which stand out against the sky from the external galleries and towers of Notre-Dame de Paris, and other churches of the same period, it is necessary to go back and study the minds of the master-builders, those giant artists of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to whom we owe the stately and beautiful edifices which then "formed the book of the human race, the most eloquent expression of human thought."

If you are taking a trip next year to Paris for the great Exhibition, you will, without doubt, go over the Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

At this period the sculpture in France was, on the whole, the finest in the world, and was there used in the greatest profusion. It is a matter of deep regret that so many of the original figures have been demolished in the course of ages, for Notre-Dame de Paris has suffered rude treatment in the past, notably in the Reign of Terror, 1793, and during the Commune of 1871, when it narrowly escaped being burnt to the ground, for the incendiary communists had piled up two or three hundred chairs, surmounted by bundles of old paper, all steeped in petroleum, in the middle of the choir, and only the timely arrival of the National Guard prevented the absolute demolition of the venerable fane.

Early Gothic architecture shows traces of the barbarism from which its originators had but lately emerged, for their principal models were afforded by the rude Celtic monuments of the North, not the classic treasures of Greece and Rome: but the church builders of mediæval days sought truly to make their work supply "Sermons in Stones." They gave themselves to it with whole-hearted enthusiam, as Longfellow says of Strasburg Cathedral:

> The architect
> Built his great heart into those sculptured stones,
> And with him toiled his children, and their lives
> Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
> As Offerings unto God.

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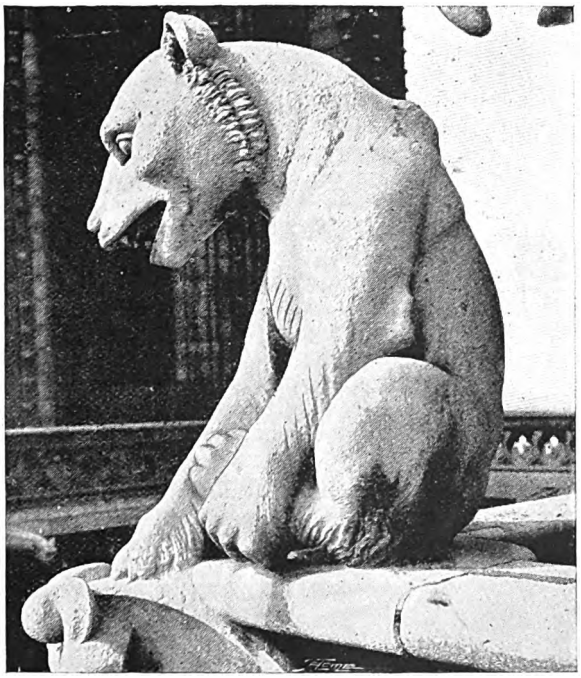
They sought all that was good and holy, and used their art as a vehicle of moral and religious teaching, so they outlined their structures with figures emblematical of the Church's victory over the Legion of Devils, the emissaries of the Prince of Darkness being represented as taking flight from the consecrated House of God, while an angel mounts guard over the infernal cohort.

It is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. It was founded in 1163, and completed in 1257. It was restored between 1846 and 1879 by Viollet-le-Duc, but narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of the Communists in May, 1871.

The primary origin of these grotesque creations may be traced to the study of the Apocalypse, where the four Living Creatures are taken as symbols of the Evangelists and the Dragon as the Enemy of Man. It was not till the eleventh century that sculptured symbols of the Devil appeared in Christian architecture. Then they were hideous, monstrous forms, revolting travesties of the human and animal creation.

The Evil One is depicted either as an active agent or as a crafty counsellor. In the former capacity he is given more or less human form, with wings and possibly a tail, ending with a serpent's head; the naked limbs are lean and emaciated, the hands and feet are abnormally huge, the hair wildly disordered, and the mouth a gaping cavity. In the rôle of counsellor he is more often represented as a grotesque animal or a dog with a man's head.



The cathedral has five naves running the whole length of the building. The central spire is 312ft. in height, whilst two massive square towers crown the façade.

By the twelfth century we find other animals, real or imaginary, employed to symbolise virtues and vices. The lion meant vigilance, force and courage; the mermaid, pleasures of the flesh; the pelican, charity. The screech-owl, the snake, and the basilisk, or fabulous crowned serpent, were all favourite symbols of the Devil. When the artists wished to represent a man enslaved by base passions they placed the human figure by the side of the embodied vice.

Later on the devils assume a less terrible form, they become depraved rather than awe-inspiring, and are often only ridiculous. Irony takes the place of savagery, cunning that of cruelty; sometimes the Evil One cheats man, sometimes he is cheated himself. Each province had its own type of creature, but those early sculptors show a close and correct

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study of nature. Every curve, every limb is true to life.

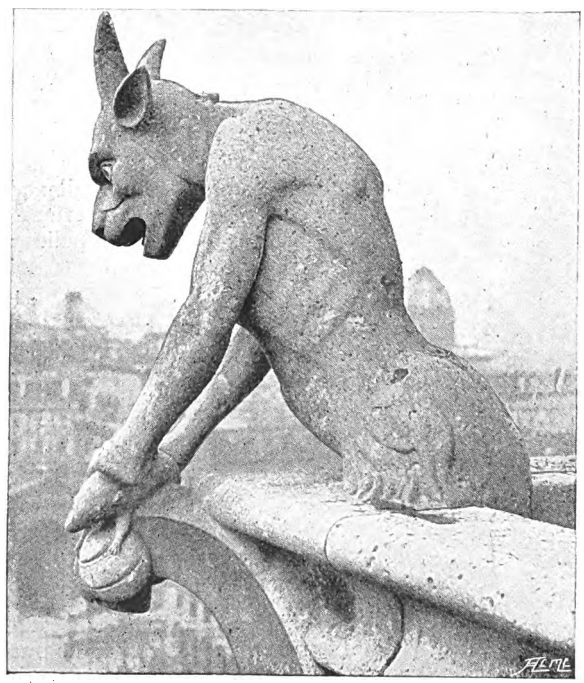
The practical genius which these church-builders combined with their devout, and, to us, perhaps, superstitious symbolism, soon turned these monsters to account, for true Gothic art had no useless ornament. The gargoyles, or water-spouts, that carried the drainage from the roof, were made to project considerably over the side of the building so as to throw the water clear of the walls, and, instead of leaving the unsightly leaden spout, they encased it in stone with the aperture forming the mouth of some snarling beast, a type of the evil spirits man has to struggle against, symbolical also of the fact that even the mean and base things of earth may be made to serve a purpose in the great scheme of the Master Mind. As Michelet says: "The god of sin, the hideous dragon, the devil, is in the church, conquered and humbled, but still there."

This façade is most beautiful, indeed it is one of the most perfect specimens of Mediæval architecture that has come down to us.

The word gargoyle has two derivations, one from the French *gargouille*, so called from the gurgling sound of running water; the other from *gargonelle*, a dragon, which was said to have infested the neighbourhood of Rouen, till slain by St. Romanus.

After the gargoyles were added such figures as those represented in the accompanying illustrations, which are placed on the gallery of Notre-Dame beneath the towers, parallel with the roof ridge, upon which stands the mighty Angel of Judgment, with the trumpet, calling all creation to its account. Most of the existing *chimeres*, or monsters, are the work of M. Viollet-le-Duc, who faithfully and boldly followed the old models to which he turned for inspiration, and whose spirit he has perpetuated so harmoniously.

The greater number of this repulsive, typical horde are depicted as beasts of prey, with gaping jaws, as if uttering howls of impotent rage, or snarling savagely at the world beyond their reach. It will be seen that several of the larger monsters are crushing the life out of some weak, defenceless creatures held in their fiendish grasp. One of them, half human, half beast, is in the act



One of the most world renowned features of Notre-Dame is the extraordinary gargoyles, generally known as the "Devils of Notre-Dame."

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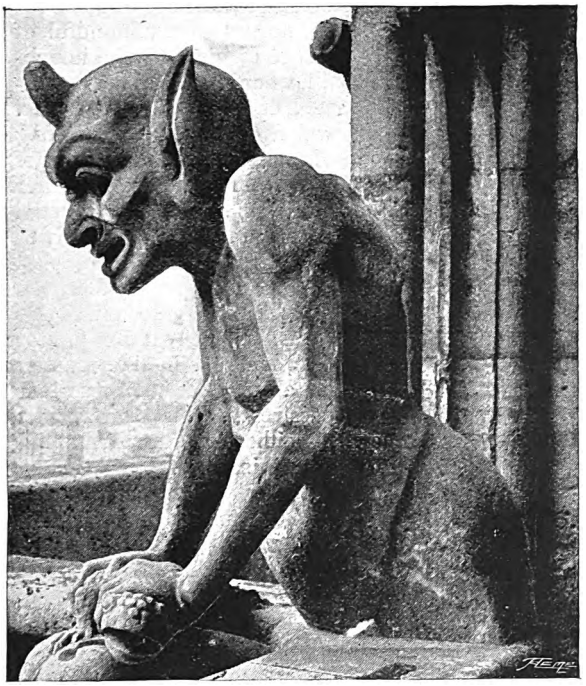


Some are sculptured in the act of crushing the life out of smaller creatures.

of tearing a rabbit limb from limb; another is crushing a mouse, a third has a frog in its clutches; while in another part of the gallery one devil is in the act of carrying off a smaller demon that he has seized with his teeth in the back, and his victim seeks to retaliate by fixing his fangs in his captor's leg.

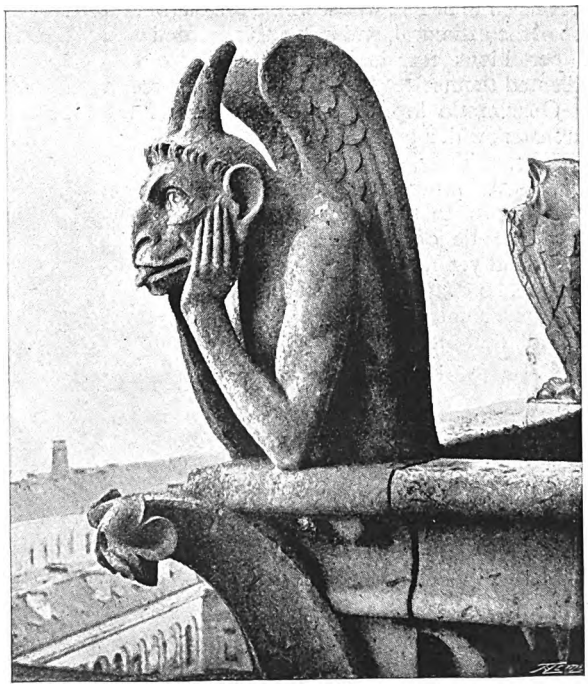
There is a power of concentrated malice and grim strength in the winged, horned monster that sits with baboon-like face and protruding tongue, looking down on the city beneath as if he did not yet own himself beaten, and was merely waiting to work fresh havoc.

Mr. Joseph Pennel describes one as "an obscene and bald bird crouching over a bunch of grapes (see illustration), possibly representing habitual and debased drunkenness."

Many of the figures are given to us by the sculptors in the very act of mad flight, at the moment of utter, disorganised rout, with rage, frenzy and despair speaking in every line and curve. They are ready to spring, full of the raging lust, the vampire-like ferocity that craves for "what it may devour;" others, of the vulture tribe are on the watch, calculating the exact moment to seize their prey. In the scaly monster we have the serpent symbol of the Devil as an acting agent, and we may trace a resemblance to Dagon the Fish-god of the Philistines, "the sea-monster, upward man and downward fish." The stolid elephant may be taken as an emblem of soul-destroying sloth, which numbs all high aspirations and paralyses noble effort till the body becomes unwieldy and mind is buried in matter. Others of the dog species remind us of Milton's description of the "Hell-hounds" that:

> Never ceasing barked
> With wide Cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
> A hideous peal.

It is impossible to contemplate the Devils of Notre-Dame without mentally adding to the lifeless throng, two living, moving figures immortalised by Victor Hugo. The first is the deaf, misshapen hunchback,



Others, again, sullenly gaze down across the house-tops of the gay city stretching beneath them almost as far as the eye can follow.

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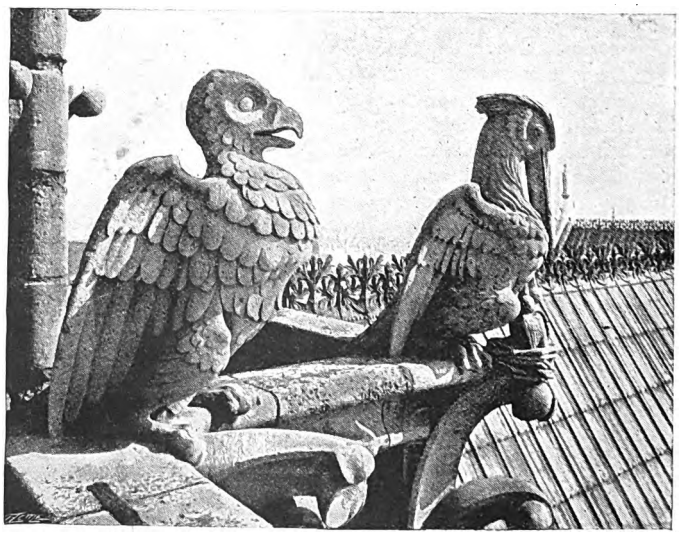
Here and there are to be found shapes that are like nothing in the animal world, but resembling rather prehistoric creatures.

Quasimodo, with his darkened, stunted mind and large, lonely heart, craving for the love that was never to be his; whose whole life was bound up in the cathedral, and who was regarded with superstitious fear and hatred by those who deemed themselves the victims of his sorcery.

Quasimodo loved the most hideous of the monsters with a grim fellow feeling. They were his friends and protectors. He was drawn to them by a common tie of repulsiveness, and yet, at the risk of his life, he destroyed one of his stone comrades when he found that it frightened Esmeralda. It was from behind these devils that he rained down the stones, and through two of the gargoyles on the west façade that he poured the molten lead upon the seething rabble that had come, as he thought, to drag his darling from the sanctuary.

The other figure that suggests itself is that of Claude Frollo, the renegade priest, *l'âme damnée*, who watched Esmeralda's dying throes from the north tower, unmindful of the presence of his slave the hunchback, till, when the tragedy was consummated, he uttered the demoniacal laugh which quenched the life-long flame of grateful love in the heart of his *protégé*. Then we see him after Quasimodo has hurled him from the battlements, clinging convulsively to one of the monster-headed gargoyles, quivering, cursing, gasping between earth and heaven. He raises his dying eyes to the graven figures above him, hanging in like manner over the abyss; but their passions are impassive in their petrifaction; they feel neither terror for themselves nor pity for him."

Many other word pictures are raised by the mere title "Notre-Dame de Paris." We may try to imagine the splendour of those ancient church festivals when, in addition to the gorgeous ceremonial within, the impressionable minds of the passing throng without were stirred by showers of fair flowers descending from the House of God, and gentle doves emerging from unseen apertures in the cathedral roof, followed by wisps of burning tow symbolical of the Pentecostal Tongues of Flame. We have but touched upon one of the least important features of that "majestic and sublime edifice," that "ancient queen of



Others are birds, a vulture, or an eagle, or, again, a stork with its young drinking their parent's blood in accordance with the old legend.

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cathedrals" as Victor Hugo lovingly calls it, which would lose nothing of its grandeur even were it to be stripped of its wealth of sculptured ornament.

As another writer says, "The strength of its mighty canopy, the noble proportions of its front, its great shadows and saliences, its vast scheme of ribs, piers and far-stepping buttresses, balance and make a harmony like solid music."

The life-work of the saintly Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, has stood the test of seven centuries, a monument of simple grandeur, changeless amid the many changes that have swept over the surrounding city, a lasting testimony to the love and faith and skill that called it into being.

Some are fashioned like huge animals, partly true to nature and partly grotesque and horrible.

But dark scenes have also been witnessed within the old cathedral walls, and of these the most notable and daring was when, in 1793, the Deity was declared to be deposed by the notorious Convention, and the ancient edifice was transformed into a Temple of Reason. A celebrated beauty, Madame Maillard, of the Opera, known in more than one character to most members of the Convention, was appointed goddess of the new religion, and as Sir Archibald Alison says: "After being embraced by the President, she was mounted on a magnificent car and conducted amidst an immense crowd to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame to take the place of the Deity. There she was elevated on the high altar, and received the adoration of all present." A number of young women belonging to the opera, all of bad character, were her attendants, and so disgraceful and licentious were the scenes witnessed in the noble building thus desecrated, that even Robespierre afterwards declared that Chaumette, the ringleader in the sacrilege, "deserved death for the abominations he had permitted on that occasion."

Others are apparently representative of the Evil One, so commonly depicted in one form or another throughout the pictures and books of the Middle Ages.

Not until 1802 was the Catholic religion formally restored in France by Napoleon, who was then First Consul. On Easter Sunday in that year a *Te Deum* was celebrated at the historic Cathedral of Notre-Dame by Cardinal Caprava, in commemoration of the re-establishment of Christianity.

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A REMARKABLE RAILWAY LINE.

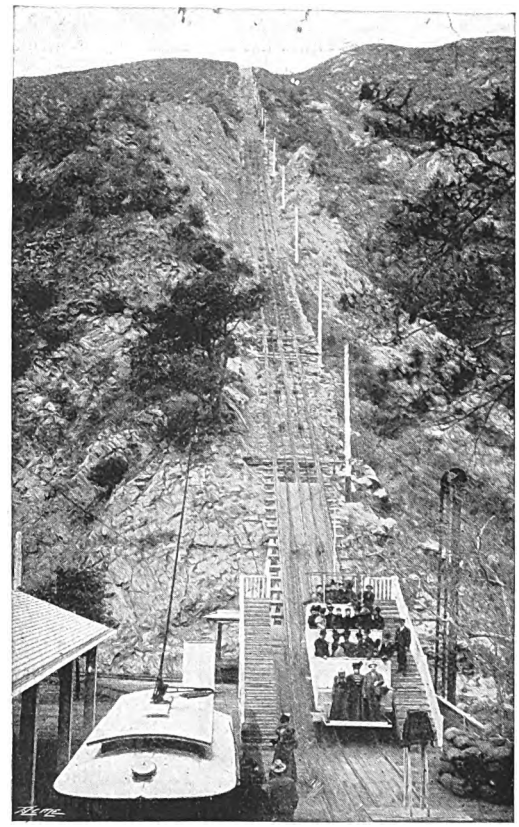
By C. F. Holder.

The State of California has, from its mountainous character, been the field of some remarkable engineering feats, chief among which is the pass of Zehachepi, which all travellers must cross in going from San Francisco to Los Angeles, New Orleans, or Mexico.

The pass was necessary to enable the road to enter an extraordinary jumble of mountains that block the way between the Mojave Desert and the great plain of the San Joaquin, and to make it possible the road at Zehachepi forms a perfect loop, not merely turning on, but going beneath itself, so that the train gradually rises with a spiral motion out of the tunnel and makes a complete loop in a large valley surrounded by mountains.

This section of the Southern Pacific Railroad is famous for its scenic possibilities, and the descent down the mountains from the summit to the San Joaquin Valley, made at a rapid rate of speed, is one of the marvels of modern travel.

The famous mountain stage road of Santa Catalina Island has two loops which make it possible for the coach to turn the point of the cañons which it skirts. In this instance the coach merely crosses its own track — a movement involving an interesting feat with the reins.



From a Photograph.

At the foot of the great cable incline, Mount Lowe.

On Mount Lowe, in Los Angeles County, is found the railway that is the Mecca of tourists in this part of the world. For years the Sierra Madre mountains were almost unknown, except to the few who climbed the trails or followed the streams in the cañons to their sources, and it was left to T. S. C. Lowe to erect a cable incline up the sides of the Sierras and thus make it possible for a person to pick oranges in Paradena and an hour later enjoy a sleigh ride, if winter is selected for the trip.

The approach to the mountains is made in an ordinary electric car, which climbs up over the mesa, finally entering a cañon. Here, standing at the foot of the incline and looking up, we see the Echo Mountain House at an altitude of 3500 feet. It is here that the stupendous nature of the work is appreciated.

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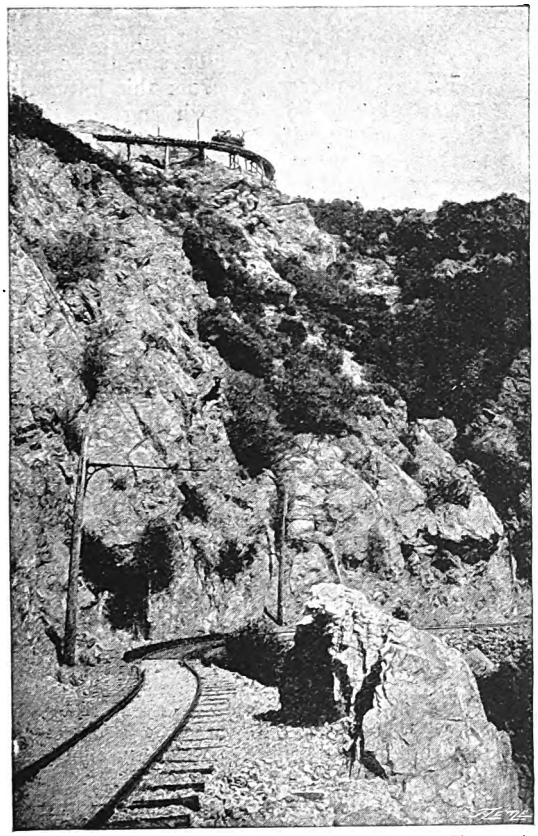


From a Photograph.

Echo Mountain in the distance, 3,500ft. high.

A white car, fastened to a cable, stands waiting, and at a tap of the wire, a signal to the man on the mountain, it rises steadily and mysteriously. The grade is at first 60 per cent., then at the half-way station it becomes 62, then 58, and finally 48 per cent. This means a direct rise of 62ft. in every hundred.

As the chariot rises, all the wonders of the mountains become apparent. The world seems to be dropping away from us. We look into the very heart of the range, its great cañons, its mighty walls and overhanging crags, all of the most titanic description, on every hand. Higher and higher. The islands sixty miles away are plainly seen, and a marvellous checker-board of the towns and cities of Southern California are spread before us.

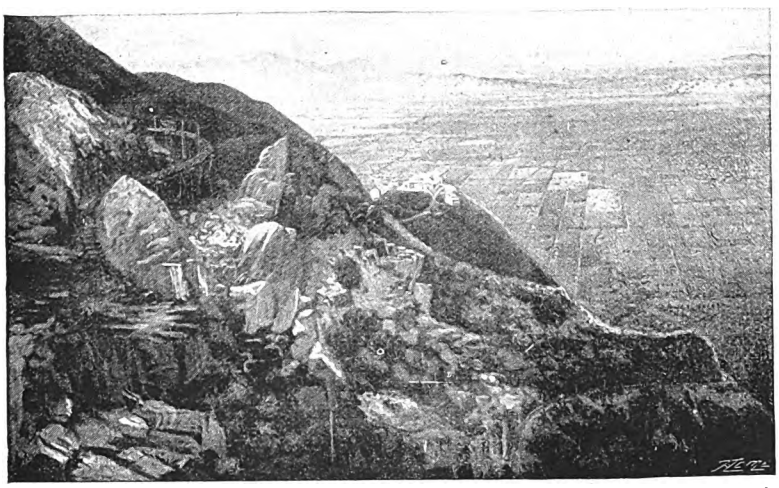
To show the complete command of the car, the conductor touches a small telegraph wire that skirts the track, and the car stops. Another touch, and it moves mysteriously upward. Glancing up, another car is seen coming down on the single track.

The cars are attached to an endless cable, tested to stand a strain of 100 tons, and they meet and pass at an automatic turn-out in the centre of the incline, one turning to one side, one to another.

We are now crossing a bridge 200ft. long, one end being 100ft. higher than the other—an ingenious anomaly. The road appears at one point to reach the almost perpendicular, then the car gently glides over the summit and stops at Echo Mountain.

There is the half-way station in the ascent of Mount Lowe, and presently the car moves on, ever skirting deep cañons, climbing rocky crags, sweeping suddenly around points of rock, and seemingly hovering between sky and earth.

This road, while not as sensational as the incline, is distinctly interesting. There is a remarkable circular bridge that is an astonishing feature to engineers who have seen it. Owing to the peculiar nature of the mountain it became necessary to encircle a spur.



From a Photograph.

The line of the railroad, with a glimpse of the valley.

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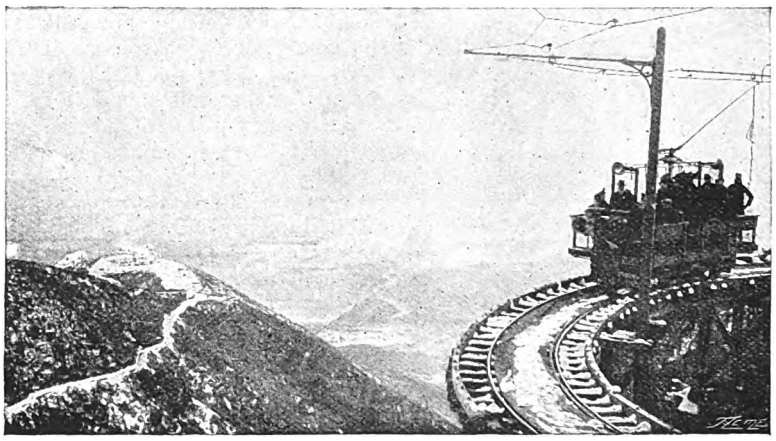
This was accomplished by building a circular bridge, 400ft. in circumference and 150ft. in diameter; the grade on the bridge is 4½ per cent.

The top of nothing is a familiar term to devotees of whist; it also appeals to the travellers on this wonderful bridge, as the car appears to be projected into space, and, like a bird, is suspended in mid-air. But it slowly moves on, and is soon running in the direction of Alpine Tavern, the end of the road at present. From this lofty eyrie the road can be seen winding downward like a snake, turning, coiling, doubling upon itself in loops and turns.



From a Photograph.

The famous circular bridge on reaching which the passengers seem to be travelling upon nothing.

From one point of vantage nine different tracks are seen. In winter the famous railroad is at its best. After a snowstorm from the summit of Mount Lowe, looking to the West, forty miles of snow-clad peaks are visible, forty miles across, peaks rising from 5,000ft. to 14,000ft. and more.

A turn of the head and the scene changes. At our feet are the groves and vineyards of California basking in the semi-tropical sun, the mesa ablaze with golden poppies, the fields green with grain, Winter and Summer face to face.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

FAREWELL, farewell, the fates unkind
Decree that we must part,
'Twere pain to stop, 'tis pain to go,
Farewell, farewell, dear heart.

They counsel me that time will find
Some other in thy stead,
That Nature's hand will soothe the pain
Of parting, that I dread.

That if I tarry nought but harm
Can you and me befall,
So once again, my own, farewell—
Farewell for good and all.

* * * * *

'Tis done and now I fain must seek
With human aid to build
Some ivory tomb to guard the spot
Which once my tooth had filled.

SIMPLE SIMON.

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FIFI'S LUCK

By Katharine Renell.

Fifi Carlingford was the prettiest, the smartest, and the luckiest woman in London, and Jack Carew was the stupidest, the dullest, and the most unlucky of men.

Hitherto his life had been one unbroken record of failure. He had been ploughed for the army; had failed to take his degree when, after much striving, his tutor had at last managed to struggle him into Oxford; and had omitted to make a fortune during the three years which he had spent on the gold-fields of Australia. That he loved Fifi was audacious, but it was not surprising—most members of the male sex between the ages of sixteen and sixty *did*. But the extraordinary part of the matter was that she, apparently, returned his affection.

Since the death of old Carlingford—whom Fifi had undoubtedly married for his money—the suitors for her fair hand had been numerous and varied—but she would have none of them. But when Jack Carew, big, stupid, floundering Jack, had blundered into her life, Fifi, with the incorrigibility of womankind, had descended from her pedestal of ice, and become engaged to him.

Society shrugged its conventional shoulders and marvelled. But then, Fifi was so dear and queer, she had always been eccentric (with the somewhat unpleasant eccentricities which only a very rich or very beautiful woman would be allowed to indulge in), and perhaps she saw more in young Carew than other people did. The "other people" saw only that he was a fool, which, being interpreted, meant that he was better-tempered and more good-natured than anybody else, and possessed of the best and kindest heart in the world. He was not rich, but his grandfather, his only surviving relative, was, and it was an open secret that old Carew, who was perilously near eighty-nine, and could not in all human possibility last much longer, had made him his heir.

Although the vastness of Fifi's wealth rendered her comparatively indifferent to her lover's income, Jack was "fool" enough to be averse to living on his wife's money. And certainly Fifi was very rich.

Apart from her own private income, it was well-known among certain select circles that Mrs. Carlingford's luck on the turf was extraordinary, indeed, the sums she won were reported as being fabulous, and she had never been known to lose. A fact which the before-mentioned circles, in the delightfully adaptable manner in which certain animals are depicted as always following their leader, thought charming, "so smart, don't you know," but which Jack, in his old-fashioned scrupulousness, did not altogether approve of for ladies.

"I don't like it, you know, darling," he said to her one evening, when they were sitting together in her boudoir, smoking cigarettes. Fifi often smoked in private, and somehow without appearing to offend. "I know your luck is preternatural, but it may desert you some day, and, hang it all, betting's not—it's not womanly."

Fifi laughed, and flicked the ash from the end of her cigarette.

"I don't want to be womanly," she retorted calmly; "it savours of Sunday school teachers;

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and as to my luck, it has been with me all through my life, hitherto, and I think it will do so until the end."

Jack sighed a little, and got up, it was past twelve o'clock, and time for him to leave her.

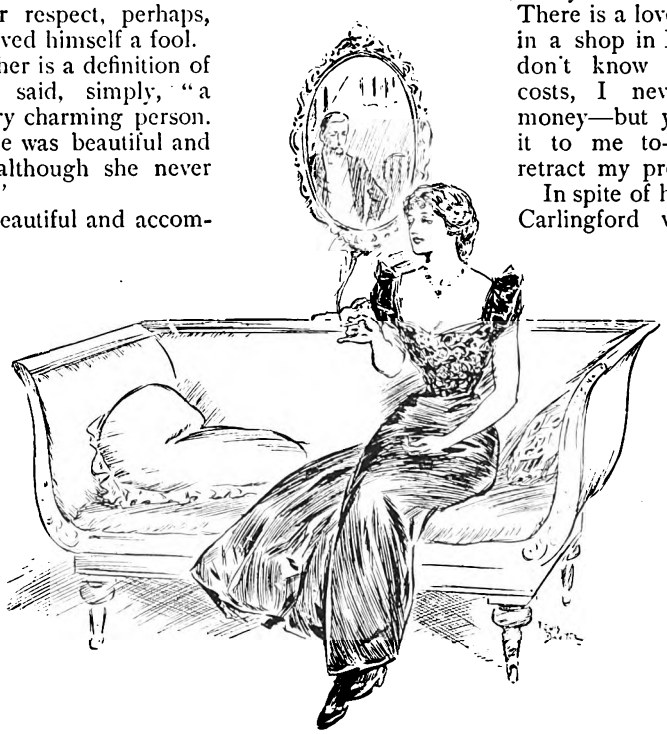
"All the same, Fifi," he said rather wistfully. "If you don't want to be womanly, surely you would wish to be ladylike? My mother—"

"Bother your mother!" interrupted Fifi, gaily; "she must have been an awful old frump, Jack."

Jack flushed. He had been fond of his mother, another respect, perhaps, in which he proved himself a fool.

"If my mother is a definition of a frump," he said, simply, "a frump was a very charming person. I know that she was beautiful and accomplished, although she never backed horses."

"So am I beautiful and accomplished," said Fifi, saucily, "although a good deal of my beauty is put on by my maid, and my accomplishments chiefly lie in the direction of smoking, shooting, and betting. I glory in my bad form, Jack, and would not be like your mother for the world!"



Fifi often smoked, and somehow without appearing to offend.

She was silent for the moment, then an idea seemed to strike her, for her lips parted in a smile, and a roguish look flashed into her dark eyes.

"I tell you what, Jack," she said, suddenly, "I'll be generous to you once—honour bright, I will. It was awfully sweet of you to give me that diamond pendant, the other day, and I—, I—," she hung her head demurely, and blushed, "I'll promise not to back any horses on Derby Day. There!"

Jack looked pleased. He was glad to think that she was ready to sacrifice one of her pleasures to his wish. She must love him then a little, he thought wistfully. Poor foolish, simple-hearted Jack. He was younger than Fifi; in age, by five years—in experience of women and the world, by twenty.

"That's awfully good of you, darling," he said eagerly. "I can't repay you for it——"

"Oh, yes, you can," interrupted Fifi. "I always want a bribe, you know, when I promise to be good."

Jack smiled.

"What shall it be, dear, another pendant?"

"A diamond necklace," she replied promptly. "Now, Jack, I gave you my word of honour, and you must give me your's. There is a love of a necklace in a shop in Bond Street—I don't know how much it costs, I never understand money—but you must bring it to me to-morrow, or I retract my promise."

In spite of her wealth, Mrs. Carlingford was still very mercenary.

Jack began to think that his cup of happiness was being impregnated with a few drops of bitterness. He was the accepted lover of the most beautiful woman in London, but she was also the most expensive. Hardly a day had passed since their engagement that he had not bought her something, and he wondered, vaguely, how on earth he was to pay for a diamond necklace. Still, anything—anything to save her from that horrible betting, even if he had to pawn his dearest earthly possession.

"All right, darling," he said bravely, "I'll manage it."

Fifi accompanied him to the hall door herself, an honour which she seldom conferred upon him, for she was a coy damsel, but she was in high spirits to-night. The glint of diamonds is, to some women, what human blood is to a tiger. The magnificent pendant that Jack, in the first flush of his

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happiness at their engagement, had given her, had merely aroused in her a desire for more. Fifi had tasted blood.

"That's my own dear, generous boy," she murmured, sweetly.

And Jack was made deliriously happy when she helped him into his great coat with her own white hands, and then permitted him to imprint one kiss on her beautiful face.

Oh, she too, could be generous at times.

* * * * *

Jack was coming down the steps of his club a couple of weeks later, when a hand was suddenly laid upon his arm. He turned round sharply, like a man who knows that he has to be on his guard. Then the hunted look faded from his face, and an expression of relieved surprise took its place.

"Why, Vane!" he exclaimed, mentioning the name of a man with whom he had "chummed" during the three unsuccessful years he had passed on the goldfields. "I didn't expect to meet you here!"

The other laughed. He was a short, thick-set, horsey-looking fellow, with shrewd, rather cunning eyes.

"You couldn't have looked more startled if you'd seen a ghost," he rejoined. "What's up with you, Carew? You look as if the 'tecs' were after you."

Jack flushed, and linking his arm in Vane's, walked on for a moment without saying a word, then, all of a sudden, he spoke.

"Vane," he said bluntly, "I want a thousand pounds."

"So do most of us, I guess."

Jack took no notice of the interruption.

"Before a month is over, I'm ruined, body and soul! I'm in debt, Vane, to a jeweller, and he's threatened to send the bill in to my grandfather if I don't settle up in less than a month. If there is one thing in this world that the old man detests, it is debt, and he has told me, many a time, that if ever a bill of mine comes in to him, he will disinherit me—and he always keeps his word. I shall have to emigrate, Vane, for I'm engaged to be married to——"

"Ah, I thought the woman was coming in somewhere. She is generally at the bottom of it when a man gets into a mess."

"The most beautiful woman in London, Mrs. Carlingford——"

For the first time during the conversation, Vane began to display interest.

"What, not *the* Mrs. Carlingford?" he asked.

Jack flushed; it never pleased him to think that Fifi was notorious.

"I don't quite understand you," he said, with slight haughtiness.

Vane laughed.

"Why, man alive! her luck on the turf is proverbial. I'm a betting man myself, and well-up in such matters; but by jove, I think that little woman must have got the devil in her."

"Thanks," interrupted Jack, coldly, "you will perhaps be surprised to hear then, that Mrs. Carlingford has promised to give up betting, at my wish."

Vane looked up in perplexed surprise.

"But surely," he said, "she cannot have done that, she—"

"But I maintain that she has," Jack insisted stoutly, "and I am thankful for it, although it has cost me a thousand pounds. If I don't get some means of paying that bill, Vane, I'm done! Good God! I shall have to give up Fifi; for I can't marry her without a penny."

Vane looked honestly concerned. For a time he was silent, then suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, for he looked up quickly, a light on his good-natured face.

"Look here, Carew," he said, "I've thought of a way to help you, and by jove, we'll do it! There are more ways than one of winning a thousand pounds. Why not take a leaf out of Mrs. Carlingford's book, and try the turf?"

For a moment Jack's face brightened, then it fell again.

"I hate anything to do with betting, Vane."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the other, in a disgusted voice; "you've got no more of the devil in you than my old grandmother! You——"

"But I don't understand anything about it, either," faltered Jack. "I always steered clear of it, and I'm fool enough at understanding anything, goodness knows. I tell you, I know about as much about horse-racing as a school girl. Why, I don't even remember who won the Derby last year."

"No; but you'll have a cool thousand on the horse who wins it this year," said Vane, stolidly. "Don't you bother about your ignorance on such matters, I know enough for both of us, and you can trust me, old pal. I'm in the know for the Derby this year, I can tell you, and if you'll leave it all to me——"

He paused, and gave a significant wink. Jack pushed his hat back with a gesture of

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He paused, and gave a significant wink.

weariness, and a cool breeze sprang up and ruffled the fair hair on his forehead.

"It's a detestable business!" he said. Vane was writing something in a greasy-looking pocket-book.

"Have some pluck in you," he said, drily, "and try your luck."

Jack smiled rather bitterly.

"It's had more tries than one, and has never done me a good turn yet," he remarked. "I — I'm not Mrs. Carlingford."

"No, and what's more, you'll never be her husband either, if you don't pay off that thousand."

This last shot told. Jack could not bear to think of losing Fifi. In five minutes Vane was smiling with satisfaction—his point was gained. They had reached his destination now, and Jack, having refused an invitation to enter, was turning away, when suddenly he called Vane back. The latter was startled at the whiteness of his face.

"I say, old chap," he said, "it's—it's a matter of life or death to me, you know, if—if I lose, what then?"

Vane frowned—he never cared to look at the dark side of any question.

"If you lose," he began, "if you lose——" Then:

"Oh, that be hanged!" he added quickly, "of course you won't!"

* * * * *

Jack lunched with Fifi on Derby Day. She was waiting for him in her drawing-room when he arrived, and though she greeted him with her accustomed cheerfulness, her manner was slightly strained, and something seemed to be weighing on her mind. She had dressed herself entirely in white, which suited her dark beauty to perfection, and round her neck, though Fifi rarely wore much jewellery during the daytime, there glistened the diamonds that he had given her.

Jack looked at them, and although he admired their beauty, he could hardly repress a sigh when he thought of the terrible price that they were probably going to cost him. If he won his thousand pounds, all right; if not—ah, if not! Well, terrible as the suspense was, he would know soon. He had told Vane to wire to him the moment the race was over.

During lunch, Fifi, contrary to her wont, scarcely spoke at all, and Jack, occupied with his own thoughts, was equally silent. Afterwards he followed her into the drawing-room, where she sang coon songs to her banjo accompaniment, but without the fire and fervour with which she generally sang to him.

When she had finished, Jack, noticing her preoccupation, came up to where she was sitting by the half opened window, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"There is something on your mind to-day, Fifi," he said simply, "you are not yourself, what is it?"

Fifi looked up at him. There was a strange tenderness in her big dark eyes.

She laughed rather nervously, and hesitated a moment before she replied.

"I've got a big secret, Jack," she said, "and it's too large for a little woman like me. I've kept it from you, old boy, till I felt that I *must* tell you or die. But I've managed to keep it until now—and after to-night I needn't keep it from you any longer—you will know it in less than half-an-hour!"

Jack's lips parted in their large good-natured smile.

"I, too, have got a great big secret," he said slowly, "but you will know that also, soon. I wonder what your's is about, Fifi?"

Almost instinctively, Fifi drew her shoulder away from the caress of his big hand. He saw her cheeks suddenly flush.

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"You will be awfully angry with me when you know, old boy," she said in a low voice.

Jack's hand wandered back again on to her shoulder.

"Angry with *you?*" he said reproachfully. "Oh, my darling!"

Then, suddenly, he sighed.

"Perhaps you, too, will be angry with me when you have heard what *my* secret is," he said.

Fifi looked up at him. She noticed the weariness of his eyes and the lines of anxiety round his mouth.

"Have you been doing anything bad, Jack?" she asked.

Jack sat down by her side and looked into her eyes.

"I have been doing," he said bitterly, "exactly what I told you not to. I am a nice person, am I not, not to practice what I preach?"

"Oh——Jack!"

Fifi had suddenly risen from her seat. She stood in front of him, there was a strange light in her eyes.

"Jack——" she began.

The door opened suddenly. The servant, bearing a silver salver, stood before them. The salver contained coffee and two little yellow envelopes. Fifi snatched them up.

"One for you, Jack," she cried, "how very odd!"

She tossed it across to him. Jack took it, and he felt his hand shake. Almost instinctively he moved away to the other end of the room. He felt as if he could not read it with Fifi's eyes upon him. Good God! The suspense was awful. Something seemed to have clutched at his heart—it was a cruel pain. Perhaps his heart was a bit weak—well, he must bear up better than this, it would never do for him to faint and give way like a woman.

He opened the envelope — slowly. Oh, what news had Vane sent him? Which was it—ruin and emigration, or life—love—Fifi . . . . Read it, you fool, be brave!

He was holding the little slip of paper before his eyes.

His hand was shaking so, and his eyes were misty, the words were all blurred, and he could scarcely see. Oh, coward, woman that he was!

Let's see, what was it? Ah!

"Vindictive beaten short head by Lotus-eater. Awfully sorry."—Vane.

* * * * *

Fifi raised her head, her cheeks were flushed and glowing, and her eyes shone with a triumphant light. She, a woman, had won the Derby!

She rose from her chair.

"Jack!" she cried joyously. "Oh, Jack, congratulate me. That is my secret, but I kept my word to you all the same, for I never backed a horse to-day, although I was the owner of Lotus-eater. Oh, Jack, isn't it grand?"

Sun-blinds shaded the room. Fifi always moved in twilight. From the further end, in her excitement, she could dimly see Jack lying back in a chair. She advanced towards him, waving the little yellow paper above her head, and laughing with delight.

"Did you ever know anything like my luck?" she said. "And fancy, you old goose, not finding out that I had entered Lotus-eater for the Derby." Then, as he still made no answer; "Jack, why don't you speak to me? You're not angry with me, are you?"

She had reached him now, and, in her haste, she stumbled against his legs, which were stretched out stiffly in front of him. His head had fallen forward on to his breast, and, grasped tightly in his hand, was the little

She sang coon songs to her banjo accompaniment.

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yellow paper that had dealt him so cruel a blow.

Something in the expression of his face struck a cold fear into Fifi's heart. She laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him gently.

"Jack!" she cried. "Oh, Jack, speak to me. Don't look like that."

The telegram, loosened from the cold fingers that held it, fluttered to the ground. Fifi picked it up, and read it through. For a moment she stood motionless, her face whiter than her gown. Then, with a sudden cry, she flung herself on her knees by his side.

"Oh, Jack!" she wailed. "My darling, forgive me. I did not know. And to think that it is my Lotus-eater that has done this. Jack—speak to me—say you forgive."

She laid a hand on his shoulder and shook him gently.

But the voice, which had been wont to answer to her faintest call, was now for ever silent. For Death, the all-merciful, had come to heal Jack's broken heart.

And Fifi knew that her luck had turned at last.

* * * * *

Mrs. Carlingford has given Society another shock. For she has let her house in Grosvenor Square to a foreign prince with an unpronounceable name, and retired to her country residence in Devonshire, where, according to rumour, she intends to live for the rest of her natural life. It is also well-known among her acquaintances that she has given up smoking and shooting, and that fashionable race-meetings know her no more. But when, in addition to all this, it was rumoured that she had founded a soup-kitchen, was building a new apse to the village church, and actually—oh, dreadful!—was the manager of a large and flourishing class in the Sunday school, Society lifted up its hands in horror! For some time it vainly puzzled its head over this extraordinary conduct on the part of the smartest woman in London, but at last, after much thought, it arrived at two conclusions.

The men,—with whom Fifi had always been popular—said that Mrs. Carlingford had more heart, after all, than they had given her credit for, and being cut up at poor Carew's death, was trying to turn over a new leaf for his sake; but the women—with whom she had always been unpopular—asserted that once a flirt, always a flirt, and the bold minx was setting her cap at the village curate.

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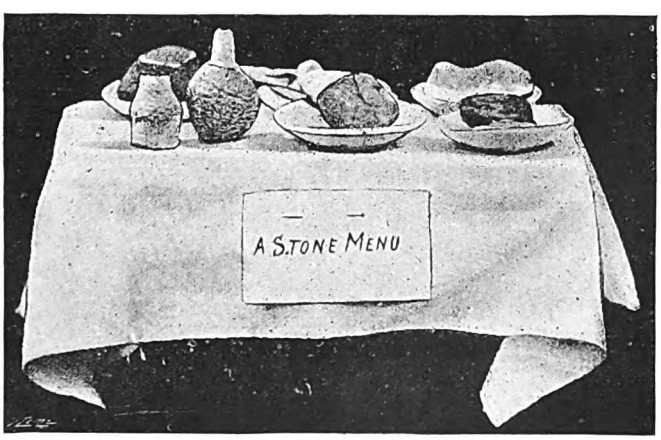
SOME EXTRAORDINARY STONE FREAKS

By Henry G. Swift.

The eccentricities of Nature sometimes assume very startling guises—that is, startling enough to the human eye. And among the many queer and whimsical curiosities met with few are more striking than the wonderful accidental resemblances occasionally met with in inanimate forms and substances, and in the chips from Nature's workshop.

Readers are of course familiar with the outlines of human faces which can be detected among the mazes of a map, for instance; while, perhaps, more familiar still are the singular likenesses met with in the vegetable kingdom when a forked radish or a bifurcated carrot will borrow the dignity of the human form divine, or a potato put on quite a human expression. Such instances are, however, comparatively common, as are similar peculiarities in trees with gnarled and knotted trunks. It is also perhaps unnecessary to remind our readers that many hills and headlands looked at from a particular point of vantage bear a strange resemblance to faces and other things. Perhaps in the case of well-known cliffs and rocks remarkable for singularity of outline, it is not wonderful that they should attract attention till they have not only a local habitation but a name.



A Stony Repast.

Again everyone has seen pictures of scenery, trees, and other subjects in moss agate, and there are several noted specimens which are so curious that they are valued at many times their weight in gold.

But, among all the natural curiosities of this description, none are more strange and interesting than the extraordinary freaks sometimes met with in common pebbles picked up from the seashore.

The writer of the present article, influenced by a love of the queer and the wonderful in all things, has gathered together a small collection which he has picked up from time to time in his rambles along the various parts of the Kentish and Sussex coast. Most of the specimens which are here reproduced have been found stranded by the receding tide, and it has required not a little careful observation and discrimination to discern their peculiarities, as at first sight, lying on the bed of the sand, they have not always appeared what they have afterwards turned out to be.

The dainty viands set forth on the doll's table, appetising as they may here appear, it is necessary to warn the hungry are nothing more than judiciously selected pebbles, while the one or two utensils, the flask and the drinking-cup are only curiously-shaped flintstones.

The elephant's profile next depicted,

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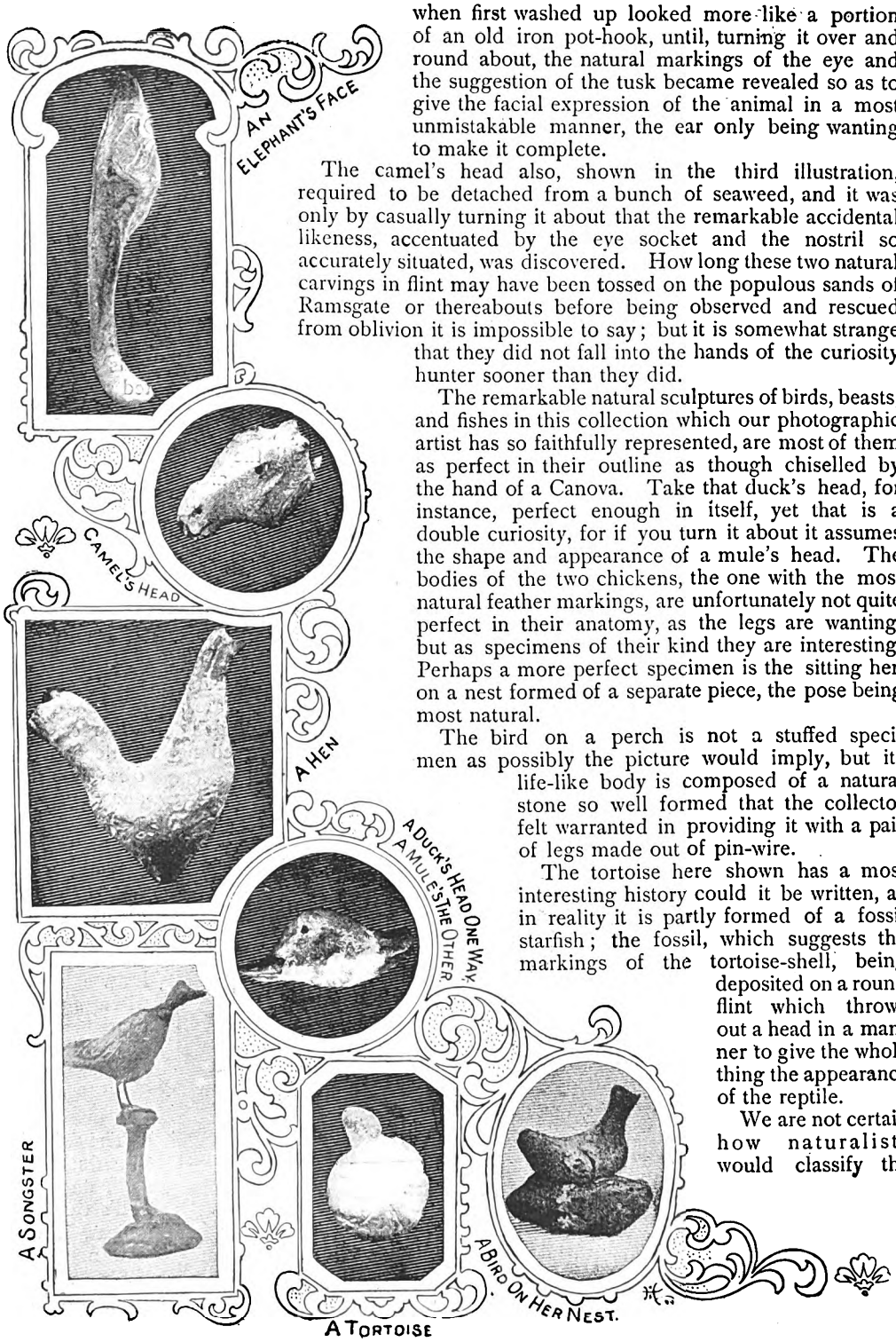

when first washed up looked more like a portion of an old iron pot-hook, until, turning it over and round about, the natural markings of the eye and the suggestion of the tusk became revealed so as to give the facial expression of the animal in a most unmistakable manner, the ear only being wanting to make it complete.

The camel's head also, shown in the third illustration, required to be detached from a bunch of seaweed, and it was only by casually turning it about that the remarkable accidental likeness, accentuated by the eye socket and the nostril so accurately situated, was discovered. How long these two natural carvings in flint may have been tossed on the populous sands of Ramsgate or thereabouts before being observed and rescued from oblivion it is impossible to say; but it is somewhat strange that they did not fall into the hands of the curiosity hunter sooner than they did.

The remarkable natural sculptures of birds, beasts, and fishes in this collection which our photographic artist has so faithfully represented, are most of them as perfect in their outline as though chiselled by the hand of a Canova. Take that duck's head, for instance, perfect enough in itself, yet that is a double curiosity, for if you turn it about it assumes the shape and appearance of a mule's head. The bodies of the two chickens, the one with the most natural feather markings, are unfortunately not quite perfect in their anatomy, as the legs are wanting, but as specimens of their kind they are interesting. Perhaps a more perfect specimen is the sitting hen on a nest formed of a separate piece, the pose being most natural.

The bird on a perch is not a stuffed specimen as possibly the picture would imply, but its life-like body is composed of a natural stone so well formed that the collector felt warranted in providing it with a pair of legs made out of pin-wire.

The tortoise here shown has a most interesting history could it be written, as in reality it is partly formed of a fossil starfish; the fossil, which suggests the markings of the tortoise-shell, being deposited on a round flint which throws out a head in a manner to give the whole thing the appearance of the reptile.

We are not certain how naturalists would classify the

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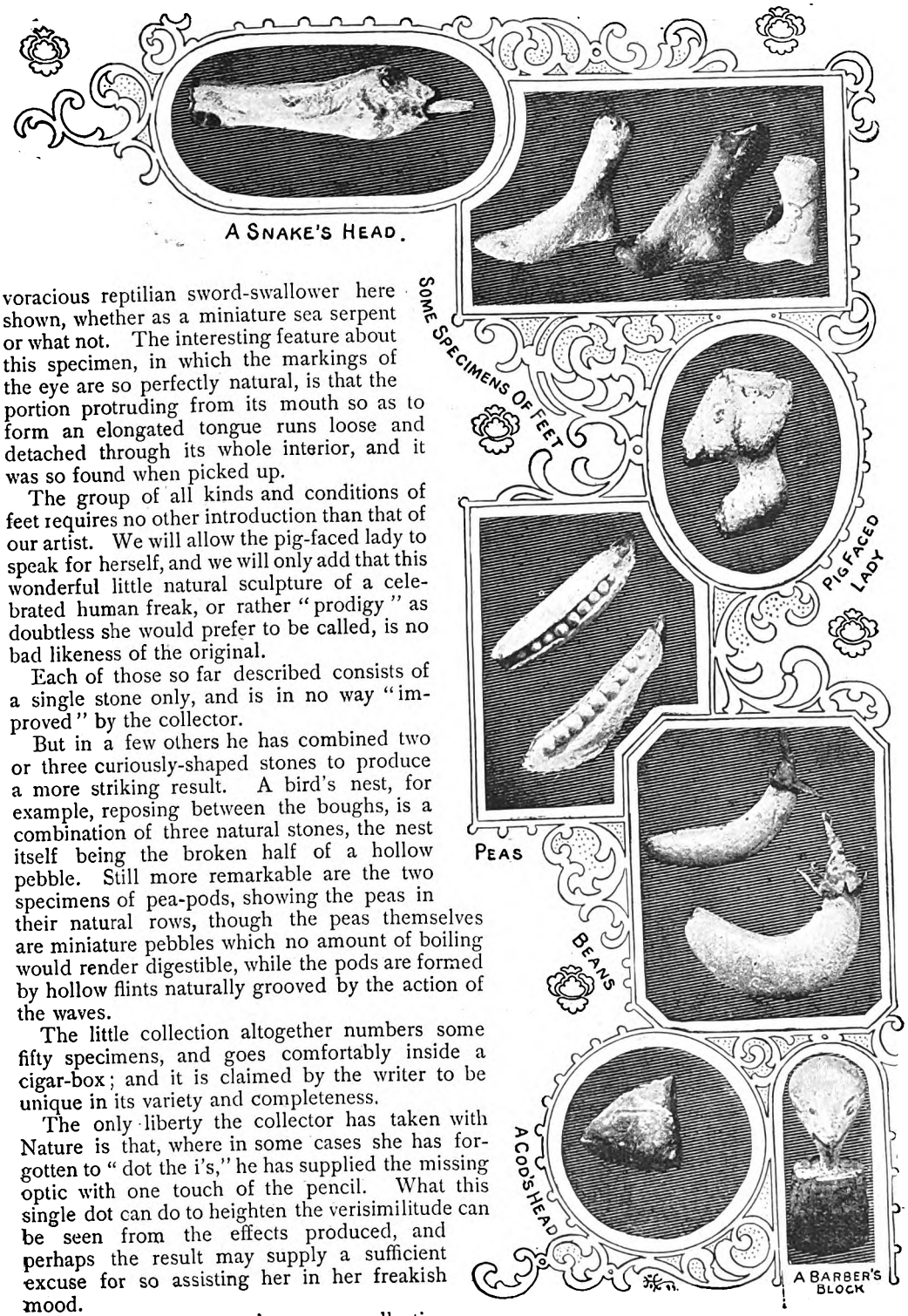

voracious reptilian sword-swallower here shown, whether as a miniature sea serpent or what not. The interesting feature about this specimen, in which the markings of the eye are so perfectly natural, is that the portion protruding from its mouth so as to form an elongated tongue runs loose and detached through its whole interior, and it was so found when picked up.

The group of all kinds and conditions of feet requires no other introduction than that of our artist. We will allow the pig-faced lady to speak for herself, and we will only add that this wonderful little natural sculpture of a celebrated human freak, or rather "prodigy" as doubtless she would prefer to be called, is no bad likeness of the original.

Each of those so far described consists of a single stone only, and is in no way "improved" by the collector.

But in a few others he has combined two or three curiously-shaped stones to produce a more striking result. A bird's nest, for example, reposing between the boughs, is a combination of three natural stones, the nest itself being the broken half of a hollow pebble. Still more remarkable are the two specimens of pea-pods, showing the peas in their natural rows, though the peas themselves are miniature pebbles which no amount of boiling would render digestible, while the pods are formed by hollow flints naturally grooved by the action of the waves.

The little collection altogether numbers some fifty specimens, and goes comfortably inside a cigar-box; and it is claimed by the writer to be unique in its variety and completeness.

The only liberty the collector has taken with Nature is that, where in some cases she has forgotten to "dot the i's," he has supplied the missing optic with one touch of the pencil. What this single dot can do to heighten the verisimilitude can be seen from the effects produced, and perhaps the result may supply a sufficient excuse for so assisting her in her freakish mood.

These little stones taken as a collection

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have a more interesting history than the far-famed Elgin marbles. They are not fossils, but probably older than most fossil remains. They are older than the Pyramids, and had most likely assumed their shape centuries ere Cheops or the Pharaohs reigned. Civilisations have come and gone, and the tides of human affairs have ebbed and flowed, while these fragments of a geologic age—so strangely fashioned by the hand of chance—have lain concealed in the depths of the ocean or embedded in the sands of time.

It is no uncommon thing for visitors to the seaside to collect pretty and curious pebbles from the beach but that the practice can thus be brought almost to a fine art will probably come as a surprise to most of our readers. No doubt there are many who have noticed the strange resemblance which numbers of the wave-washed stones bear to well-known objects and to living creatures; but this is probably the first time that such a collection has been systematically arranged and photographed. That the result well repays the owner of the pebbles will be agreed, and it is quite possible that during the remainder of the present season large numbers of readers of the Royal Magazine will be seen upon the shingle beaches of our most popular seaside resorts hunting for tiny stone birds, beasts and fishes. The hobby of the author has one decided advantage, that it costs little or nothing except time, and does not require that long journeys be taken, as the nearest seaside spot is quite as likely to be rich in "finds" as the most distant place on the other side of the world.

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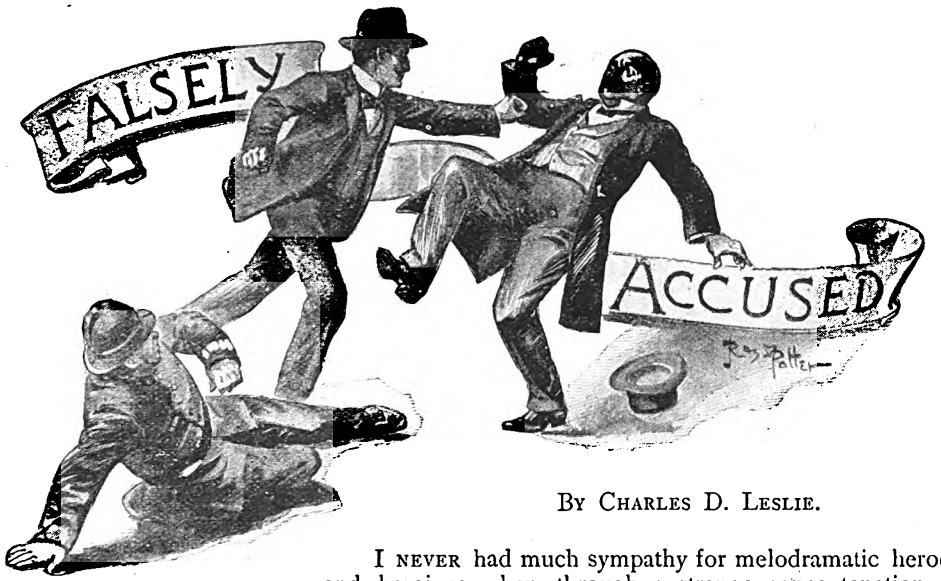

By Charles D. Leslie.

I never had much sympathy for melodramatic heroes and heroines when, through a strange concantenation of circumstances, they became falsely accused of various offences from murder downwards. I only smiled when the villain's accusations were promptly believed by the other characters, when the accused person's explanation was declared absurd, when the conveniently handy and wooden-headed policeman arrested the culprit. Such things I deemed belonged only to stage-land, a region having laws and customs of its own. But I have recently changed my views, and my philosophy has perforce been enlarged.

It was upon a bright June day that I left London for Poppleton bound on a visit to my uncle the Rev. James Mackenzie. He had recently accepted the living of Bondon, a little village four miles from Poppleton, the latter a sleepy old fashioned country town, and this was my first visit to the locality. I found my uncle waiting for me at the station, and packing my portmanteau and myself into the dog-cart, we drove by pleasant country lanes to the vicarage.

"You've come just in time for the bazaar, Dick," he observed presently, when we were nearing our destination.

"What bazaar is that? It it for your church?"

"No, for the Poppleton Parish Church. It is to be rather a big function and will be held in the Town Hall. Your aunt and Madge take a stall and you, I expect, will be impressed to aid."

My relations, I found, were full of the bazaar; nothing else was talked of that evening. Aunt Susan and Madge had been working for weeks in connection with it and anxiously discussed its fate. Poppleton was horribly unenterprising; fancy dresses and other extraneous aid to success, though talked of, had been discarded. There would merely be a sale of work and a concert in the adjoining room, with the additional dissipation of raffles on the second day for everything of value left unsold.

Next morning the ladies drove in early to arrange their stall. Uncle James and I followed directly after luncheon and joined them in the ugly red brick building, which was the *locale* of all this amateur philanthropy. It had not yet been opened to the public, but was the scene of fierce confusion and bustle, workers—male and female—rushing about with ant-like activity and apparent lack of order. I lost sight of my Uncle, but presently came upon Madge conversing with a small and daintily-attired lady, a widow by her dress, and carrying a music case under her arm.

"Ah, here is Dick," cried Madge; "Emma, let me introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Mackenzie; Dick," she continued to her friend, "will take you into the concert room, and now I must go back to mother."

Owing to the crowd the passage was difficult and I offered the lady my arm which she gratefully accepted and piloted her into the adjoining room where the concert was to be held. It was now almost empty. My companion sat down and sought her smelling bottle. "I am

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I murmured condolences and sat down beside her.

afraid," she murmured plaintively, "you will think me a very poor creature, but the noise and confusion there have quite upset me."

I murmured condolences and sat down beside her. Presumably my sympathy or the smelling bottle revived her, for she chatted vivaciously and I soon began to think her charming. Presently observing that she had to play the overture in the forthcoming concert she put her hand to her belt and uttered an exclamation:

"There! How stupid of me, I have come without my watch, and my music case is locked and the key on my chain. How annoying!"

"Could I not fetch it?"

"I hardly like to trouble you, but if you would be so good natured—I left watch and chain on the dining room mantelpiece. My little cottage is not half a mile off, and if I were not such a bad walker—where do I live? Fairview, at the top of the Maybourne Road. Oh thank you so very much."

Bearing a memory of her farewell smile I hurried off on my errand, elbowing my way through the well-dressed throng now pouring in, and, quitting the building, turning to the right where I had a half idea Maybourne Road was. After ten minutes' brisk walking I began to fear I was at fault and regretted I had not sought minuter directions, when I came upon a pretty detached house with Fair on one gate pillar. Opening the iron gate I entered and rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a trim maid servant.

Just as the door opened it suddenly occurred to me that I did not know the name of the lady whose messenger I was. Madge had only half performed the ceremony of introduction, but we had got on so well that I had forgotten to have the omission repaired. But I evaded the difficulty neatly.

"Your mistress left her watch and chain behind her, so I have come to fetch them. On the dining-room mantelpiece."

"Her watch and chain, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, stepping into the hall as I spoke, for I was anxious to lose no time, but to win another smile by a prompt return, and, laying my hand on the nearest door-handle: "Is this the dining-room?" The girl answered in the affirmative, so I entered forthwith, and the first thing I saw was the watch and chain, not on the mantelpiece, but on the table.

I caught them hastily up with one hand and put them into my jacket pocket, making some remark to the maid as I did so, when, turning, I was aware of a gentleman standing by the servant on the threshold, regarding me curiously. I gave a slight start of surprise, for his presence was unexpected. Madge's friend was plainly a widow—a young widow; it could not be her son—possibly this was a brother. I had imagined she lived alone, but there was no warrant for my supposition.

"Good afternoon," I said, inwardly wishing I could remember or, rather, had obtained the lady's name ere I came on this errand. "I came for the watch. The key is wanted, don't you know, to unlock the music case."

"Yes, I see you have come for the watch, but pray, who sent you on the errand?"

"The lady of the house of course."

"Are you quite sure of that?" he said dryly.

I tried to keep my temper.

"Look here," I said, I don't know who you are, but give me your name and I will explain more fully."

"With pleasure. My name is Daunton. I am the master of this house, that watch and chain you have just pocketed belong to my

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wife and as she is at this moment in her room I rather doubt your statement."

"Have I made a mistake?" I stammered, "haven't you a lady staying here who is now at the Town Hall and about to take part in the concert? She didn't give me her name, but she left her watch at home and I came to fetch it."

"Jane, fetch a policeman," was all the answer Mr. Daunton vouchsafed.

"A policeman," I cried, horror-stricken, "what, you don't mean—how dare you accuse me? Do I look like a thief? Hang it man, can't you see I'm speaking the truth?"

I fairly lost my head as the embarrassments of my position fully dawned upon me. It was plain I had made a ghastly mistake, yet surely my dress and the tone of my voice must convince my accuser that I was a gentleman? But he greeted my expostulations with a contemptuous smile. I was considering the advisability of knocking him down, and trying to make my escape, when to my horror, the maid-servant reappeared with a stout blue-coated constable.

The prompt appearance of the policeman, who actually was on the spot when wanted, seemed the crowning blow of fate. When had such a thing ever happened off the stage?

"Constable," said Mr. Daunton, in a metallic voice, "I give this individual in charge for an attempted theft."

I had ere this deposited the watch and chain again on the table. Had I only looked more closely at them before, I should have seen that there was no key attached to the chain; but assuming I was in the right house, I had snatched them up without consideration.

"Very good, sir," answered Robert.

"He obtained access to this house by telling the maid a cock-and-bull story of having been sent by the mistress of the house to fetch her watch. He confesses he does not even know the name of the lady who he alleges commissioned him to call for it."

"That's a very old trick, sir."

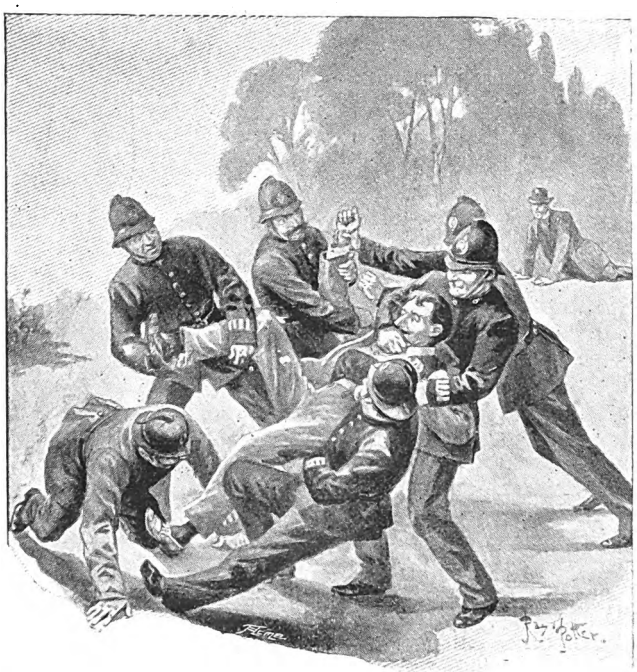
"Trick!" I spluttered, "it's the truth. I've merely mistaken the house."

The policeman laid hold of me. "Best come quietly, and it's my duty to inform you that——"

"I can easily prove that what I say is correct. I admit appearances are against me, but all I ask is that you accompany me to the Town Hall—I'll make no effort to escape—and there my friends will convince you that my story is true. My name is McKenzie. I am an architect by profession, and the nephew of the Rev. James McKenzie, of Bondon. My aunt is a stall-keeper at the bazaar now being held."

Now, surely this was a straightforward request which should have convinced any ordinary person of my innocence, but those two suspicious fools only looked wise, and the policeman gravely shook his head. "You must come with me to the police station," he responded, "and be charged, and then you can send a message to your friends."

Deaf to my protests I was marched out of the house, but in the garden a bright idea occurred to my mind. At all risks I determined to avoid the humiliation of being taken to the police station. The road was sure to be deserted. Could I but give my captors the slip, I might escape, reach the



In an instant I was seized by the arms, the legs, the body, the breath half choked out of me, smothered in constables.

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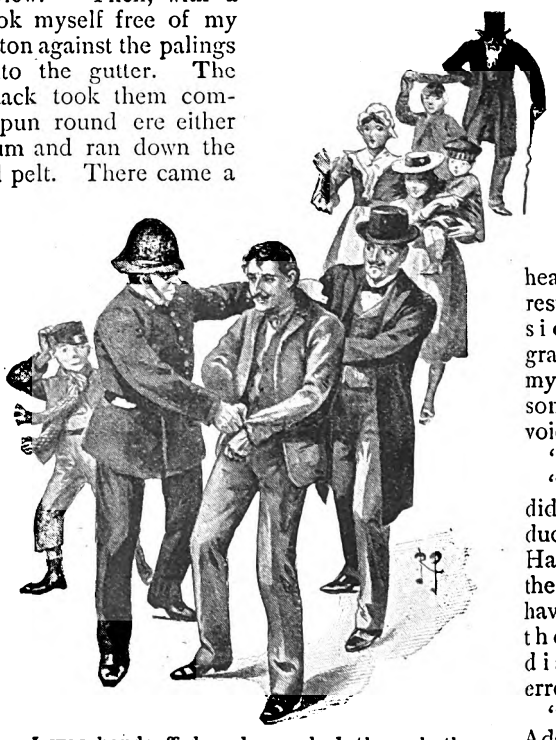
town hall, re-enter the building, and be safe from arrest.

Were the road clear it could be done. The relentless Daunton who had expressed his determination to accompany me did not look like an athlete, the policeman was elderly and stout, neither need be feared once I were free. A quick spurt would carry me round the corner and out of sight.

They led me through the gate I had so jauntily entered less than ten minutes before. Too late I noticed the second half of the name of the house painted on the other pillar was "holme," not "view." Then, with a dexterous twist, I shook myself free of my captors, thrusting Daunton against the palings and the policeman into the gutter. The suddenness of my attack took them completely by surprise, I spun round ere either recovered his equilibrium and ran down the road as hard as I could pelt. There came a shout of "stop thief" in my rear; but I outran my pursuers easily, and, but for an untoward circumstance, I believe I should have eluded capture. But it was not to be. As if in answer to the shouts, a posse of constables, eight in number, rounded the corner in front marching in single file in my direction. It afterwards transpired that they were then going on duty. Next instant I was upon them. Desperate and indeed unable to check my speed, I tried to break through. Vain attempt. They fell on me like ravening wolves or footballers on an adversary. In an instant I was seized by the arms, the legs, the body, the breath half choked out of me, smothered in constables.



I was handcuffed and marched through the streets, collecting a tail of idlers.

Up came my original captors, and with apathy, I heard my crimes and misdemeanours recounted; was handcuffed and marched through the streets with ignominy to the police station, collecting a tail of idlers as I went. It was all so terribly real, I began to wonder if I weren't actually guilty. But at headquarters, confronted with the charge sheet, I recovered my faculties and told my tale as clearly as possible. Indeed, the officer-in-charge after sending a messenger for my uncle, unofficially informed me he was half inclined to believe me.

"You could have made up such a much better yarn," he explained.

Happily my stay in durance vile was brief, Uncle James came speedily to the rescue, and, moreover, brought with him a local J.P. In the presence of this gentleman the terrors of the law vanished like smoke before a breeze. The inspector was speedily convinced of my innocence; I was set at liberty without a stain on my character, and escorted by the majesty of Law and Church, returned in triumph to the Town Hall.

"It was all your fault," I complained to Madge, who had heard the unlucky result of my mission, and congratulated me on my safe return in a somewhat unsteady voice.

"Oh, Dick!"

"It was; why didn't you introduce me properly? Had I only known the name I would have given it to the servant and discovered my error."

"True son of Adam, accuse a woman! Emma Marshall and I are great friends, I certainly thought I mentioned her name. But fancy dashing off to her house if you didn't know it. As a *preux chevalier*, Dick, you lack wit."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Marshall was not much inconvenienced by my failing to fetch her key," I said, for the strains of the concert were wafted to my ear.

"No, it so happened her music-case was not locked after all. She discovered the fact directly you left, so she was able to play—what did you say, Dick.?"

"Nothing," I answered; thoughts are sometimes too deep for words.

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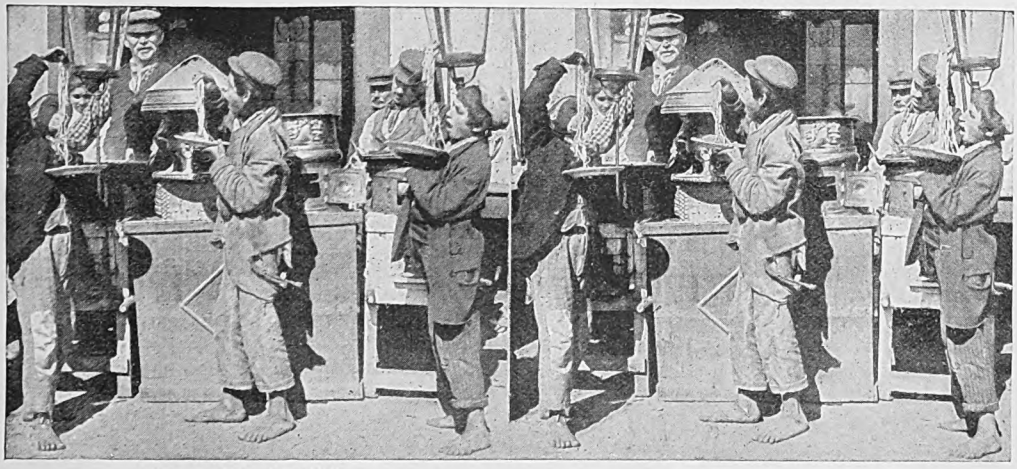
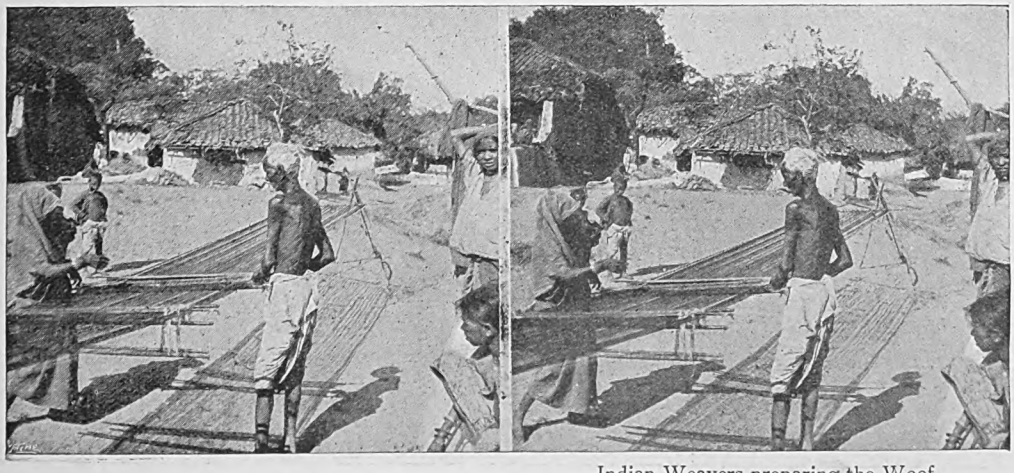
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

"Tell me, daisy, does he love me?"



Macaroni for the Million.



Indian Weavers preparing the Woof.

To be cut out and used as slides in a stereoscope.

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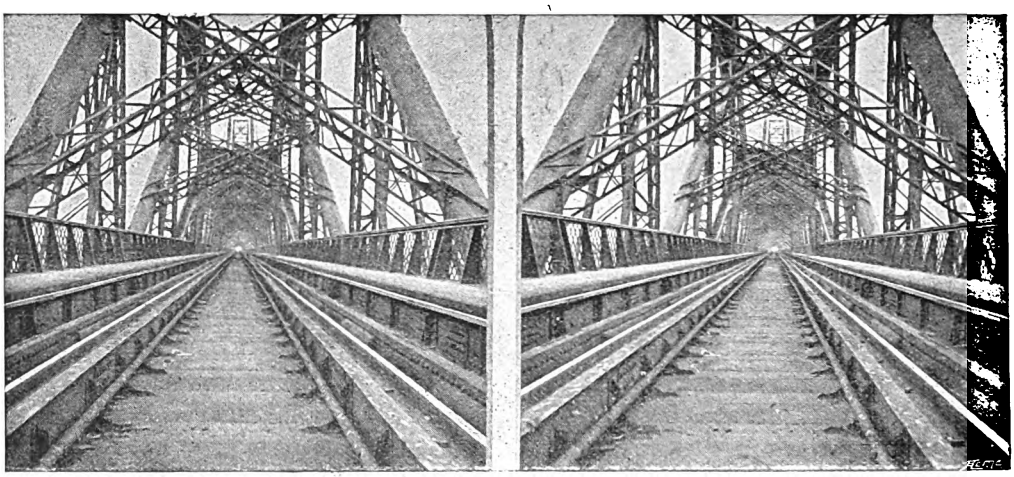
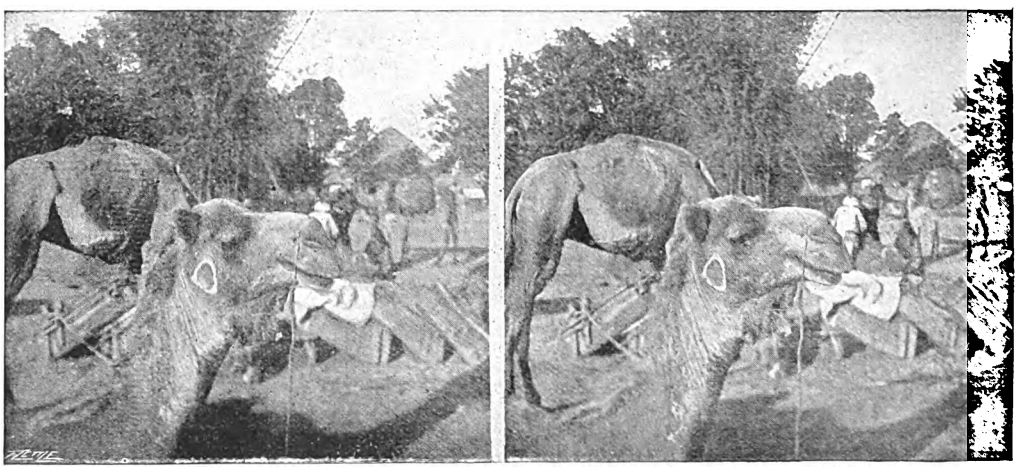
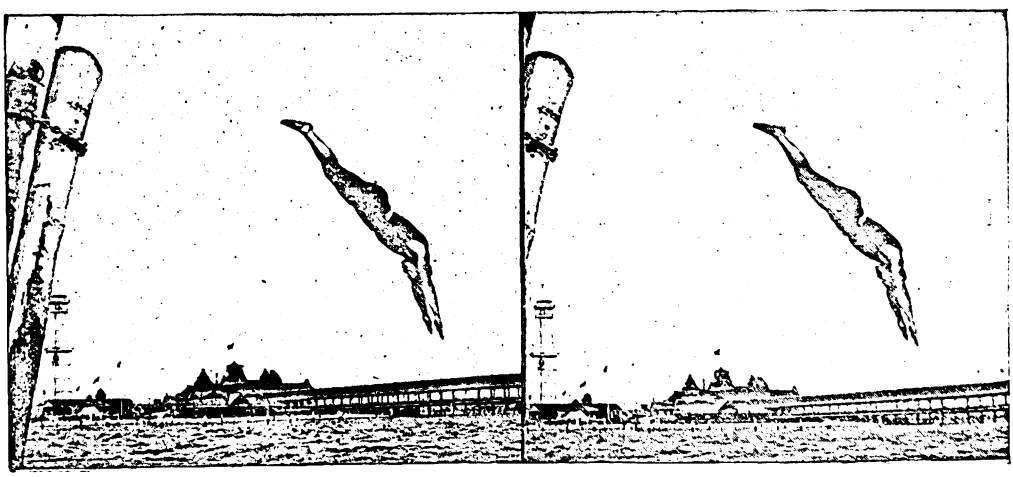


The Forth Bridge.



A Camel's Head.



The Diver.

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Not Done with a Club.

A NUMBER of gentlemen have recently organised in New York what they call the "One Hundred Year Club." Its members (all young men) are to do their best to help one another to live a full century from the date of each man's birth.

It may seem an ungracious attitude to take, but I am compelled to anticipate the early collapse of the concern. There are plenty of reasons for thinking it won't last. Some of these men may live a hundred years, but not because of any aid from the club as such. No; that sort of thing will not work. As well have a club for the development of personal beauty and correct opinion, as for the promotion of longevity.

You cannot multiply your days by setting up a lot of rules and trying to follow them. The biggest and best trees are never bred and reared by professional gardeners; they spring up and grow anywhere. Sometimes you find them on the top of a mountain, and again in a swamp.

To live long—which the good Lord is willing and desirous you should do—it is needful to live evenly, and to avoid dissipation, fuss and excitement. Above all, these bodies of ours must be continually built up as they are being continually torn down. In other words food must be regularly taken and as regularly digested. It will not do to fall into conditions such as these two persons describe:

"For many years," says one of them, "I had little desire for food and got small nourishment from what I did eat. And after a time rheumatism set in and I had plenty of pain and trouble from that. Instead of giving me strength, and a feeling of warmth and life, my meals, such as they were, only hurt and distressed me. Right after eating I was sure to have a sinking sensation, as if I were about to faint, and pain and heaviness in the chest. The rheumatism also made my joints swell, so that it was a hardship to put them to any use. Although I did my housework—or rather a part of it—it was in a poor way, as one does anything which is done under compulsion and not in ease and comfort.

"I tried medicines and embrocations, but the complaint was too deep-seated to be reached by them. They gave me no relief and my money and trouble were thrown away. I owe the suggestion which led to my cure to a neighbour—Mr. Staniford, a farmer. He made a strong point of my trying Mother Seigel's Syrup, saying it would cure my dyspepsia and the rheumatism would no doubt go away with it.

"I did as he said and soon found the Syrup was doing me good. I could eat and digest, and the rheumatism got better. I continued with this medicine and in the course of a reasonable time I was wholly free from the indigestion and the rheumatism. My father-in-law, who was a great sufferer from indigestion and debility, began using Mother Seigel's Syrup, and soon found it did him more good than all the remedies put together he had tried."—(Signed) (Mrs.) M. FLEET, Royal Oak Inn, Kingston, near Thame, Oxfordshire, February 1, 1899.

"I have," says the second, "suffered long and miserably from biliousness and indigestion, with sickness and severe headaches. I was never really well for fifteen years. I took medicines recommended by friends, and all were alike vain and useless. Now and then a few hours' relief perhaps, but nothing that lasted. I fell into the old rut and suffered as before. It was a dismal and hopeless life I led.

"At this time I learned of, and tried, Mother Seigel's Syrup. In a few weeks I was relieved. The sickness abated and I could eat and digest food. I seemed to begin my life anew. Since then I have kept this remedy in the house as a family medicine, and it never fails us when needed."—(Signed) (Mrs.) LAURA FLACK, 177, Norfolk Road, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 13, 1898.

None, may be, of all who read this little essay will live to be a hundred years old; and perhaps it is not really to be desired. But one thing is sure as sunrise: we shall live longer and (what is even more to the purpose) we shall be happier on the road, if we fight, or prevent, the disease which these ladies describe, and wherefrom Mother Seigel's Syrup saved them.

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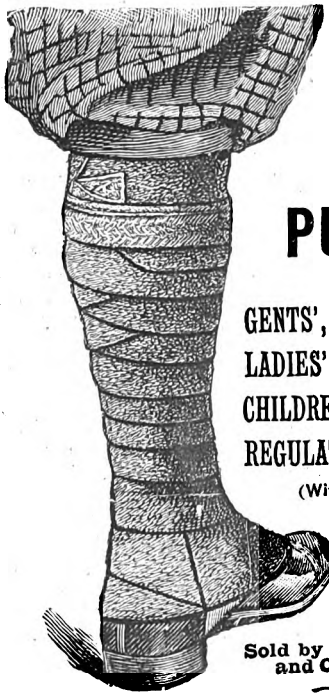

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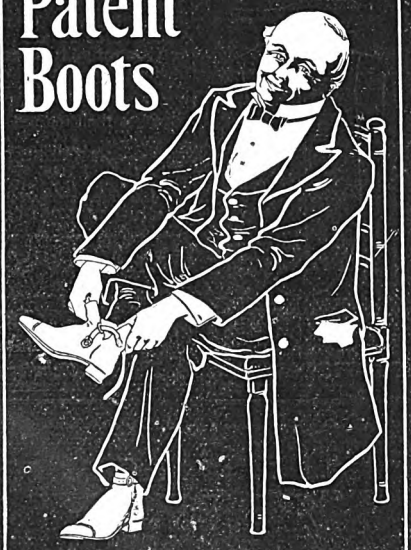

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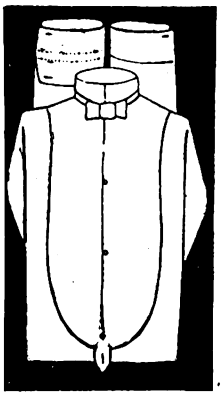

THEIR economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

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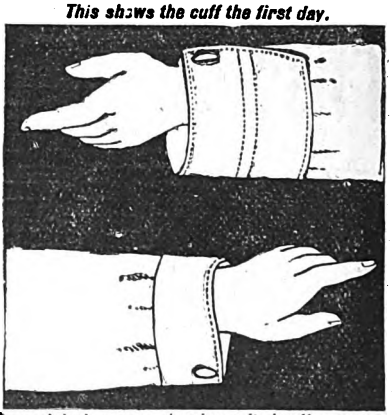

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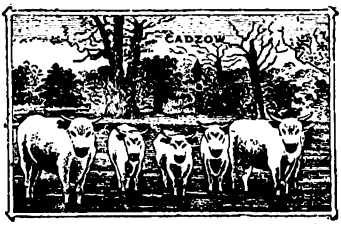
TRADE  MARK

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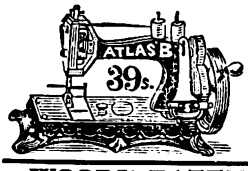

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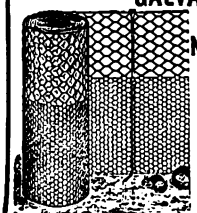

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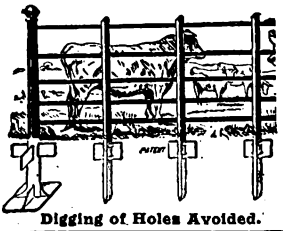

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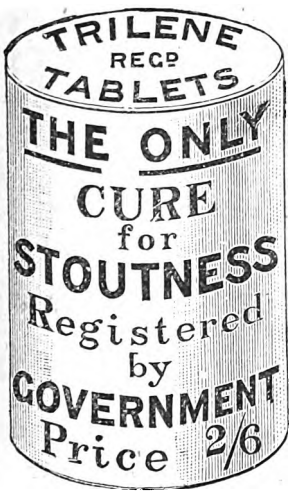
Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

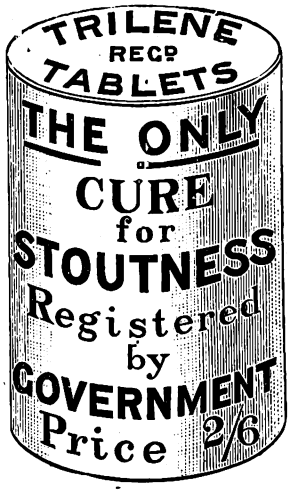


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Risholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.
"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Mr. Samuel Craig, of Frocess National Schools, Cloughmills, Belfast, says: "My wife reduced 28lb. from your Tablets. They also removed muscular rheumatism."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.
"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.
"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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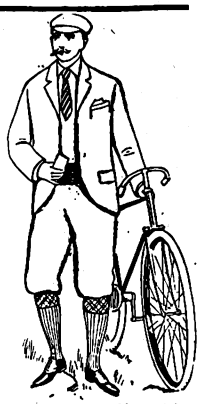

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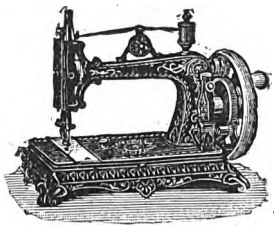

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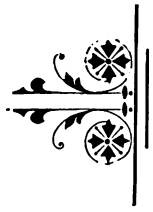

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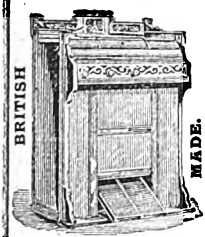

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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CHERRY-RIPE.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

On Cameras in General.

I wonder how many miles of photographic film will be used during this month. It must in the aggregate amount to an enormous length. I can positively see before me visions of a most interesting statistical article on the subject.

Everybody nowadays seems to possess a camera of one sort or another. I suppose the majority are hand cameras, of which I daresay the greater number carry films and not plates.

There is, of course, endless rivalry between films and plates, and again between flat films and the long rolls or cartridges.

For my own part, I have a decided opinion on the advantages of films as compared with plates. When it comes to the taking of an important picture with a large-sized camera, the glass plate holds the field beyond all doubt. But when it comes to a question of portability, the film easily outdistances its glass rival.

Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

"Miles better than being at school."

The dead weight of a couple of dozen plates, even quarter-plates, is —well, it is more than merely appreciable. Some people, of course, swear by plates. They are easier to handle in the dark-room, and they are more likely to give a good result because—if for no other reason—they are more transparent than the material of which a film is made.

All of which amounts to an indictment that nobody can deny. But then the difference in transparency is not very great for ordinary work. You can get a good sharp print from a film, and you can take the picture with considerable rapidity. What more do you want?

And Plates in Particular.

And then think of the difference in weight. Oh dear! oh dear! Imagine an August day, something over 90° in the shade, and a dozen quarter-plates to carry. Apart from slides and all the rest of it, just reflect on the dead weight, especially if you have several miles to tramp.

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Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

The Turn of the Furrow.

No, for the hand camera, films are absolutely unrivalled. There is nothing to beat them, at any rate, nothing that I know of. I may be told that I don't know everything, which is true—obviously true. But I'm prepared to be astonished and profoundly thankful if anything better than films has been produced.

On Cartridges. With respect to films the cartridge arrangement, whereby a fresh set of negatives can be adjusted in broad daylight, is, to my mind, the best of all. I am not holding a brief for any particular class of camera, but I must say that so far as my experience goes I prefer the long stretch of film rolled on a roller, which can readily be fitted into a camera without the least chance of fogging.

Apart from everything else, the rolls are so handy to carry about. You can sit on one without hurting it, while such unpleasantnesses as cracking or bending or scratching are impossible, even if you carry the rolls loose in your pocket.

You can buy them any colour, too ; or, at any rate, you can buy the more usual sizes. I always believe in carrying a hand camera of the most universal size for the simple reason that you can easily lay in a fresh stock of cartridges at almost any large town on the Continent.

The Size of Cameras. The question of size in cameras is a much-debated one. From the point of view of using your camera to pay a share of the expenses of the holiday, I at once assert that the pocket affair is useless. As a toy, or for the purpose of recording the different places you may visit, the pocket camera is good enough. But when it comes to trying to sell your photographs to editors of magazines or illustrated papers, then I repeat a pocket camera is absurd.

Perhaps I ought to make a qualification to this assertion, for there is a folding pocket camera which takes a picture about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2. Such a picture is not exactly useless—only comparatively so. It's not really worth the trouble of carrying and snapping and fiddling about with such a

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

A PRETTY PARISIENNE.

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camera, *if* you want your photographs to be saleable.

A picture $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ is quite small enough. Even that is too small to make sure of doing full justice to your subject. A 5 by 4 is nearer the proper size.

The Reproduction of Photographs.

THERE is a reason for this. When an editor is arranging for the illustrating of an article with photographs, he takes it as a primary fact that the photographs will have to be reduced more or less in size. The more a picture is reduced—down to a reasonable limit, of course—the better it comes out in the reproduction. It takes a wonderfully sharp and excellent photograph to stand an enlarged reproduction.

Sometimes a photograph is enlarged, and the enlarged photograph is then worked upon. All sorts of details are added and improvements effected in the photograph from the purely pictorial point of view.

Then the art editor sends this improved enlargement round to the engravers, and they, according to their instructions, reduce the enlargement even to a smaller size than the original photograph.

Photo by J. Hourston.

Hard Lines.

All this, however, involves considerable time and trouble and expense, so that the most acceptable photograph to an editor is one that requires practically no retouching and can be reduced in size, and yet leave a result, say, three to three and a half inches in height or length, as the case may be.

On Large Cameras.

MIND you, an editor sets no limit on the immensity of a photograph. It can never be too large for him. But then the editor is not, as a rule, a photographer, or, if he is, he ignores the difficulties and trials of the unhappy "camera-carrier." He takes no heed of the business involved with a full-plate camera and a dozen full-plate slides. But I know; I know from experience—a weird experience—that I have no desire to undergo afresh.

I remember I was about to undertake a trip through the interior of the North Islands of New Zealand up amongst the Maories and to parts not very greatly frequented by white men. I ought, of course, to assert that innumerable dangers threatened me from the outset. My sense of veracity rather than my sense of modesty prevents me. There was no danger from anything unless from the actual physical roughness of the country.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

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The New Zealand bush is unique in as much as it is devoid of savage or dangerous creatures of any sort. There are no snakes and no wild animals that could harm or hurt the traveller. The sole denizens of the forest are wild pigs and rats; and further back towards the ranges and along the river beds there are wild cattle.

The idea of taking photographs seemed admirable, and with the ambition of ignorance I chose a full-plate camera and took half-a-dozen double-back slides and two dozen plates.

I really do not know exactly what the outfit weighed, but it was something enormous—comparatively speaking. Fortunately I had a pack-horse, but unfortunately the pack-horse had a temper. On more than one occasion it gave vent to its infirmity and proceeded to buck off its entire load. How I blessed that camera and those two dozen plates. Really I wonder to this day how they ever came home unbroken.

On one occasion they disappeared over a cliff. On another into a pool of water—some of them certainly were damaged by that catastrophe—and goodness knows how often they accompanied the rest of the load through the air in sundry directions, whilst the sweet carrier kicked and bucked until she stood happy with nothing on her but her halter.

The whole outfit in fact was a mistake. There is no necessity to take anything as large as a full-plate camera and when you do take a camera take films—that is if you are anxious to amuse yourself as well as to take photographs.

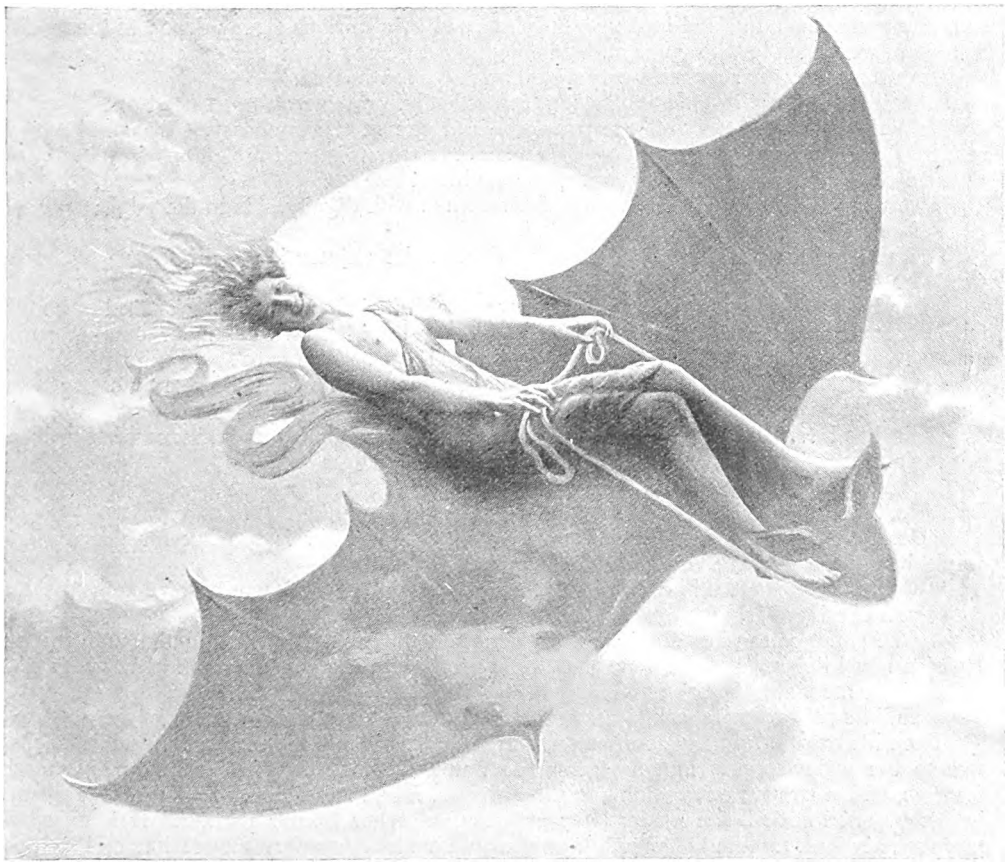

Photo by R. Johnson.

The Coming of Night.

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A Tug of War

A leaf from an attaché's note-book

By Gertrude K. Cowan.

It happened not very many years ago. The scene was a well-known southern continental sea-port. The first act was played at a ball in honour of the Russian Fleet, whose short visit to those waters had put the whole town *en fête*.

In one of those flowery, palm-hidden recesses, considerately arranged for sitters-out, a couple were resting after the last waltz. She was of the type so general in London between the months of April and July. Tall, brown-haired, clear-complexioned, and, what is perhaps not quite so usual, perfectly dressed, her gown bearing the unmistakable hall-mark of Doucet's genius. He, too, was unquestionably English. Fair, with a tendency to leanness and considerable length and muscular development; a thin face, tanned to a healthy brown, with any pretensions to good looks slightly lessened by a curious sleepy droop of the eyelids. Yet there were people who, after once intercepting a glance from the eyes themselves, were wont to pronounce their owner a very wide-awake person indeed.

"Taking a holiday?" she was saying, sarcastically. "Ah, you must need one!"

He smiled gently. "Yes, I see you know our life at the Embassy. We smoke cigarettes all day, and succeed in getting up sufficient energy to attend receptions in the evening. But one requires relaxation even from doing nothing!"

Miss Fane frowned. "My father," she returned with dignity, "is in the Diplomatic Service—I ought to know something about it."

His smile deepened, less at the rebuke than at the unintentional slur conveyed by her words on her father's capabilities for work.

"Far be it from me to refute any of those established facts, or bring forward a popular fallacy—among ourselves—that occasionally we do a little hard work—under compulsion, of course! But speaking of Lord Wickham, he has kindly asked me to stay on board the yacht during the few days I shall be here—the shore accommodation is unpleasantly crowded just now."

"Oh, has he?" she replied, and, used as he was to reading tones and faces, he could not tell if she were pleased or sorry.

Presently she rose, and, with a little movement, shook out her skirts.

"Shall we go back?" she asked. "The music is beginning."

"Don't you think," he remarked, tentatively, "this weather is too hot for dancing? It would be so easy to avoid one's partner here."

"Would it?" she said, and smiled, but apparently with no intention of taking the hint. "Are you coming, Mr. Seymour?"

At the entrance to the ball-room they were met by a tall, fair man in the uniform of a Russian naval lieutenant. He appeared to be searching for someone, and his face lighted up suddenly at the sight of Miss Fane.

"Ah," he said softly, speaking in French, "I thought you had forgotten?"

Then his eyes fell on her companion, and an indescribable look flashed into his face. It was to the girl watching him as if for the fraction of a second a mask slipped from his features, and a strange expression—was it surprise, fear, recognition, or all three?—gleamed in his eyes. Puzzled, she glanced for explanation at her former partner. If in that brief moment his face, too, had changed, it only wore now its customary expression of blank impassiveness, and as she looked he bowed his thanks and moved away.

Seymour watched till he saw her yellow skirts whirled away into the brilliant, circling mosaic of glittering orders, gold lace, many-coloured uniforms and dresses; then he passed out on to one of the balconies, and, lighting a cigarette, leant his elbows on the railing.

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In spite of the lateness of the hour, the streets were still crowded, and across the harbour steam launches and pinnaces of all sizes flashed to and fro and in and out, like so many gigantic fireflies. The yards and sides of the ships were dressed with strings of coloured lanterns, and so brilliant were the illuminations, one could almost discern the figures on the decks of the huge ironclads.

From the gay, flag-draped ball-room floated a continuous ripple of voices, light laughs, and the notes of a dreamy waltz. Now and again, when anyone paused near the open windows, one caught detached fragments of conversation. Two men had stopped there now. They were senior officers in the English Navy, who, fired by a desire to see something of the festivities, had come over from Malta on a few days' leave.

Seymour was drawing another cigarette from his case when someone touched him on the shoulder. A little thin wizen-faced man, the left side of whose coat was completely hidden by ribbons, stars and orders, was standing behind him.

"I wanted you, Seymour," he said. He spoke quietly, almost with an air of proprietorship. "Have you seen my daughter?"

"She is dancing with one of the visitors, sir. By the way," he added carelessly, "I discovered in him an old—acquaintance! Strange, wasn't it?"

The other thoughfully stroked his short pointed moustache, while his little twinkling eyes surveyed his companion narrowly. Somehow his appearance was subtly suggestive of a lean, wise, old, grey fox.

"Ah," he said at last, "and did he know you? Then isn't it a little dangerous to play such an open game?"

"Less than a secretive one. Had he discovered I was here in concealment it would have caused suspicion. As your guest—" he ended his sentence with a little characteristic shrug.

"Well, anyway you'll send off your traps to the yacht to-morrow? I shall feel more comfortable knowing you are on board. One has to be careful in these little affairs?"

There was a short silence. Now and again a rocket went up from one of the ships leaving a shower of red and blue stars behind. Softened by distance came bursts of enthusiastic cheering from the crowds on the shore and water.

"And if, after all, the papers are not with him?" inquired Lord Wickham, presently.

"He left Malta with them, and I don't think he will trust them to other hands to take to his employers. He means to get all the kudos for the business . . . . I know him rather well," Seymour continued, looking reflectively down on the red tip of his cigarette, "we were mixed up once in a little transaction in the East. Strange to say he didn't wear naval uniform then!"

"Would he risk carrying the papers about with him?"

"I don't suppose he imagines there is any risk. It is only known in our circle—and by the people who should have taken better care of them—that they have been abstracted. The whole business was a clever, a masterly little move, and but for one or two flaws might have succeeded admirably. He is still ignorant of those flaws. Possibly he intends taking the papers to the capital before going to Petersburg. There are others besides his countrymen who would be interested in the sight of them!"

In one of the recesses a couple were resting after the waltz.

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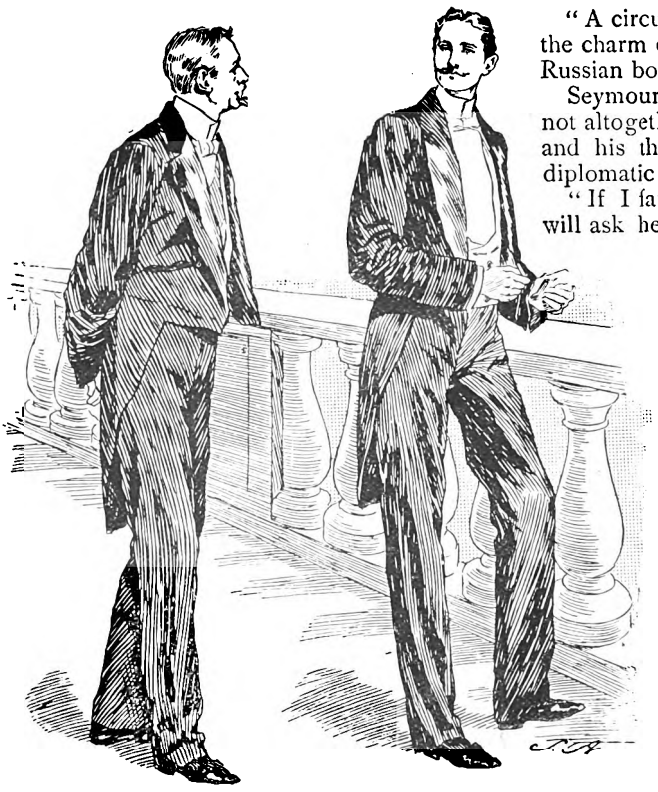

"I wanted you, Seymour," he said.

There was a little pause, which Lord Wickham was the first to break.

"And you hope to obtain possession of those papers?" he said at last, carefully flicking a tiny speck of ash from the silk facing of his coat.

Seymour raised his eyes for an instant and looked his companion in the face.

"That," he said gently as his lids fell again, "is what I mean to do."

The elder man glanced at him in his turn. Then he chuckled softly and stroked his chin.

"You'll do," he murmured. "I shouldn't wonder if you rise to the top of the tree in time. I shouldn't indeed!"

"Shouldn't what?" inquired a clear voice behind them, and Miss Fane stepped into the balcony followed by her late partner. "Papa, isn't it time we were leaving? The Admirals are just going, and Monsieur Murief has kindly promised to see us safely to the harbour—oh, I forgot you do not know each other—Monsieur Murief, let me introduce you to my father. You know we met in Paris last year—so strange to come across each other here!"

"A circumstance which for me has doubled the charm of this delightful visit!" put in the Russian bowing.

Seymour returned to his hotel that night not altogether in a contented frame of mind, and his thoughts more full of private than diplomatic matters.

"If I fail," he said to himself slowly, "he will ask her to marry him. And she—well, it may be merely a flirtation on her part, she is an adept in that art—and yet—" he sighed rather wearily.

* * * *

The following day a *déjeuner* was held on board the flagship to which all the heads of departments, and many distinguished visitors, were invited. Miss Fane rose with a sigh of relief when a move was made to the upper deck. The flow of sugary phrases and compliments with which the representatives of each Power loaded the other bored her extremely.

"I hope you remember your promise of permitting me to show you over the ship?" It was Monsieur Murief who spoke, as he joined her on deck. "Do you care to come now?"

He had monopolised her exclusively during luncheon, scarcely removing his eyes from her face, save for an occasional covert glance down the table to where Basil Seymour—who owed his invitation to being Lord Wickham's guest—was seated. He had a vague sensation of being watched by the other, though, when he looked in that direction, the English attaché's gaze was on his plate or his head was bent conversationally towards his neighbour.

Seymour was talking to the girl when the Russian put his question, and saw her turn with a smile and eager assent. He drew the end of his fair moustache into his mouth and bit it thoughtfully as they moved away together.

Presently he glanced over the side. The harbour was swarming with boats of all sizes and descriptions, while parties of sightseers were every minute coming on board, and being received with effusion by certain of the ship's company told off for that duty. He turned slowly away and leisurely crossed the deck, pausing to speak to the wife of the Prefect de Marine; then, taking advantage of the confusion caused by the constant flow of visitors, he disappeared down an after-hatchway.

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On their way to the upper deck that morning they had passed the officers' quarters, and Murief had pointed out his cabin. In this direction Seymour, after leaving the wardroom, rapidly made his way, and softly pushing open the door, entered, closing it again behind him.

He was pale, and his breath came quickly and heavily. But there was no nervous haste or indecision about his movements, and he ran his eye round the cabin with the practised gaze of one accustomed to take in all he saw at a single glance. A little later, had Monsieur Murief entered his cabin his eyes would have been met by the surprising spectacle of a man extended upon its deck, his head and shoulders beneath the bunk, while he deliberately inserted key after key in the lock of a leather-covered despatch-box suspended by a steel chain between the mattress and deck.

To Seymour, who feared that this interruption might indeed occur, it seemed hours before his repeated efforts were at length successful, and he was able to support the box with one hand, while he removed the contents with the other.

A number of papers lay neatly tied together in packets. He lifted them out and laid them beside him. Then he examined the exterior of the case again.

"Shallow compartment for the outer depth," he muttered. "Ah, I thought so!"

Running his fingers over the inside of the box, they had come in contact with a small knob. Pressure on this caused the supposed bottom of the case to spring up, disclosing another compartment below. In this were several documents, folded flatly, and his hand shook a little as he examined them. But the look of strained anxiety left his face, a red flush mounting in its stead.

The first paper appeared to be a plan of some fortifications on thin parchment. Without a second glance he lifted out all as he had done the first. But this time they were not laid on the deck.

Miss Fane and the Russian lieutenant were leaning over the side when the attaché came on deck again. The girl's eyes were bright, and her face a little flushed; the man's wore a triumphant expression. Seymour's brows contracted suddenly. Vaguely he wondered if, though one game had passed into his hands that afternoon, another had slipped from them. Then his face became as vacantly impassive as usual.

"I think," he said, with a rather weary smile as he joined them, "I could take out a certificate for navigation; I have learnt so much on board to-day."

* * * * *

"We up anchor to-morrow, sir?"

"Would you rather leave before?"

Seymour shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, not at all. Besides, Miss Fane tells me we dine with the Admiral to-night."

"I don't know," Lord Wickham said, slowly, "if it would not have been wiser had you left at once. And look here, Seymour, don't go on shore; better not to run any risks. The consequences might be awkward, and we don't want any unpleasantness at *this* crisis."

"All right, sir. My only reason for going to the Admiral's to-night is to keep an eye on our friend, as he has done on me all day!"

The elder man followed the direction of his eyes. A shore boat, pulled by two men in the blue jerseys and red caps of ordinary boatmen, threaded its way slowly in and out among the mass of small craft still crowding the harbour, yet always keeping the same distance from the English yacht. He glanced at his companion with slightly raised brows. The latter nodded, in answer. "Not asleep, you see! But he won't trust more important work than that to any but himself."

Though all the ports were open, it was very warm in the Admiral's forecabin that evening; the scent from the profuse floral decorations adding to the heaviness of the atmosphere. It was a small and extremely select dinner, the guests only numbering twenty-four, and Monsieur Murief and the flag-lieutenant being the only junior officers present. Miss Fane had been sent in with the former, and was seated between him and Seymour, upon whom she did not expend much attention. Indeed, whenever he glanced in that direction he seldom saw more than her shoulder and the back of her head, while she kept up a continuous flow of low-toned conversation with the man on her other side. It was towards the end of dinner that a prolonged cessation of this conversation caused him to turn his head. The chair next to Miss Fane was empty.

"Where is your neighbour?" he inquired, casually.

"Called away on duty," she answered.

He leant back in his chair again, and for a time his somewhat spasmodic effort at conversation were neither particularly entertaining nor brilliant.

"When will this be over?" he whispered at last to Ethel Fane. "The heat's getting unbearable and I've a frantic headache."

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"I thought something was the matter, you're so—"

"Dull," he finished as she paused, "I'm awfully sorry, but I believe I shall faint or do something equally idiotic soon."

"Why not go on deck? You can get away unnoticed, and if anything is said I'll make apologies for you."

"Thanks awfully. It will be better than making a fool of myself, anyway."

He glanced round the table. An ice soufflé—the model of a line-of-battle ship flying the national colours of both countries and correct in every detail, to military masts and turret guns—was just appearing. Taking advantage of the interest this novelty was exciting, Seymour made his escape.

At the head of the companion ladder he met the quartermaster and asked him to give orders for Lord Wickham's gig to come alongside.

The long narrow boat cut through the water almost noiselessly, the splash of the oars being lost in the confused sounds of the harbour, and they came alongside the yacht before the occupants of a dinghy lying astern were conscious of their approach.

The sailing-master and the greater part of the crew were ashore. The second steward, sleeping noisily in a deck chair, stumbled guiltily to his feet at the sound of a step near him.

"Anyone been on board, Philips?" Seymour asked, carelessly.

"No, sir—at least—that is sir, only a messenger from his lordship—wanted something in the deck-house. He's gone again, I think; he said he'd not be long, and he didn't need me."

Seymour looked him over comprehensively. Then he turned away with a slight smile.

"All right; and—just try to keep awake for a little in case I want you."

Then he went aft and down the companion to his cabin. The door was closed, but not fastened. He pushed it softly open. The electric light was half switched on, and by its gleam he saw the figure of a man, his back towards the door, kneeling before an open dispatch-box, from which he was removing and examining one by one the papers it contained. With a swift movement Seymour stretched out his hand and switched on the light to its full extent. The effect was as that of an electric shock upon the kneeling man. With a bound he sprang to his feet and faced the door.

A moment or two they stood confronting each other, no sound save the steady beat of the chronometer outside breaking the silence. Then the Russian's lips moved spasmodically, and his teeth gleamed in a straight, white line. It was meant as an ingratiating smile, but caused one to think of the snarl of an angry animal brought to bay.

Seymour came farther into the cabin, gently closing the door behind him.

"To what do I owe the honour of this visit?" he inquired, urbanely.

During an instant the other's eyes wavered. It was as if he were searching for some way of escape. Then they returned to the attaché's face.

"I think," he said, smoothly, "that is a somewhat unnecessary question."

Seymour's face expressed innocent surprise.

"Ah, then perhaps," he said, "it is the custom in Monsieur Murief's country for one man to enter another's cabin, and ransack and read his private papers? In that case ——" he paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"My presence here is not from any wish to examine your private effects, monsieur, but to recover some personal property."

"And yet," returned the Englishman, with the same suave politeness, "my cabin still seems to me a rather unlikely spot for monsieur to recover his missing property from. And that being so, would it not be well for him to return to his ship, before his prolonged absence is commented upon?"

He made a slight movement, as if he would have held open the door; but the other did not stir, only after a little pause his hand moved surreptitiously to his pocket, his fingers closing round something concealed there. Seymour observed the movement and a dangerous gleam in the man's eyes.

It was the Russian who broke the silence which had followed the other's last words.

"It would be, as you say, well for me to rejoin my ship again. Therefore, I must request you without further delay to hand over the papers abstracted from my cabin yesterday afternoon."

Again Seymour's face was expressive of nothing but polite astonishment.

"My dear sir, you are really labouring under some strange delusion! I have nothing of—er—yours in my possession."

The Russian's hand was slowly withdrawn from his pocket; in its grasp was a small shining object. It was his trump card; but for many reasons he had no wish to play it. He preferred subtler methods and ones evolving less chance of awkward consequences to himself and those he served.

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"I am sorry to use coercive measures," he began, with elaborate carelessness, "but monsieur gives me no other alternative." He raised his arm slightly. "I ask once more—the papers?"

"I regret I must return the same answer—I have nothing of monsieur's in my possession."

He had pulled the door slightly farther open and his fingers still rested on the brass knob. The light from the little milky globe on the bulkhead gleamed on the small sinister weapon in the other's hand. He began wondering in a vague mechanical way, almost as if the subject concerned someone else, what would be the feelings of Lord Wickham and his daughter when they returned and found the attaché to the British Embassy murdered on board of their yacht. He hardly believed the other would risk so much, and yet—he knew the man before him was desperate, and former experience had taught him that there were few things a desperate man of his stamp would stick at.

Then for an instant the Russian's eyes wavered and he looked straight over the Englishman's shoulder through the open door. Instinctively Seymour glanced in the same direction. Whether what happened afterwards was the result of an accident or a deliberate act, he never could be quite certain, but before he could turn again he was conscious of a flash, a hot stinging sensation in his shoulder, and of a report that seemed to echo and re-echo from every side. Yet with the swiftness of a panther, and before the other realised his intention, he sprang forward, and closing with him wrenched the weapon from his hand. The next moment he flung it through the open port, the electric light flashing for an instant on its silver mountings before it fell with a splash into the water.

They stood facing each other. In the stillness following the report the beat of the chronometer sounded obtrusively loud. Both men were breathing heavily. Both were very white—the Russian more with anger than fear. His last card was played and lost; there was nothing left but flight. And that, unperceived or unchecked, was impossible now. Already there was a sound of steps outside and voices. The boatswain, at the sound of the shot, had hurried on board, and pushing the sleepy steward unceremoniously aside, was making his way to the cabin.

Seymour was giddy and sick. His shoulder throbbed painfully, and something warm and wet was trickling from it down his sleeve. He staggered and caught at the bulkhead, then sat suddenly down in a limp heap on the side of his berth.

A terrible buzzing in his brain made it

He was conscious of a flash and a hot, stinging sensation in his shoulder.

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difficult for him to steady his voice or to speak intelligibly to the man who had just appeared in the doorway. He made an effort to pull himself together, and raised his head.

"I've unfortunately had an accident with my revolver, Williams," he said. "I want you to return at once to the flagship with this gentleman, and he will explain to his lordship what has happened."

"I've had an accident with my revolver, Williams," he said.

Perhaps something in his glance warned the man to ask no questions, for, whether or no the astute Williams thought it slightly curious a person should be able to wound himself in the shoulder-blade by accident, his face remained impassive, and he merely replied, "Ay, ay, sir," as if it were the most everyday occurrence.

But Murief, who had stood with arms hanging motionless at his sides, and his face hard and expressionless, looked up quickly, and, raising his eyebrows, muttered "Fichtre" into his moustache. Then after a moment's hesitation he picked up his uniform cap and moved towards the door.

On the threshold he paused, his lips parting in a little smile.

"I own myself beaten, monsieur," he said, in rapid French. "It is—humiliating. But when next we meet—well, *nous verrons!* and, till then, *au revoir!*"

But Basil Seymour answered nothing. He had fallen forward across his berth, while a sound like the surging of the sea rushed into his ears, and all grew black before his sight.

* * *

The sunlight flashed on the tumbling, sparkling waves, making their reflection play unceasingly on the brasses and white sides of the yacht.

On deck in a long chair Basil Seymour lay at full length. His face had that bleached appearance which tells of recent illness.

Suddenly a white serge-clad figure appeared above a hatchway, and, after a moment's hesitation, Ethel Fane came towards his chair.

"I am glad to see you on deck, Mr. Seymour."

He looked up with a smile. "Ah," he said, as she drew up a chair to his side, "now you're coming to talk and amuse me? I'm longing for someone to talk to!"

But just then Ethel Fane was evidently not in a talkative mood.

"What a bore you must have found me during the past fortnight! I can never thank you and Lord Wickham enough for all your kindness. By the way," he added carelessly, "what did you do when you heard of my accident?"

"Of course we had no idea how serious it was. But we came off at once, bringing a doctor——"

"And then—?" as she paused.

"And then I—that is we—thought—" she stopped with a shudder. "Oh, it was horrible!"

"Was it?" He looked at her. Then suddenly a smile parted his lips.

There was silence. At last she turned her eyes from the sea to his face.

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"Why did you let him go?" she asked abruptly.

He returned her look with mild surprise.

She moved impatiently. "Oh, yes, I know the story that has been given to the world. But why did you do it?"

"Because," he answered simply, "I could do nothing else."

"I suppose," he continued, after a little pause, "he has gone away?"

"He could hardly have done otherwise," she returned, drily.

"And for that you have me to thank. How friendly disposed you must feel towards me now!"

Miss Fane glanced at him quickly.

"That," she said slowly, "was all a mistake."

"Was it?"

"A piece of foolishness on my part," she continued, which struck him as a remarkably humble admission from the self-confident Miss Fane. "I can't imagine why I allowed myself to drift as I did. It was wilful self-deception on my part. I heard rumours in Paris last year of various political matters in which he had been mixed up. I even heard it whispered that he was a Government——"

"Exactly," he interrupted smoothly, "but the word has an ugly sound and we won't use it. I don't think you need blame yourself for enjoying his society. Socially he is undoubtedly a success."

"But you don't know all."

"Don't I?" He looked at her with a little enigmatic smile in his eyes.

"He—he asked me to marry him." She paused. Then went on with breathless haste. "I asked him to wait—to give me three weeks in which to think over my answer. I thought if I were making any mistake I should know by that time."

"And when were you first conscious that it was a mistake?"

Her eyelids flickered under his steady gaze.

"I think," she said, below her breath, "always. But more especially that evening, a fortnight ago, when—we came back from the flagship."

He was the first to break the silence that followed.

"And what about the answer?"

"I sent it next day."

A momentary expression crossed her face. The man who was watching her could not tell if it were some deeper emotion or merely the regret of a sympathetic nature at having caused avoidable pain.

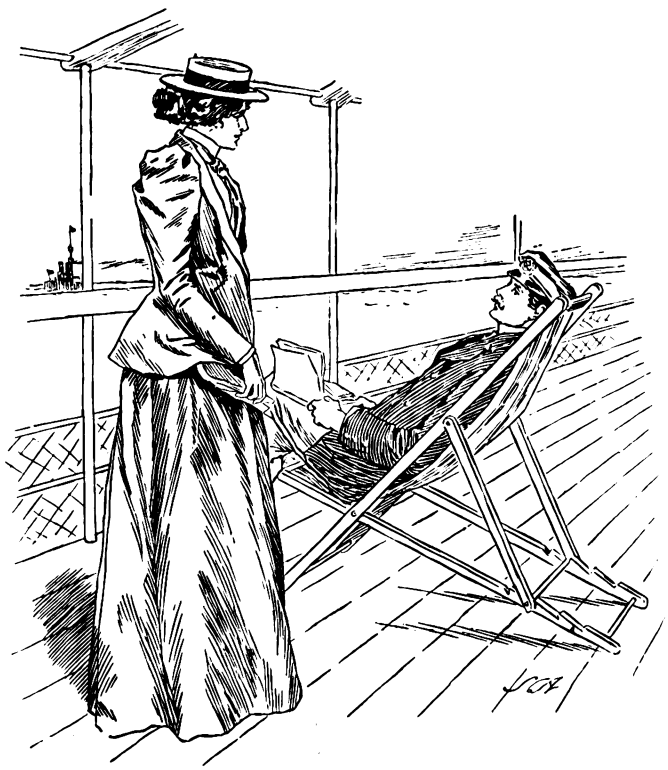
Her eyes turned once more to the vividly-blue Mediterranean and the gay-coloured boats with their lanteen sails.

"We are going on to Norway," she said, presently. "Won't you join us? My father will be very pleased if you will do so."

Her hands were loosely clasped on her knees. He leant forward and laid his lean brown fingers lightly upon hers. And as they did not seem to resent the touch, his closed more firmly over them.

"If I come," he said, and his face was no longer expressionless, but full of a great earnestness and something she had never seen there before, "it will be on the condition that I have a satisfactory answer to a question I have been waiting to ask for a long time. Ethel, will you promise to give me the answer I want?"

"Don't you think," she returned gravely, yet with a mischievous light in her eyes. "I should wait to hear that question before I make any rash promises!"



After a moment's hesitation Ethel Fane came to his chair.

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WOODEN-LEGGED CELEBRITIES.

By Jessie W. Brown.

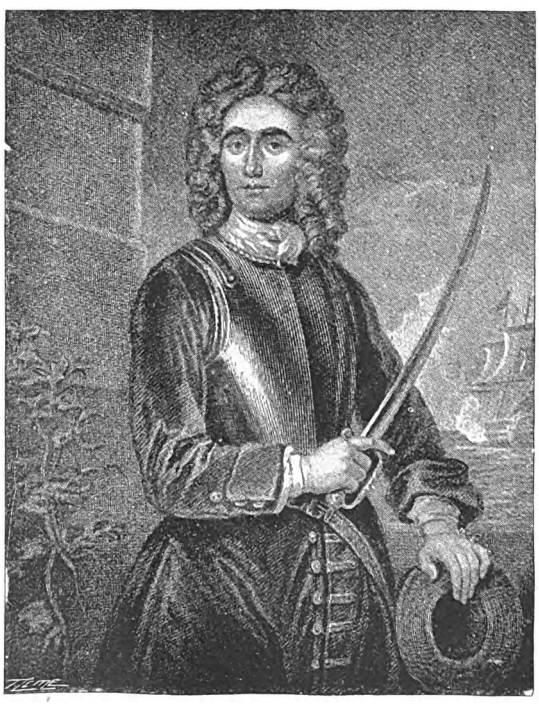
"A leg, a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are, with but half the things that we have."

So says the merry one-legged Foote in his comedy of "The Lame Lover," and though few who have had the misfortune to lose a leg would be likely to agree with him, still there are not a few cases recorded in history which would seem to give some colour to his curious contention. For although to lose a leg is undoubtedly a great misfortune, there have yet been many famous men and women in the past, who, in spite of this disadvantage, have distinguished themselves in active, as well as sedentary careers, and who have made a name for themselves on the battlefield, on the stage, and, strange as it may seem, even in the athletic world.

No greater story of bravery has perhaps ever been recorded in the history of the British Navy than that which is told of the gallant Admiral Benbow, when he encountered the French Fleet on August 19th, 1702. At the most critical moment he found himself almost deserted by the captains of the other ships, who refused to obey his signals. For four days he fought on at great disadvantage, and on the morning of the 24th, his right leg was shattered by a chain shot, But when his officers proffered their condolences, he pluckily cried, "I had rather have lost them both than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation. But hark ye, if another shot should take me off, behave like men and fight it out."

After his wounds were dressed, he continued, incredible though it may seem, till night at his post, commanding his ship and infusing courage into his officers.

A somewhat similiar case, though of a more romantic character, was that of Maid Lilliard, who fought at the Battle of Ancrum Moor. Tradition tells us that to avenge her lover, who fell at the fight, she rushed in and dealt blows right and left, even after she lost both legs, and to such good purpose, that she is said to have been the means of turning the fight, and eventually gaining the battle.



Admiral Benbow.

He lost his leg in the great sea fight against the French on 19th August, 1702.

The following curious inscription is carved on the monument erected to her memory on Ancrum Moor, on that part of the battle ground which is still called "Lilliard's Edge."—

Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but muckle was her fame;
Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off she fought upon her stumps.

Another famous instance of mind triumphing over matter is given in

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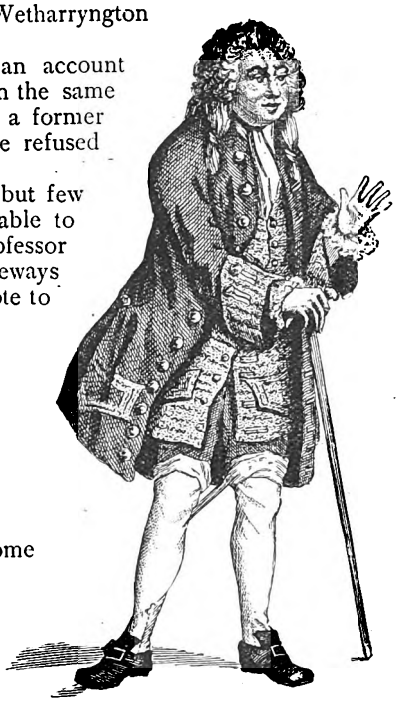
the ballad of Chevy Chase, in which it is related that Squire Wetharryngton fought under, or rather over, the same disadvantages.

In the Portuguese poem of the "Lusiad," there is an account given of the young Almeyda, fighting on Indian seas in the same peculiar circumstances. His father had taunted him with a former retreat, and so, contrary to the advice of his officers, he refused to bear off, even after his leg was shattered.

The former are all wonderful instances of bravery, but few have shown such a philosophical spirit or have been able to make merry over their affliction like the late genial Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, author of "The Five Gateways of Knowledge." After the amputation of his foot he wrote to a friend in the following humorous strain :

No more shall I, in country dance or reel,
Labitsky's waltz or Musard's last quadrille
Shuffle my feet, or make my body wheel
On light fantastic toe.
When I creep outwards to the light of day,
The people passing me will turn and say,
"That little fellow limping o'er the way
Has one foot in the grave."

In a letter of thanks to a lady, who had sent him some calf's foot jelly, he asks if she had sent it on the homœopathic principle, that a dose cooked from the foot of one calf would be likely to prove beneficial to the ailing foot of another. "If so," he says, "I admire your philosophy and have improved on it, for my diet consists chiefly of the flesh of chickens, to which I have betaken myself from a remembrance that these worthy animals spend a great part of their lifetime standing on one leg! a feat which, now I am struck off the list of bipeds, I cannot learn to perform too well."



Samuel Foote.

He was an actor and lost his leg owing to a fall from his horse.

Foote playing in the "Lame Lover."

Far from giving up his profession, he turned his misfortune to account, writing and acting pieces suitable for a one-legged man.

Amputations, according to the opinion of a well-known manufacturer of artificial limbs, tend to enhance rather than to reduce vitality. He affirms that those who have lost an arm or a leg frequently have their lives prolonged and their health improved as the result of the loss. Even the mental forces, according to this authority, are strengthened in cases of amputation. Whether we may believe in these assertions or not, we certainly find quite a group of individuals in the eighteenth century who distinguished themselves as much after, if not

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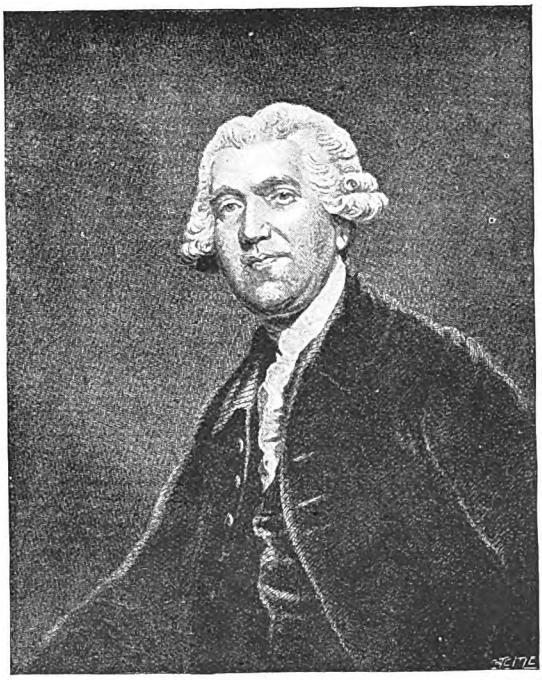

Josiah Wedgewood,

The great potter, who died in 1795, was extremely particular as to his wooden leg, and was always getting a new one. One of his workmen in the pottery was an expert leg-maker, and so kept him well supplied.

more than before, the loss of their limbs. We find, for instance, a very striking case in that of the celebrated Samuel Foote, actor, wit and dramatist. He had the misfortune to lose his leg owing to a fall from his horse while at Lord Mexborough's in 1776, the Duke of York being present at the time. Undismayed by what to most men following his profession would have appeared a fatal blow, Foote turned his misfortune to account, writing and acting pieces suitable for a one-legged man, such as "The Devil upon Two Sticks" and "The Lame Lover." In the latter play he puts his own sentiments into the mouth of Sir Luke—a part he himself acted with great spirit—when he, in discussing his misfortune, says: "Consider I can have neither strain, splint, spaven, or gout, have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins or tread on my toes. . . . To be sure, I'm a little awkward at running, but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum." And in another part of the play, Charlotte exclaims, Oh, sir, I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom. . . . Sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind."

The Duke of York, being naturally interested in Foote, as he had been a witness of his accident, managed to secure for him a Royal Patent for a summer theatre, where he produced and acted in his new plays.

Few are aware that Josiah Wedgwood, the great potter, who died in 1795, wore a wooden leg, or rather a succession of wooden legs, for he was hard to please with them. Indeed, at one time he employed a clever workman in his pottery, who had also a special genius for the making of wooden legs, and who wore one himself. In this way the great Wedgwood killed two birds with one stone, for, besides having the advantage

Jenny Cameron.

She was one of Prince Charlie's devoted admirers; indeed scandal has not spared her name with respect to her and the Prince,

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of the man's services in his pottery, he could get a new leg constructed whenever the fancy struck him.

A man who may be called a celebrity, although in no honourable sense, was William Lauder, "the literary impostor," who attempted to ruin Milton's reputation by accusing him of plagiarism, and who suffered amputation in consequence of an accident. His startling assertions caused a great sensation at the time but he was ultimately discovered to be himself a miserable cheat and impostor, and was forced to leave the country amid universal contempt, having first signed a confession dictated by Doctor Johnson. Leigh Hunt in his Autobiography, mentions the fact that Lauder died at Barbadoes in 1770, and also states that he wore a wooden leg.

Sir Brook Watson, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1796, and who served with General Wolfe at the siege of Louisbourg, was nicknamed "The Wooden-legged Commissary." In early life he underwent a terrible experience. While bathing in the Harbour of Havana, he had his leg bitten off by a shark, but this untimely accident in no way interfered with his future brilliant career. In the same year that he was Lord Mayor a curious cricket match was played by Greenwich pensioners—eleven with wooden legs, and eleven with one arm—the wooden-legs carried the day.

General Pierre Daumesnil.

He lost his leg at the battle of Wagram. He became a general in 1812, and was afterwards made Governor of Vincennes, and refused to surrender to the allied armies when they invaded France.

Among wooden-legged celebrities we have no more interesting character than that of Madam Jenny Cameron, whose strange history has such a romantic connection with Prince Charles Edward.

Although historians are at variance regarding many points of her career, it is known for a fact that she headed 200 Cameronians at the raising of the Standard at Glenfinnan. It is related that she personally led these men in action at Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden. Pichot, the French historian, gives a very vivid and picturesque account of her first meeting with Prince Charles at the gathering of the Clans. She rode on horseback, he states, at the head of her men with a drawn sword in her hand, wearing a gown of amazon green, bordered with scarlet, and embroidered with gold, her hair falling in curls over her shoulders, and wearing a blue velvet toque with a red feather. Giving a military salute, she thus addressed Prince Charles:

"Prince, my nephew not being able to join the Royal Standard, I myself have gathered the Clans which I present to Your Royal Highness. I think all the men are ready to risk their lives for your cause; and although commanded by a woman, I hope there is nothing effeminate about them, for I feel that so glorious a cause has aroused manly feelings in my breast and completely extinguished feminine sentiments, what effect then must it have produced in those who have never been afraid to fight and who are not troubled with the garments of my sex! These men are yours, Prince, they have devoted themselves to your service and they bring you their hearts as well as their arms. If I cannot follow them

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further I shall stay behind to pray Heaven you may be victorious."

The Prince, charmed and fascinated, overwhelmed her with kindness. He was in the habit of calling her familiarly "the pretty Colonel," a name which stuck to her always. Scandal, of course, has not spared her name, but as Pichot says, "if her loyalty did become love, Jacobite chroniclers have shown themselves discreet," and there certainly is nothing definite recorded to her discredit.

That she suffered great reverses before her death, may be inferred from a footnote in "Chamber's Traditions of Edinburgh," which runs thus: "Jeanie Cameron, the mistress of Prince Charles Edward (so often alluded to in Tom Jones), was seen by an old acquaintance of ours, standing upon the streets of Edinburgh, about the year eighty-six. She was dressed in men's clothes, and had a wooden leg. This celebrated and attractive beauty, whose charms and Amazonian gallantry had captivated a Prince, afterwards died in a *stair-fit*, somewhere in the Canongate."

The Marquis of Anglesey.

He lost his leg at Waterloo, but afterwards wore a certain style of artificial limb which became known as "The Anglesey Leg."

A good story, with which all Frenchmen are acquainted, is told of General Pierre Daumesnil. Born in 1777, he joined the army when very young, and was a private during the Italian and Egyptian wars. At the battle of Wagram his leg was shot off by a cannon ball. He was made a general in 1812, and was afterwards appointed Governor of Vincennes, a large fort near Paris. When the allied armies invaded France this fortress was besieged by the Prussians, whose officer called on Daumesnil to surrender, but he at once retorted, "Je vous rendrai Vincennes quand vous m'aurez rendu ma jambe" (I shall surrender Vincennes when you return me my leg). The play of words is on the verb "rendre," which has the double meaning of "to surrender" and "to give back." Needless to say the leg was not returned, nor was Vincennes surrendered.

A good story is also told of M. de Latour Maubourg, one of Napoleon's officers, who lost a leg at Dresden. Seeing his faithful servant in tears over his misfortune, Maubourg exclaimed, "What are you so sorry for? — you will for the future have only one boot to clean." This was the man to whom Napoleon gave command of the eighteen hundred horsemen in the famous retreat from Moscow.

A certain style of artificial leg in use at the present day, is called "The Anglesey Leg." It derives its name from the Marquis of Anglesey, a distinguished officer, who commanded the British Cavalry at Waterloo, and there had the misfortune to lose his leg. His artificial leg was specially constructed for him, and partly designed by himself.

The making of artificial limbs has been brought now to a very high state of perfection, and few people are aware of their enormous cost and of the ingenuity that is required in their construction, so that the natural action of the muscles and joints may be as closely imitated as possible. Henry Wendhoff, the American millionaire, who lost all his limbs some years ago, through a railway accident, has four artificial limbs which cost him no less a sum than £5,000, but it is said that

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with their aid he manages to get along very comfortably.

That the art of making artificial limbs is by no means a modern one, we know from the fact that a specimen was found in a tomb at Capua, dating about 300 B.C. It represents accurately the form of a leg, and was found next a skeleton with one foot. A belt of sheet bronze was round the waist, and to this the artificial leg was probably fastened.

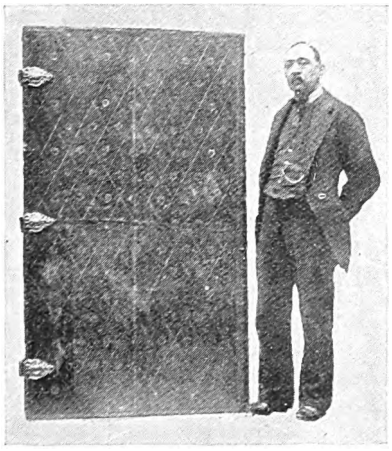
There are many one-legged celebrities in fiction as well as in real life. We have John Silver, for instance, in "Treasure Island," that amusing scoundrel whom we all know. Although unprovided with a wooden leg, his wooden crutch seemed endowed with life, and was used in dozens of different ways by its owner, and was even the weapon he used to commit a murder.

Then there is Silas Wegg in "Our Mutual Friend," who kept a fruit stall near Cavendish-square, and was known as "the literary man with the wooden leg." "Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer that he might be expected—if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months."

THE LARGEST AND LITTLE-EST OF BOOKS.

By Florence Burnley.

The largest book in existence, which makes the tall man standing at its side lose several inches of his height, as seen in the photograph,

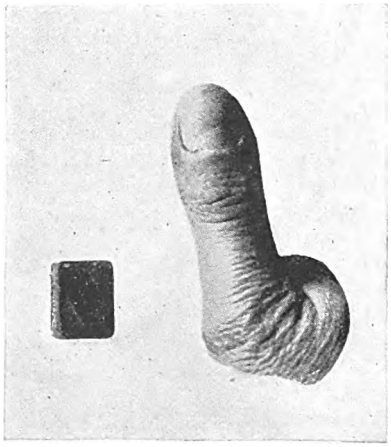


The Largest Book in England.

It stands 5ft. 10in. high.

is a Dutch volume, five feet ten inches in height, and three feet two-and-a-half inches across. It is handsomely bound in morocco, ornamented in gold with the harp, thistle, rose, and *fleur-de-lis*.

The smallest book in England is Schloss's "English Bijou Almanac for 1839," which is poetically illustrated. This little volume contains portraits of Princess Victoria, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Lady Blessington Wellington, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Gertrude Pasta and Beethoven, to each of which is appended a little poem. Then follows the calendar. Inside the cover is the inscription (Anna East—her Book). The absurdly small size of this little *multum in parvo* will be best realised when seen side by side with a man's



The Smallest.

It measures just ¾in. and ½in. wide.

thumb, as in our illustration; the little volume measures just three-quarters-of-an-inch, and is half-an-inch wide.

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King Charles II. in his Robes of State.

The Coronation of a Gipsy King.

By Alick Munro.

(Photographs by Gibson, Coldstream.)

On Whitsun Monday, May 30th, 1898, a king was crowned in Great Britain. But there was no treason in this, for Charles Faa Blythe, who was crowned king of the Border gipsies on that day at Kirk-Yetholm, is a good and loyal subject of our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. In witness whereof, was not "God Save the Queen" sung at his coronation?

May 30th was a bustling day on the Borders; for the gipsies had said that on this day they would choose them a king, after having lived for fifteen years without one. There were about four thousand visitors scattered about between the little villages of Yetholm and Kirk-Yetholm, and many of them had come long distances "jist to see the tinkler-body croon't." Elsewhere (so I learned afterwards) Whitsun Monday was a wet, cheerless day; but here at the foot of the Cheviots the clouds rode high and feathery. We had—shall I say "king's weather" in Yetholm?

The Coronation Ceremony.

Piles of bicycles were everywhere, one motor car, and cameras innumerable, for everyone seemed to have made preparations to "shoot" King Charles at sight.

The stream of traffic seemed to be setting in the direction of the village green of Kirk-Yetholm. I followed it.

The platform on which the ceremony was to take place was built against a gable of the "Old Border Inn," and the decorations which the committee had put up only partly concealed the fact that T. Renalson, innkeeper, was licensed to sell ale, spirits, and tobacco. Round this platform there was an enclosure of wooden railings, inside which were seats; and into the possession of these one entered by the payment of a varying number of silver shillings, according as one wanted a "reserved" seat or not. In the end the frontier between "reserved" and "unreserved" was lost, and no Royal Boundary Commission could have found it. But that was the fault, not of the king, but of the crowd.

It was a humorous crowd. It refused to take things seriously. In the interval of waiting, it chaffed the Lord Chancellor, who was loafing about disconsolately, and evidently wondering why

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on earth "the man who would be king" didn't hurry up and arrive. Even the wonderful red cloak with the fur collar, by which the Chancellor was made beautiful, failed to awe this crowd. For the crowd laughed at the Lord Chancellor, shot witticisms at him, and told him to "Cheer up; Charlie'll be here in a meenit—he's shavin'." And when the king's red-robed minister turned an indignant glance upon the jesters, they jeered again, and—photographed him.

But presently the band struck up, "Wha would not die for Charlie?" and we cheered wildly, for we knew now that the king we had come to crown was near enough to hear the proofs of our loyalty. A look of content

The King with the Hereditary Archbishop of Little Egypt and other Gipsy Officials.

smoothed out the lines on the worried Chancellor's face, and the Royal procession filed in and took up its several positions on the platform. The Rev. William Carrick Miller, the Convener, held up his hand for silence, and gave out the first verse of the "Old Hundredth." Well, we stood up and sang it, and when it was over we remained standing with uncovered heads, until the minister had finished the prayer which followed. And the space of five minutes which that prayer occupied was the one interval in the whole day in which the crowd was quiet and serious; for they stood with heads reverently bowed, and glances bent to the ground, and forgot for the moment that there was anything of a farce in this Royal Coronation which they had come to see.

Was it, then, a farce? In the eyes of the committee who had organised it, and by whose invitation we were there, most assuredly it was not. The ceremonial was solemn and formal. Moreover, we were assured that any money profit which might result from the day's proceedings would certainly not be handed over to Prince Charlie to use as he pleased; but that the Chancellor, aided by a duly elected finance committee, would take charge of the monies, and would dole them out to the monarch in such sums, and at such periods, as should seem to them, in their wisdom, suitable. No farce about that. It was sober, orthodox, constitutional monarchy; and likely to be, for Charlie, a sufficiently serious business. In fact there were many murmurs of sympathy from the crowd when this arrangement was made known; for a finance committee, at any rate, is a very solemn thing.

But then we remembered that the crown which was to press this cruelly limited monarch's brow was of brass, the enormous jewels which studded it were the cheapest kind of paste; the gorgeous Court robes of the King and his ministers looked like the loot from some theatrical slop-chest; the glitter and tinsel were the glitter and tinsel of the fair-booth; and — the Hereditary Archbishop, who was to place the crown upon

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The Court of the Gipsy King.

King Charles's head, was a blacksmith in a leathern apron and rolled-up shirt sleeves! Yes, perhaps the farce element was not, after all, wholly wanting.

But the heralds have come in, and are reading their proclamation, a clause at a time.

It having been found that the royal and ancient people of Little Egypt are in trouble and becoming scattered from the royal villages of Yetholm, from having no ruler to guide and protect their kingdom; they, with the help of the people of the old villages of Town and Kirk Yetholm, have declared for a king, lest they become a forgotten race; and, having considered the hereditary rights of Charles Faa Blythe, have agreed that he shall be crowned King of the Yetholm Gipsies, with all the honours due to a Prince of the royal gipsy blood. Challenge who will!

There was a moment's pause. Would anyone challenge? It seemed so, for the Rev. Mr. Miller was reading a letter which he had received from a man called William Blythe, of 8, Salamander Street, Leith, claiming the crown on behalf of his father, David Blythe, Chirnside. The crowd became breathless. A pretender! How would the rival claims be settled? By a Homeric combat with staves on the Yetholm Common, perchance. The crowd still held its breath, and waited anxiously for the next move.

"Is David Blythe present?" asked Mr. Miller, a little sternly.

There was no reply. A minute's grace was given, but the Pretender did not appear to make good his challenge. So without further interruption the ceremony went on. Archibald Gladstone, the Hereditary Archbishop of Little Egypt, was introduced in his shirt sleeves and leathern apron to the multitude. Then the uncrowned king himself was introduced.

Charles Faa Blythe is a hale, weather-beaten man of sixty-nine. He is the son of the late Esther Faa Blythe, queen of the Border gipsies, who died at Kelso on the 12th of July, 1883, and whose dust now lies, mingled with that of her fighting ancestors, in the royal burying ground of the churchyard at Yetholm. For fifteen years, therefore, the gipsies of the border have been without a crowned ruler, and during the greater part of that time Prince Charlie has been wandering in Northumberland, hawking hardware, and getting occasional jobs at harvest work on the farms. He has been, among other things in the course of a hard life, an ostler and a navvy; and for the last two years he has kept a lodging house at Yetholm. But, though he has thus allowed himself to become domesticated he is well known to retain a preference for the free life of the roadside; a bed under the tilt of a cart, and the song of the larks in the morning to wake him. He seems to be a little bit nervous just now, as he faces this cheering, well-disposed crowd; but there is a look of pride, too, on his face. For is he not a prince of the true royal gipsy blood?

Archibald Gladstone, the king-maker of

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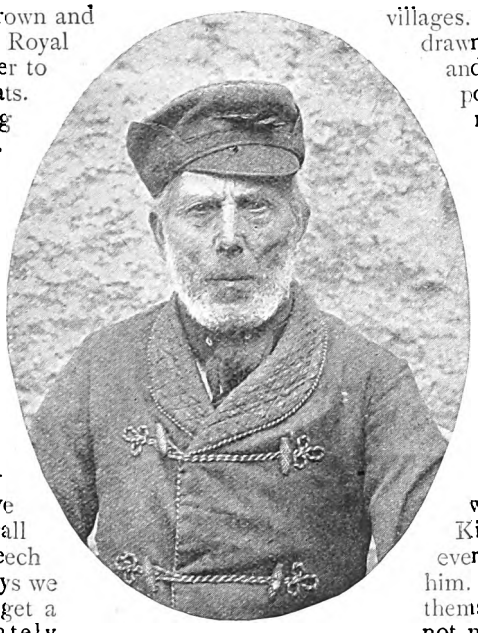
Yetholm, takes up the crown and advances to put it on the Royal head. The crowd, eager to see, jumps upon the seats. The seats are not strong enough to stand this. There is a crash and a scramble as three or four of them give way. Fortunately no one is hurt; but, unfortunately, while we are laughingly sorting ourselves from amongst the *débris*, the coronation has taken place, and many of us have not seen it! The crowned king is bowing and smiling to us, and we cheer him lustily, and call upon him for the speech which the programme says we are entitled to. We get a speech—from the lately much-worried Chancellor. We hear it patiently, but we want a speech from the king. "Speech! Speech! Charlie! Speech!" we cry; but Charlie only bows, smiles steadily, and keeps silence. Later in the day the reason for this royal taciturnity was explained by King Charles' own sister.



King Charles in Undress Uniform.

"Him speak!" exclaimed this lady scornfully. "He canna put three words together. He's a fechless cratur. If it had been his mither, now, Queen Esther that was—eh, she was a grand speaker! But him——"

But as Queen Esther died fifteen years ago, her ready powers of oratory (to which everyone who knew her bore witness) hardly helped matters now.

After the coronation, King Charles the Second seated himself in the royal coach with his bashful, if hardly blushing, queen at his side, and took his place in the procession which was to make a tour of the villages. The royal car was drawn by six small donkeys, and escorted by six large policemen. The policemen kept close to the king, not because there was the smallest fear of a disloyal attack upon the person of his majesty, but because there was the greatest fear that the coach might be overturned by the mere force of the fervidly loyal onslaughts which were made upon it by the monarch's countless friends. Everyone wanted to shake hands with King Charles; and nearly everyone did shake hands with him. The police contented themselves with seeing that not more than twenty people shook hands with him at once.

In the procession which succeeded the coronation ceremony there were mounted men in character, the band of the Buccleuch Pipers, a boys' brigade, a brass band, the committee (also in character), halberd bearers, heralds, the royal coach, and a "miscellaneous following." We, the spectators, were the "miscellaneous following." We were billed as such on the programme. I remembered that I had read that in the funeral train of Wull Faa, a former king of the gipsies, there were three hundred asses. In the coronation procession of Wull Faa's descendant, Charles Faa Blythe—well, there were six, at least, harnessed to the royal coach.

The Gipsy Monarch and his Bodyguard of Halberdiers.

The procession stopped for refreshments at the Royal palace—a little whitewashed, one-windowed cottage. Then it made the round of the village twice, and was cheered, photographed, and chaffed, until even these delights

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began to pall. The miscellaneous following had melted away very early in the progress. It was noticed, moreover, that the queen never once took her white handkerchief from her lips, and people wondered why. The attitude, which is, I am told, the correct one at a Yorkshire funeral, and is there always supposed to be indicative of the most poignant grief, seemed strange at a gipsy coronation.

When the procession had done its rounds, there was a public dinner, and speeches. In the afternoon there were athletic sports and dancing; and in the evening a coronation ball.

Thus was Charles Faa Blythe crowned king of the Yetholm gipsies. Long life to him; for he is like to be the last of his line. The cheap, tawdry ceremony will probably never be repeated, for, indeed, the thing has become a farce. Powerful and turbulent though they were in the past, the Border gipsies are an anachronism now, in these days of police and parish councils. With the disappearance long ago of border fighting, and more recently of border smuggling, their reason for existence has gone; as a race they are disappearing, for they do not keep themselves apart as they used to, and by intermarriage with the peasantry they are gradually, but still rapidly, being absorbed into the common Lowland type. There were very few pure gipsy faces to be seen in Kirk-Yetholm on this Whitsun Monday. Their maids are becoming domestic servants; their young men are becoming farm-labourers and grooms. As the royal proclamation put it, they are fast becoming a forgotten people.

But to one who remembers the past history of the race, there was a great deal that was really pathetic in the tinsel and make-believe of this Whitsun Monday spectacle. For, tawdry as it all was, the chief actor in it is none the less the grandson of that Charles Faa who was the honoured friend of Sir Walter Scott; and he may boast truly enough that he is of the pure race of kings. Members of his family have done great things in the stirring wars of the Borders, and have more than once earned the gratitude of the crowned rulers of Scotland—nay even have "dansit before the king in the Halyrudhous." A writ of James V., dated February 15th, 1540, is still preserved, inscribed in favour of "our louit Johnne Faa, lord and erle of Littill Egipt," and Charles Faa Blythe, whom we have just crowned king of the Yetholm gipsies, is a lineal descendant of "oure louit Johnne Faa." Moreover, on May 26th, 1540, James V. granted to the son of this Johnne Faa power to hang and punish all "Egyptians" within the realm; and earlier than that, on July 5th, 1505, James IV. gave to one Anthonius Gagino, Count of Little Egypt, a letter of introduction, couched in the most flattering terms, to the King of Denmark.

Another famous Border gipsy was Jean Gordon. The story of the trial and execution of her sons is told by Scott; and she is a frequent figure in Border story and ballad. Her death at Carlisle in 1747 was a tragic one, but the manner of her dying was characteristic of the indomitable courage of the woman and of her race. She was a Jacobite, and for that she was ducked in the river Eden. But she was a strong woman, and she got her head above water several times; and as often as she did so, she waved an arm and cried "Charlie yet!" and when she had no longer voice left to cry, tradition says that she still waved the arm.

Brave deeds indeed have been done in the past by the Border gipsies: gallant deeds of love; bold acts of plunder and pillage; fierce fights against law and the officers of the law; banquets, murders, and hangings. They had not always, or indeed often, right on their side; but no man could say that they were not brave fighters and worthy foes.

The Palace of the Gipsy King.

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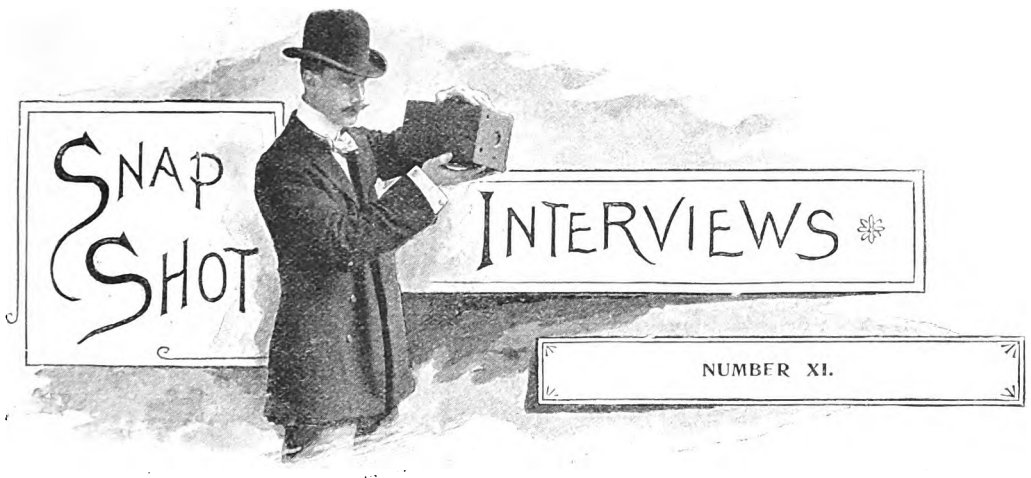

MR. HALL CAINE

CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

Good morning.

Rehearsal begins.

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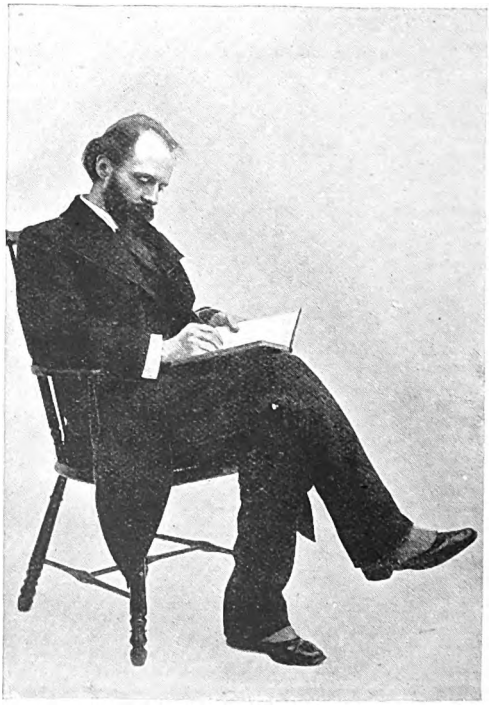
"Stop, please!"

"I don't think I should do it like that."

"How should it be?"



A new "line" wanted.

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"Like this, please."

"Much better!"

"Excellent!

"Good-bye."

From Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

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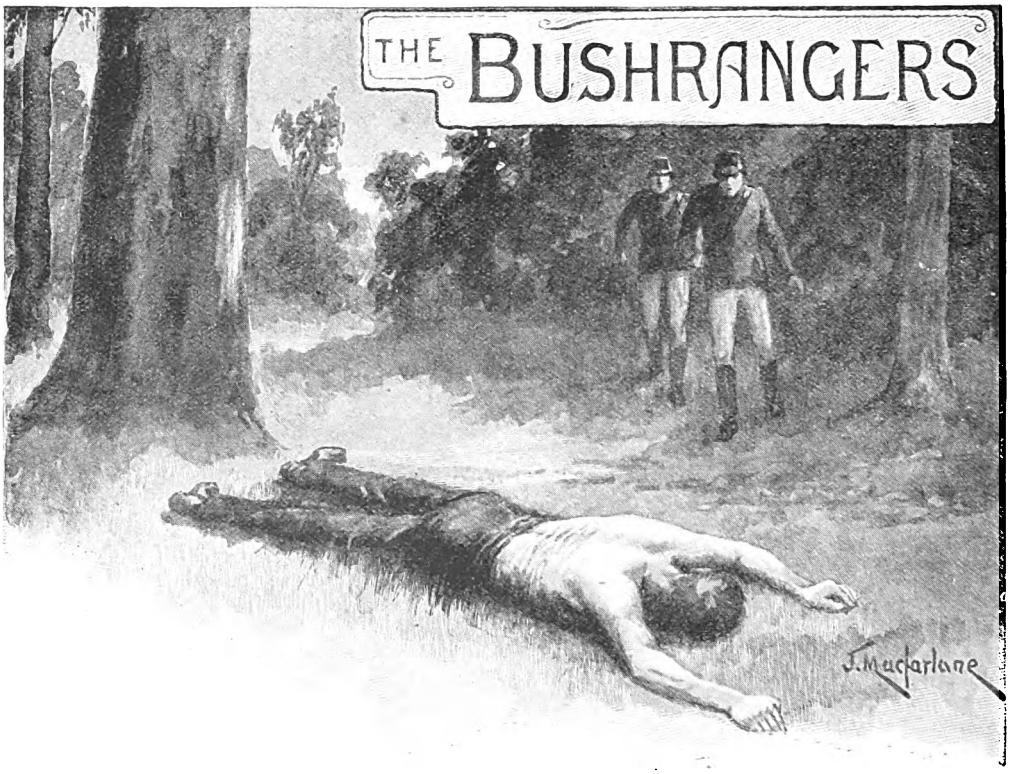

By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid."

No. V.—THE HUNTINGTOWER BALL.

(A Complete Story.)

One afternoon some two months after the Campbelltown affair, Garnet and O'Dare sat at the entrance to the cave eating their evening meal. They soon completed their repast, and, having set a portion aside for Wingy Nolans, whom they were expecting, they commenced to smoke.

Suddenly their quick ears caught the sound of a horse's hoof coming through the slush of the swamp. The possibility of its being a stranger did not appear to strike either men. Probably they were both too confident in the security of their retreat.

"Here's Wingy, at last!" exclaimed Garnet, and, whilst O'Dare made ready the old man's meal, Garnet moved down to meet him.

"Hullo, Wingy!" he exclaimed, as Nolans cantered up. "Any news?"

"You bet, Cap'n, but I'll put the mare out fust, and jist 'ave a mouthful, for I ain't 'ad nothin' since daylight."

The old fellow quickly unsaddled his horse, and took off the bridle. The animal after a nibble or two at the grass at her feet, trotted down into the flat and joined the others. Nolans meanwhile carried the saddle into the cave and then proceeded to satisfy his hunger.

"Thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee," he said, as he came to the fire and saw O'Dare's preparations for him.

In silence the man set to and, whilst his companions continued their interrupted smoke, made short work of the food in front of him.

"Ah!" he sighed presently, as he put down his empty pannikin and drew his rough grimy hand across his mouth. "I feels a sight better I tell ye. 'Arf a minute, till I

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get my pipe alight, and then I'll give ye what's doin'."

In due course clouds of smoke testified to the accomplishment of this last item of Wingy's comfort.

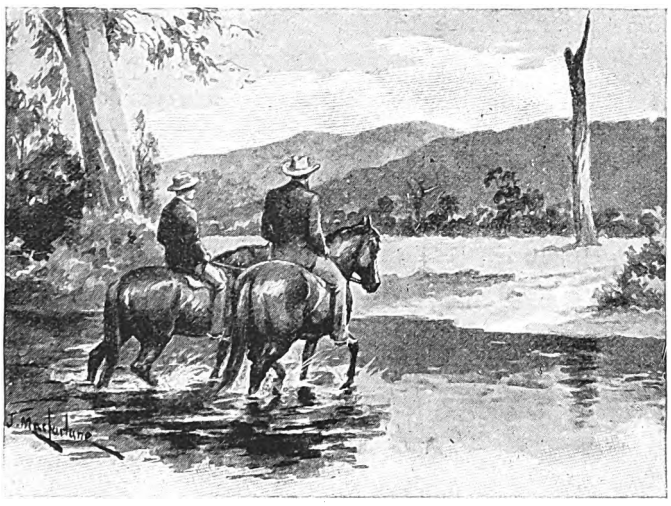
"The fact is, Cap'n, that last affair over at Campbelltown 'as made things fair 'um. D'ye know what it's done, sir?"

"Well?"

"Well, it's brought Austin 'isself up 'ere. They've seen 'im up with nigh on twenty troopers, a-purpose to 'unt us out. 'E's fair talkin' 'isself silly with what 'e's a goin' to do with ye. I tell ye its simply 'orrid to 'ear 'ow 'e's conductin' of 'isself!"

"Where is he?" asked Garnet, over whose face had come the look of hate, inseparable with his memory of the prison officer.

'E's at Cleveland. 'E's clean gone off the scent, leastways at present, and it's like enough he'll remain so, for none of the folks abart there love 'im. 'Sides, 'e's been at it agin'. 'E's fair beat 'isself this time."



Towards the afternoon they struck the Macquarie and made for Jackson's Ford.

"How's that?" asked O'Dare.

"Wal, there was a young 'un up at Cleveland out on Norman's run. 'E'd pretty nigh done 'is time when Austin runs acrost 'im and starts bullyin' 'im. The boss didn't come to 'ear of it, but it's pretty well abart that Austin made a dead set on the young chap and works on 'im till 'e said or did summut as Austin could iron 'im for, and 'aul 'im afore the beak. 'E' adn't a chawnce, the young 'un, and 'e got 'is fifty. Austin strung 'im up pretty sharp, and 'ad it laid on thick, but the young 'un, a rare plucky 'un, wouldn't as much as whimper. I reckon that fair nettled Austin, and 'e just took the opportoonity to lose count, and gave the poor devil a extry ten lashes or so. 'E never felt it, I suppose, nor it didn't make no difference to 'im 'cause—'cause," said Nolans, dropping his voice to an intense and unconsciously dramatic whisper, "'e was dead when 'e was cut down! 'E'd been flogged to death, and 'im not a month off 'is freedom."

A curious silence followed on Wingy's story, a silence broken at the fireside by the heavy breathing of the two listeners.

Garnet spoke first.

"By Heavens, he shall pay for it!"

"Amen!" said O'Dare, softly.

"Did you see Austin?" Garnet asked, presently.

"You bet I did. I jist made it my business to find out the general doin's of Cap'n Austin, and I find 'e spends most of 'is evenings acrost at Huntingtower, Fitzpatrick's place. 'E's a bit sweet on the young gal I reckon—or on 'er money. There's goin' to be a reglar kick up there in a week's time. The old man's only got this one gal and a son. The young chap's come out from England, and they're 'avin' a reglar slap up affair, a ball as you might say."

"A ball, eh?"

"Yus, they reckon there'll be pretty nigh sixty people there a gallavantin', and you bet 'is Royal 'Ighness Cap'n Austin, cuss 'im, 'll be there a swaggerin' somethin' 'orrid. 'Now there's your chawnce, Wingy,' I says. 'It's out of the range 'o your capacities to work details, but it's your chawnce, and it wants 'arf a dozen coves to 'elp. I knowed four real good 'uns as is fair 'itchin' to teach Austin a lesson, and I jest made sure on 'em in case you wanted 'em and then I clears back—I reckon I've done nigh on fifty miles to-day and rough goin' too. Now can you figure out the rest, Cap'n."

There was a few moment's silence.

"Do you know Huntingtower?" asked Garnet.

"Rather. Every inch on it. I was

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assigned there onst, and that bring in an eliment as you say. I might a died o' fever if it 'adn't been for Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She's dead now, and she thought as she was doin' me a mighty good turn to keep me alive by nursin' and fine feedin'. Oh, aye, I know Huntingtower, and whilst ye may do what ye like to Austin, ye ain't goin' to scrape a inch o' paint off a door post on the run. It ain't none o' yer sentimental gratitude this. I ain't sentimental. There ain't no soft tack about Wingy Nolans. But they were very good to me, and—well, it's a bargain, Cap'n, eh?"

"All right, Wingy. Austin's our mark this time, not vulgar loot. But tell me, does he take an escort with him when he rides across?"

"Yus. Two on 'em, but I reckon as they won't be 'ard to quiet. There'll be 'eaps 'o liquor knockin' round."

For a couple of hours the three men talked and schemed their desperate venture, until at length every detail being adjusted, they retired to rest.

Three days later Wingy left with the first streaks of dawn.

Garnet and O'Dare left the second day after Nolans' departure, driving before them their own spare horses and Wingy's, all three of which were left next morning in the clearing this side of Miller's Bluff. From there to Hummocky Mountain was a matter of twenty-five miles. Towards the afternoon they struck the Macquarie and made for Jackson's Ford, a mile or so below Dead Man's Creek. By nightfall they had reached Hummocky Mountain, and soon after dark found Wingy's camp.

The old man introduced his mates, although the faces of none of them were unfamiliar.

"It seems to me," said Garnet, after they had discussed their plans in detail, "we're not on the track of loot or harm. Austin's our game, and the teaching of a good lesson."

"That's it, Cap'n," said Nolans. "There ain't to be nothin' touched or 'urt 'cept 'im. Sort of concentrate yer 'urtin' on 'im."

"In fact," remarked Garnet, "it's an impromptu pleasure party. I'm not going in dress clothes, but I shall wear a pair of dancing boots, and possibly join in the festivities, eh, Teddy?"

O'Dare's eyes lit with the light of mischief.

"Egad, it would be sport! We'd have to see that everything was safe, and I don't fancy we'd have much difficulty in getting plenty of partners."

It was long past sundown the following day when the small cavalcade left, and, breaking into twos and threes, parted company, arranging to meet by the woolshed of the big station. This was effected without much difficulty; and after an hour or so of waiting until the festivities of the evening were likely to have made substantial progress they commenced to carry out their plans.

"Austin!" whispered Garnet, halting and laying his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

The first and most important matter was to bail up the station hands together with Austin's escort. Leaving their horses in the sheep-yard, Garnet and his men walked slowly across the shrubbery that encircled the homestead. Skirting the outer edge, they came presently to the stables and cowsheds at the back of the house. Here they paused, whilst Garnet, O'Dare, and Wingy crept forward to reconnoitre.

"That 'ut over there's the men's quarters. There's a barn alongside where I 'eard they were goin' to give the 'ands a bit of a spread," whispered Nolans.

Wingy's information appeared to have been correct, for through the open door of

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the barn came a blaze of light and the sound of jovial voices.

Signalling to the other men to close up, Garnet led the way to the back of the temporary banqueting hall. Then, slowly followed by O'Dare, he crept round towards the open door. He slipped his pistol into his pocket, and stepping forward glanced within. Seated at the table were fully a dozen men, conspicuous amongst them being Austin's two troopers. Garnet quietly and quickly pulled the door to and shot the bolts. Then, with infinite rapidity, he made the centre bolt fast with the padlock hanging on the staple and turned and drew out the key.

"No," he added, as Austin made a movement, "you must hold up your hands."

"Now, Wingy," whispered Garnet, "fetch a couple of your men to stand sentry at this door. Silence in there," he added, as there came a tug at the handle. As he spoke, he stooped and slipped a note under the door. The chief object of the raid was specifically stated, inasmuch as Garnet had a shrewd idea that the prospect of Austin receiving the punishment which had been decided, would be, if anything, a source of delight to one and all, even to the escort. The letter concluded with a warning that if the faintest effort were made to escape, the barn would be set alight.

The philosophy of helplessness, and just the sympathy in his undertaking which Garnet anticipated, together with the perfect confidence in the bushranger, if necessary, carrying out his threat soon induced the imprisoned men to continue their interrupted joviality.

Meanwhile, Wingy, with the other men, were sent off through the back of the house to seize and place under lock and key any men-servants they might find, whilst O'Dare and Garnet walked through the shrubbery to the front, the two bushrangers quietly and swiftly crept forward to the further side of the house and through the open windows of a large room, saw the whole of the guests assembled at supper.

The repast had apparently ended, and speeches were the order of the evening. As the two men approached from without there arose at the table a tall young fellow with black hair and eyebrows, and with eyes peculiarly keen and close set. The heavy nose and full sensual lips combined to form a countenance attractive at a quick glance, but distinctively repulsive upon closer scrutiny.

"Austin!" whispered Garnet, halting, and laying his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

In a mincing affected voice, the man commenced a speech in honour of the ladies, which quickly drifted into a eulogy of himself. With the most consummate effrontery, and with not a little skill, he impressed on his hearers the importance of one Lieutenant Martin Austin, and suggested, by way of inference, the reckless courage of that estimable gentleman.

Here and there the remarks were pointed with distinct wit, and elicited a degree of laughter. Yet to all but the speaker—and if to him he was superbly indifferent—there was an absence of cordiality in the reception of his remarks. Not a soul in the room, but

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detested Martin Austin, and he knew it. The women feared and distrusted him, the men disliked him, but recognised that he held an official position of some importance.

Suddenly, in the midst of his braggart harangue, Austin stopped short. His eyes dilated, as they gazed across at the open window and his cheeks grew white. The curious stillness which for the moment followed, was broken by a quiet strong voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Austin," said Garnet, stepping into the room, at the same moment as O'Dare entered by the other window. "No," he added, as Austin made a movement, "you must hold up your hands, I'm afraid. Sorry to trouble you. Steady—so—that's better. Ladies and gentlemen," he added, to the company, some of whom had started to their feet. "You may rest assured that not the very slightest harm or even inconvenience shall be occasioned to anyone of you, nor, sir," he continued to Mr. Fitzpatrick, "to you or yours, nor any of your belongings."

"Who are you, and what are you doing here then?" quickly asked the old gentleman.

"Captain Jack I'm known as," answered Garnet, and there was a stir, as the oft-mentioned name fell on the ears of those assembled. The men looked curiously and noted the commanding height and carriage of this, the most famous bushranger of his time, whilst the women noted the handsome face and refined voice of a man, who, by his prompt bravery, had rescued two of their number from the clutches of inhuman wretches, at the risk of himself being killed, and, if wounded, arrested and hanged.

"My business," continued Garnet, still covering Austin with his pistol, is with Captain Austin alone."

Austin, as Garnet spoke, seemed to read the hatred in the bushranger's eyes. He stepped back a pace towards the door, only to find himself suddenly in the iron grip of Wingy and his comrade, who had entered from the passage.

With marvellous celerity the wretched man, now white with terror, had his hands tied behind him and was led out.

Then Garnet stepped quietly into the vacant seat, and took up the thread of Austin's speech. Sheer surprise at his audacity commanded silence, until his voice, clear and beautifully modulated, in itself rivetted attention.

The bushranger picked up the shattered fragments of the ladies' toast, and, prefacing his remarks with an assurance of his good intentions to all present, stipulated only to be left unharmed and untouched. "Otherwise," he added, "if I or my friend be interfered with, I cannot answer for the retribution which my comrades, who surround the house might exact."

Passing lightly over this phase of the position he succeeded in making a speech, excellent both for its gaiety and its wit, a speech indeed which quickly dispelled the effects of the curious circumstances of the speaker's arrival.

As Garnet resumed his seat—and not too without applause—he turned to his host with all the air and refinement of a great gentleman and repeated his assurances and rapidly put the old man at his ease. It was marvellous. It was astounding. It was an instance of the subtle power to fascinate, of which all who came in contact with the man invariably and quickly became aware.

In the ball-room, to which they all presently adjourned, he was found, moreover, to be as admirable a dancer as he was a speaker. In a little while the waltzing was general, and whilst it was understood that Mr. Fitzpatrick was held as a hostage of immunity, the gaiety of the evening was if anything enhanced by the presence of O'Dare and Garnet. They danced with Miss Fitzpatrick and the prettiest and daintiest of the other girls, not one of whom but enjoyed it.

To one girl, however, beyond all others she was envied too by her girl friends—Garnet was particularly attentive. He had recognised Miss Russell, the heroine of the Bellmont affair, and despite the divergent paths of their two lives, the power of a mutual regard drew both down a path of subtle and dangerous earnestness.

Neither man nor woman can command or forbid affection, and, though no single word betrayed the thought of either, Garnet and the fair young girl were guilty—as an elderly spinster was afterwards heard to express it—of a most outrageous flirtation. It was a dangerous pastime, and time had taken note of it, for future happenings, none of which pertain to this story.

The hours passed swiftly until, without, the moonlight overhead merged in the daylight of the east. Presently, as the last waltz on the programme came to a finish, Garnet's voice broke the silence in an intimation that for a few minutes all present would have to consider themselves prisoners.

"I shall simply ask you to remain quietly

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in here," he added, "nor will any harm be done to you."

As Garnet stepped on to the verandah, O'Dare stationed himself at the open window, whilst the company within stood puzzled and ill at ease.

The intentions of the bushrangers soon became evident. On the gravel path two of them suddenly appeared, leading between them the wretched young officer, his hands securely bound. He was no longer the swaggering bully, but distinctly in abject terror of what might be about to happen to him. Nor was he left long in doubt. The agony he had so frequently and so wantonly inflicted on the miserable wretches who had come within his grip was now to be meted out to him.

"Hanging's what you deserve, my fine friend," said Garnet, "but amongst other lessons you may learn to night, is the benefit of a little leniency. You're in for fifty lashes, Captain Austin, neither more or less, without break or pause, and if you be dead when you're cut down, may God have mercy on your soul!

"Take him away," he added, and Nolans and his companion half lifted and half dragged the wretched man, as he yelled and shrieked in his terror.

Half-way across the lawn they paused and gagged him, and in silence he was carried to the foot of a lofty blue gum.

As Garnet turned to follow, a girlish figure slipped past O'Dare and stole up to the bushranger. It was Miss Russell.

"You—you will not kill him?" she asked in a broken whisper, as she laid her hand on his arm.

He stopped and looked down on her.

"Do you mind so much?" he asked almost roughly.

"I—I hate him. But—he may die?"

"Yes," was the stern reply. "Not intentionally, but he may. You think it an undeserved punishment?"

"No, no! but yet——"

"You're a gentle, kind-hearted woman, Miss Russell—and I am——" he shrugged his shoulders.

"Sh—sh," she said, "I know you are brave, but—he will live?" she whispered. "Not for any liking I have for him: but——"

"Well?" asked Garnet, earnestly.

"Just to prove that you really are what I think you are. He will live?" she repeated, softly.

"Yes," answered Garnet presently, and every word came slowly, as from a man who is stepping back from danger. "Yes, he will live."

Before the girl could speak the bushranger had gone.

He walked swiftly across the bright moonlit lawn, leaving in the ball-room the crowd of blanched, white-faced men and women. At the far side of the lawn, he came upon a knot of men just as they were completing the fastening of the ropes, with which they had bound Austin to the tree.

Garnet stepped up to the man who held the cat.

"As long as he is conscious don't spare him, afterwards go easy. No good will come of killing him," he added, as though he felt that some excuse was necessary.

A quarter of an hour later the sentence had been carried out. Almost half the number of strokes had been laid on a senseless inanimate body, and at first when he had been cut down, it seemed as though he were dead.

Garnet laid his hand over Austin's heart.

"It's all right, he's alive."

"All wrong, may be," murmured Nolans, "I'd as lief 'eard 'e was dead, cuss 'im!"

On the grass at the foot of the tree they left the unconscious form.

"Look to him," said Garnet to the two constables, who had been relieved of their pistols. "Carry him round to the stables. A bucket of water will do as well as anything to bring him round. Go and fetch your horses and mine," he added to his own men, "I'll meet you by the front gate."

They moved off and he walked back across the lawn towards the house. O'Dare joined him.

"Teddy!"

"I know, old man, I know. I'll not spoil sport—but two's safer than one. Someone might have got hold of a pistol."

They reached the verandah and Garnet stepped into the room.

There was a stir of surprise and dread expectation as he entered. The girl he had spoken with as he left ran forward.

"You've kept your promise?" she asked eagerly.

He bent his head.

"Yes, Miss Russell," he said slowly, "I've kept my promise."

"Oh, how glad I am! He's alive, and—and you came back to tell us?"

"He's alive and—I came back to tell *you*. Yes, to tell *you*—that's all," and without another word he wheeled round, and with his companion strode silently away.

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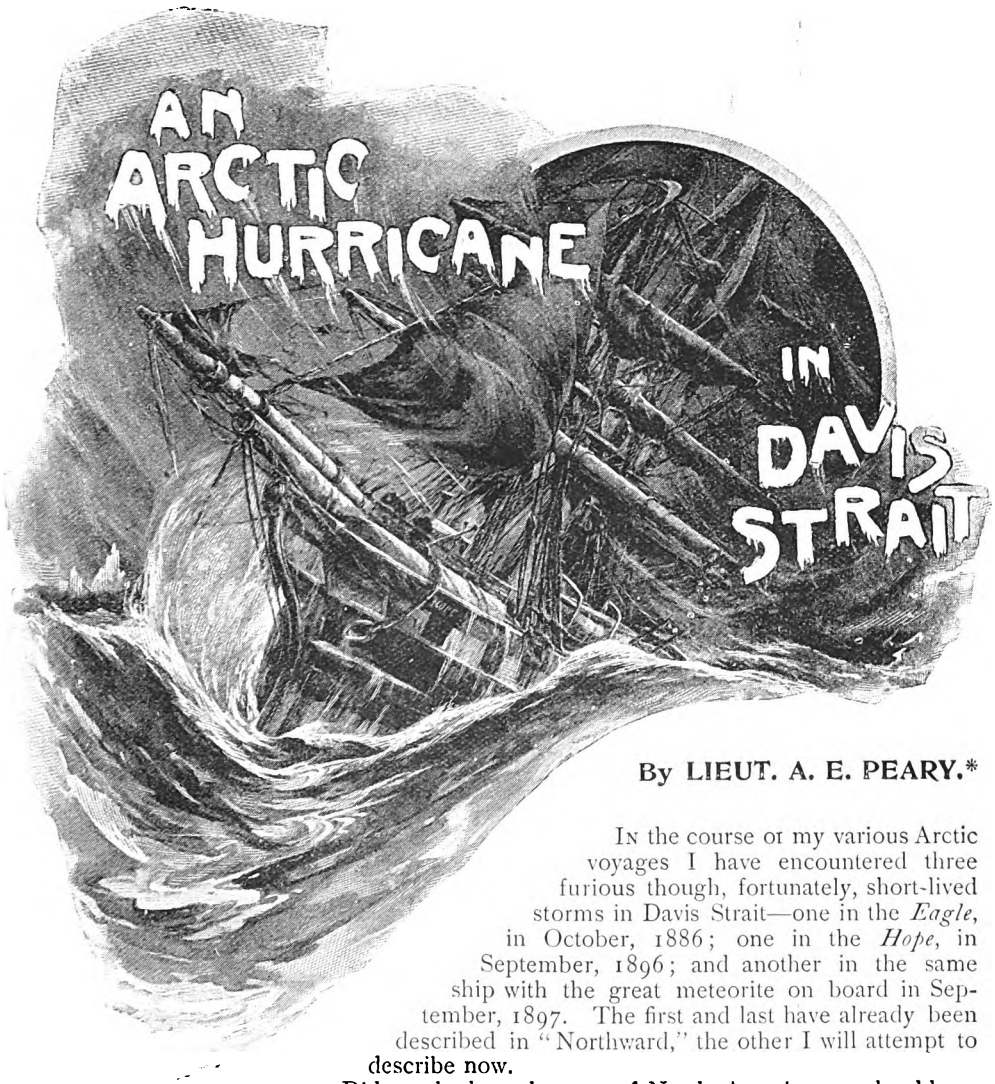

By LIEUT. A. E. PEARY.*

In the course of my various Arctic voyages I have encountered three furious though, fortunately, short-lived storms in Davis Strait—one in the *Eagle*, in October, 1886; one in the *Hope*, in September, 1896; and another in the same ship with the great meteorite on board in September, 1897. The first and last have already been described in "Northward," the other I will attempt to describe now.

Did we look at the map of North America, we should see how the expanse of Baffin Bay narrows to the comparatively contracted opening of Davis Strait between the Greenland coast and the easternmost point of Baffin Land. At the narrowest part between Cape Dier and Holsteinborg, almost precisely along the Arctic Circle, the width of the Strait is only one hundred miles. In September and October, when the rapidly increasing cold is changing the atmospheric equilibrium so rapidly that only the most energetic air transference can restore the balance, the storms thus generated rushing southward are compressed in the narrows of the Strait and develop an almost indescribable violence.

My summer's work was nearly done, After a long and unsuccessful struggle with the great meteorite at Meteorite Island, the *Hope* had been forced by the rapid forming of young ice and the near approach of the Arctic winter to retreat to Cape York and thence south through Melville Bay.

During the forenoon of September 11th, as the *Hope* steamed past the southern shore of Disco Island, the sun was gradually forcing its way through the clouds, and as we entered Disco harbour it shone brightly on the well-known warm brown cliffs. Throughout the afternoon, too, it warmed the place, late as was the season, into a summer aspect. When at last it set in the western waters it did so in a flaming crimson sky, the light of which

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poured through the harbour entrance, and touched the place with bits of vivid red. Against this western intensity the towering of Blaafjeldt stood out in purple silhouette.

At seven o'clock in the evening the *Hope* was in sailing trim, the members of the party penniless, and their bunks filled to overflowing with "truckie," the many interesting curios of this country—graceful little kayak bowls, ivory sledges and dogs, eider-down muffs, sealskin boots, mittens, purses, rugs, slippers, delicately-carved ivory necklaces, rosaries, watch chains, paper knives, &c. At 7.30 we steamed out with the usual formalities of saluting cannon, and headed south-westward, across the Strait for Cape Walsingham.

Though the *Hope* did not have the coveted meteorite on board, she did carry a goodly assortment of skins, specimens, skeletons of bear, reindeer, walrus, narwhal, white whale, denizens of the Arctic lands and seas, destined for the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. In a rude cage lashed down on the quarter deck were two young bears captured on the upward voyage, and forward in the fore peak were tied several Eskimo dogs, also destined for the American Museum.

The master of the *Hope* was the same Captain John Bartlett who had been master of the *Panther* with Hayes and Bradford in 1869, and who had navigated the *Kite* north in the summer of 1895 when she was sent by Mrs. Peary to bring me and my two comrades home. Her mate, bo'sun, and crew were typical Newfoundlers, every one a character, of whom by no means the least important was "Billy" Godly, the cook, whose fund of stories was inexhaustible, and not always to be entirely relied upon.

The *Hope* herself, as perhaps many of my readers may already know, was one of the typical steam sealers of medium size of three hundred and seven tons net. She was full bark rigged, with an unusually large jib and single topsails with patent roofing gear. Her boiler and engines, of some eighty nominal horse-power, were placed between the main mast and mizzen, and communicated their power to a propeller, which when tuned up to a speed of eighty to ninety revolutions per minute, would push the *Hope* through smooth water at the rate of about seven-and-a-half knots an hour. With the assistance of a fresh breeze, this speed might run up to ten knots an hour. A bow, graceful in spite of its heavy iron sheathing, a wide, roomy quarterdeck, and black ports painted in a white stripe on either side, gave the ship quite a trim and warlike appearance.

Baffin Bay was a sea of amber glass, and a narrow band of steely yellow sky, against which four or five bergs loomed in inky blackness, lay north and north-west past the face of Blaafjeldt.

As we cleared the western bluffs of Disco Island a short, vitreous swell came heaving down upon us from the northward, and fortunately for us showed the position of the dangerous Parry Rock, for which we were heading directly, and which would have been invisible but for the swell breaking upon it. Only the quick starboarding of the helm carried us clear.

A little later a light air came to us from the north, and staysails were run up to moderate the rolling of the *Hope* as the swell took her nearly upon the beam. Then the Captain and I turned in. When I awoke it was from the sudden impact of a shelf full of books upon my chest and stomach, and I realised that the *Hope* was rolling viciously, and the wind howling through her rigging, as I could tell by the deep æolian note which came down through the mizzen chains just outside my stateroom.

Shortly after midnight, on the report of the first officer that a whole gale was blowing, I went on deck with the captain, and found the old craft tearing away at full speed right in the trough of the sea, with jib, fore-topmast-staysail, main-topmast and top-gallant-mast, staysails and spanker set, and the wind howling through her rigging like a thousand demons. The engine was slowed to half speed, the top-gallant-mast staysail stowed, and the ship's head brought up to the wind a bit, which eased her very much.

I worked my way forward to the companion-way of the forward cabin, and looked down into a chaos of trunks, chairs, specimens, and paraphernalia of all kinds, dashing wildly back and forth, and it certainly seemed that every one was in good spirits. I did not risk the integrity of my bones by descending.

After keeping an eye on the *Hope* for an hour or so I returned to my bunk to finish my interrupted slumbers. The barometer had fallen two tenths more since 8 p.m., but was now stationary and the wind did not seem to be increasing.

Less than an hour later a series of particularly wild vagaries of the *Hope*, which nearly hurled me out of my bunk, sent me on deck to find the wind howling with redoubled fury. As I emerged from the companion-way it seemed for a moment as if

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it would almost literally lift my scalp. The sea was running furiously, black walls of water plunging down upon us as if the very cliffs of the shore had broken loose.

Making a quick rush to the mizzen weather

My feet sometimes swung clear of the deck.

shrouds, as the *Hope* rolled to windward, I caught and clung there, my feet sometimes swinging clear of the deck as she leaned to leeward, till it seemed as if she were going all the way over. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I saw that one of the boats had been swept away; scarcely had I noted this when a huge sea broke out of the darkness upon the quarter. In an instant the captain, who was standing near me, and I were drenched, beaten down, and half suffocated and stunned by the resistless weight of water which fell over the rail upon us, yet we clung to the shrouds with all our strength.

As I cleared my eyes and shook myself free from the crashing cataract, I heard a cry from the man at the wheel, and looking that way saw the bear cage, a heavy plank house, in which the two bears were confined, had filled with water, carried away its lashings, and jammed against the wheel, rendering it immovable. The *Hope* was falling off broadside to the furious seas.

The instant instinct of both the Captain and myself was the same, but the angle of the cabin skylight was in his way, while I had a clear road, and, throwing myself headlong across the slanting deck, shoulder and hands met the corner of the cage together. I felt it quiver under my impact; another push with all my strength and it yielded, and as bears, cage, some tons of water, and myself went crashing into the lee scuppers, I heard the rattle of the rudder chains and the burr-r-r of the wheel as the helmsman with all the energy of terror, whirled the helm hard-a-lee.

I felt the wild heave and staggering plunge of the *Hope*, followed, however, by no crash of water upon her decks, and a moment later as I emerged from the seething chaos in the scuppers, I saw the crest of a giant sea, such as Davis Strait alone can raise before the breath of an Arctic hurricane, hissing away into the grey green gloom to leeward. Not until I had seen the bears' cage lashed with turn after turn of heavy line did I go below to put on dry clothes.

In connection with this episode a rather amusing incident occurred. One of the gentlemen of the party came rushing on deck just after the crash, hatless and bootless, and started forward. I shouted to him that he had better go below again, as everything was all right and he would only get wet on deck. He followed my advice, and I closed the companion way quickly behind him to keep the cabin from being deluged.

Before I could get away, a lurch of the *Hope* forced me to keep my grip on the companion way for a few moments, and I heard confused sounds as of a violent struggle

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issuing from below. Sliding the top of the companion way and peering down through the crack, I could just make out the gentleman swaying back and forth half-way between the top and bottom. I opened the companion way to see what was the matter, when he dropped like a sounding lead and landed with a crash at the bottom in a confused heap, from which issued various disconnected and unseemly remarks. It appeared that in my hurried closing of the companion way I had caught his coat-tails, and the next lurch of the *Hope* had carried him off his feet and transformed him into a living pendulum. My opening of the companion way had freed these appendages and allowed Newton's discovery to do the rest.

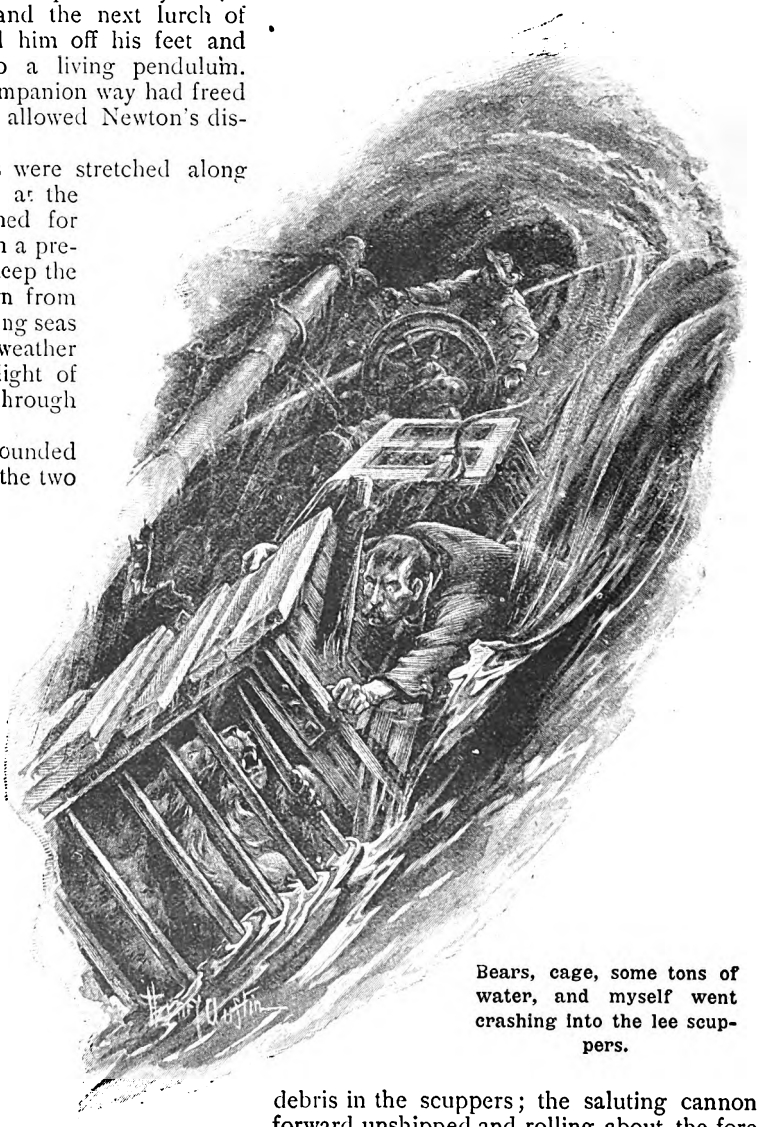
After this life lines were stretched along the deck — the man at the wheel had been lashed for hours to his place with a preventer line rigged to keep the wheel from being torn from his grasp by the battering seas —and we clung to the weather rigging till the grey light of dawn began to filter through the tumult.

Through all this sounded the hoarse roaring of the two bears, and from forward, between the crashing of the waves on the deck, rose the shrill howls of my poor dogs tied in the fore peak.

Suddenly the engine stopped. What was up now? A hurried inquiry and investigation showed that a rope from the gear of the lost boat was tangled in the propeller. We could not spare the propeller now; it was keeping the ship's head to the sea; it must be started at any cost, and cut or wear away the fouled line.

"Give her all steam;" and to our intense relief, after a few moments' delay, there ran from stern to stem a wrenching, grinding tremour, perceptible above all the shock of pounding waves. The propeller had started, then it stopped, started again, stopped once more, then in a laboured way which gradually became more easy, went on uninterruptedly. That menace was over.

As the daylight grew more pronounced I saw that the galley and the spare rudder had both been shifted and swept into the scuppers; the skeletons of narwhal and walrus and bear swept overboard or smashed among the debris in the scuppers; the saluting cannon forward unshipped and rolling about the fore peak, and various other minor havoc wrought.



Bears, cage, some tons of water, and myself went crashing into the lee scuppers.

At five o'clock in the morning the barometer began to rise slowly, and though the wind

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The stove-pipe lunged for him like a giant harpoon.

still blew with apparently as much force as ever, the character of the seas changed, and then began to subside with the wind. By noon the storm had moderated so that the *Hope* was put upon her course, the engine started at full-speed, and reefed top-sails set.

The forward cabin during the storm had been the scene of great excitement, and yet of more or less merriment. The fierce spiral rolls and plunges of the *Hope* had carried everything between decks, and the occupants of the port bunks had been exposed to an intermittent deluge of miscellaneous articles.

Professor Tarr's powerful personal magnetism, or the peculiarly favourable position of his bunk, exposed him to the bulk of the projectiles, and for a time he was a literal illustration of Chimmie Fadden's remark when fortune smiled upon him, "that things began coming his way so fast, he nearly broke his neck dodging them."

First the lamp in full flame soared from its slings, descended upon the Professor and was promptly extinguished. Then the stove slipped from its moorings and with affectionate warmth slid over and attempted to enter his bunk. A flock of birdskins, trophies of the summer, swooped upon him from between the deck beams, followed, like a flight of arrows, by the laths upon which they had been drying. Then the stove pipe lunged for him like a giant harpoon, and interspersed among these were trunks, chairs, a table, and all the numerous curios gathered in Godhavn.

While this was going on, the artist Operti, gayest of the gay, in abbreviated *costume de nuit*, held a candle while pallid unfortunates in similar attire relieved their feelings at the basin. Altogether it was a wild experience long to be remembered, and few, if any, of the party will ever regret the opportunity of adding it to their recollections.

During the afternoon succeeding the wild night of the storm, the sea subsided to an animated plain of hammered silver, touched here and there with the frosting of the white caps. A few stray icebergs glistened like giant pearls in the brilliant sunlight, and the *Hope*, with lee scuppers to the water, raced merrily away for Cape Mercy. The next morning we were fast in the drift ice off that bold headland, where we hung helpless for three days, and then extricating ourselves, steamed across to the whaling station at Blacklead Island with its colony of west coast Eskimos. Here we remained for a few days, and resumed our southward course, and then reached Sydney, Cape Breton, without any further incident of special interest or note.

But the storm we had encountered was one never to be forgotten, and its remembrance provided plenty of excitement for the remainder of the voyage.

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By Marvin Dana.

Just now, as you see me here, I am an eminently respectable member of society, holding a position in the vestry, and all that sort of thing, and the children, bless their hearts! would never in the world believe that their father at one time was as bad a scamp as ever drew pistol or played three card monte on the plains of the Wild West.

To you, confidentially, I don't mind confessing that for ten years, from the time that I was twenty-five until I was thirty-five, all the money I made, I made by gambling. But to render the confession complete I must add to it the fact that not only did I gamble but I also made it my rule to cheat every time I had the chance. Mind you, this was not so bad as it might seem to you, because, in those days, and in those places, that is to say, in the mining camps of the Western States and Territories of America, early in the fifties, gambling was the universal amusement, and the business of a large part of the community.

And gamblers were all expected to cheat on any and every occasion when they could do so safely. Nobody was expected to be honest for the sake of honesty. Nobody was expected to practise virtue merely for the sake of a good conscience. So, as I say, everyone cheated, if he had the necessary skill. But it was always on the understanding that detection made it a matter of life and death right then and there. If a gambler slipped a card, or "rung in a cold deck," he did it, well knowing the cost of being found out. Not only would he lose the stakes involved, he would also lose his life on the spot unless he handled his gun more quickly than did his adversary. If by a good shot he managed to save his life for the moment, he had to cut and run for it unless he wished the Vigilance Committee to hold a necktie party, with him as the principal guest.

Well, in those days I cheated, and the story of the last time in which I used unlawful arts for my advantage is the one I am about to tell. It was, too, the last time that I played at cards, but that is by way of being a sequel to the tale.

I had drifted to Pueblo, in Colorado, and there I fell in with Hank Murray. Hank, a few years before, had been a partner of mine when we ran a faro game in Karson, Nevada. In those days Hank's sole family had consisted of one girl, about fifteen years of age, a bright little thing; but I must confess that she had clean gone from my recollection when I discovered in Hank's house in Pueblo a tall and stately young woman, handsome as any queen, handsomer, in fact, than any picture I ever saw.

This was the little girl I had known five years before; but, good gracious! in Karson I had held her on my knees, and chatted to her by the hour; and here one glance from her blue eyes threw me into a perspiration, and gave me ague chills up and down my back, and generally "rattled" me, so that I

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didn't know whether I stood in boots or moccasins. To save my wasting rhetoric, I'll say abruptly that I fell in love. It was a tremendous fall, too. I had tumbled a little a good many times in the course of my short career. I remember one girl in Omaha —but there, never mind her! I got over that. This was different.

Usually I am glib enough with a woman; can talk her ear off if she is pretty enough to make it worth the strain on the vocal chords. But, my soul! Mona had only to come into the room, and I was straightway as dumb as an oyster. I courted her the best I could during the weeks I remained in Pueblo, but I wasn't up to much. I hung around in the room where she was, and looked at her when she didn't look at me, and turned red when she asked me a question, and stuttered and stammered whenever I tried to say that the weather was fine—and that's about all I did do. Whether or not she was observant enough to understand what my feelings were, I had no more idea than I had as to where and when I should hold my next four aces at poker.

I must say a few words about old Hank. It would need a good many to do him justice. If this were to be a character study, I could write a whole book just about Hank, for Hank was strong on character. I am not saying that it was good character or that it was bad character, but it was character all right enough. Not to go outside of the qualities that are concerned in this story of mine, Hank had a temper. A temper of the most reliable sort, for he always had it handy by him for use, and he brought it out quite as often as was necessary for the health of those in his company at the time. In other words Hank was a terror. Just "rile" him a little, and he would rise to the occasion, rise with both feet and fists, or, if it was a serious affair, pull out his gun and shoot as many as he could before the room was emptied — which happened on the instant, if the crowd knew Hank.

I had a great respect for Hank on account of these qualities and some others, and I considered myself very fortunate that in all the years of our acquaintance he had never punctured me. All the same, my knowledge of his character did not encourage me to state boldly to him that I wished to marry his daughter. To tell the truth, I didn't know how he might take it, but I had a shrewd suspicion that he might take it very badly.

This suspicion became almost a certainty when I cautiously led up to the subject one evening by inquiring as to whether or not he had anybody in mind as a husband for Mona. Hank in response showed all the symptoms of apoplexy, and swore, in a manner that allowed of no misunderstanding as to his meaning, that no man was half good enough for his daughter. Then he added:

"A gambler ruined her mother's life, and one of the profession shall never have the chance of ruining hers!"

This, as may be imagined, was a slap in the face to me, and, though I was perfectly willing to give up gambling for Mona's sake, the reception of my first suggestion by Hank

I courted her the best way I could.

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was so discouraging that I hadn't heart enough to mention the matter again to him.

Things were at this deadlock when luck came to my aid, and I need hardly add was assisted by a little dexterity on my part.

For want of pigeons to pluck, Hank and I were playing poker together one evening. We were playing after a fashion of our own, inasmuch as the regular game is monotonous when only two are engaged. Our method was to play straight from the five cards dealt to us, without any draw. In the course of this evening I made a discovery. The table on which we played had a square in the centre covered with green cloth. Round about the square was a border of wood some four inches wide. This appeared to be rosewood, but I discovered by accident, once when my cards rasped on the edge of the table, that it was only veneer, laid on over ordinary deal. This veneer had become loose in places, and next to me it was so separated from the deal as to make a perfect natural hold-out, wherein one could slip a dozen cards and have them safely out of sight, yet available by the simplest prestidigitation.

This discovery set me a-thinking. I had made it a rule when playing with Hank to play on the square, my reasons being the sharpness of his eyes and the quickness of his gun. But this natural hold-out offered to my use gave me an immense temptation to practise a little trickery on my old partner. Hank had been losing for an hour, and, following his disposition, the more he lost the more desperately he played, so that I had already won about five thousand dollars from him. In my opinion, this sum included practically all his ready cash.

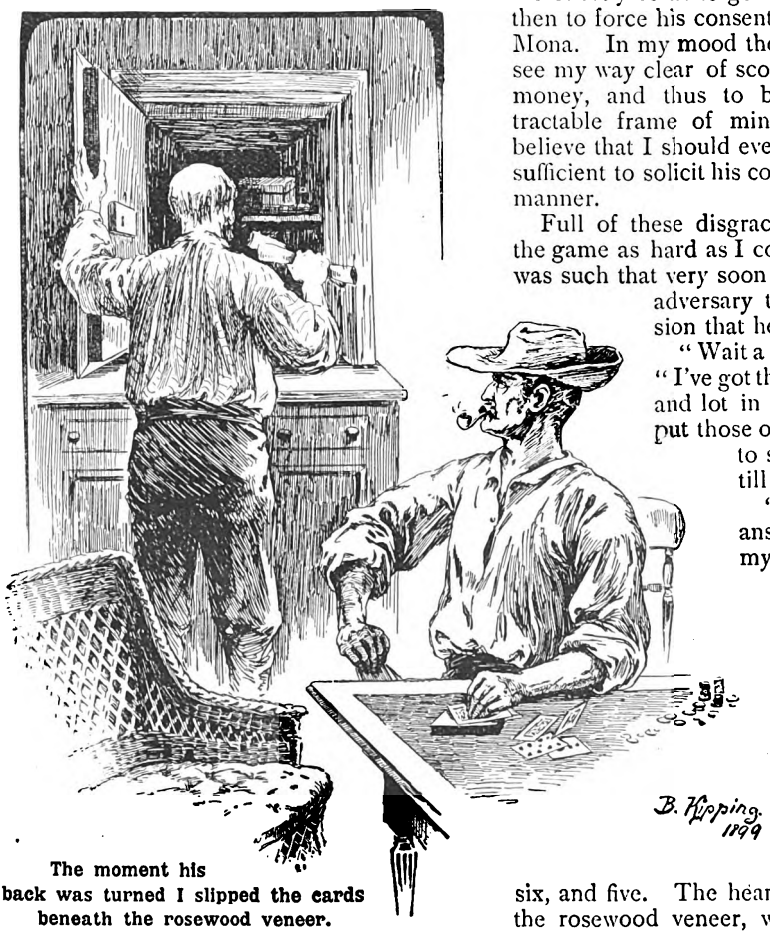
The temptation of which I have spoken was vague at first, but in a few minutes it had drawn other ideas to itself, and soon I was plotting deeply. The final effect was a scheme by which I purposed first to plunder Hank mercilessly so as to get him within my power, then to force his consent to my marriage with Mona. In my mood there and then I could see my way clear of scooping him of all his money, and thus to bringing him into a tractable frame of mind. I really did not believe that I should ever muster up courage sufficient to solicit his consent in the orthodox manner.

Full of these disgraceful plans, I pushed the game as hard as I could, and my success was such that very soon I had won from my adversary the reluctant confession that he was stone-broke.

"Wait a minute," cried Hank, "I've got the deeds to this house and lot in my safe, and I'll just put those on the table as security to stand against my bets till one of us is busted."

"As you please," I answered, for this suited my purpose exactly.

Hank got up from his place and went across the room to the safe. The moment his back was turned, I picked up the cards, and sorting them rapidly, picked out the four aces and a straight flush in hearts, the nine, eight, seven, six, and five. The hearts I slipped beneath the rosewood veneer, where they would be



The moment his back was turned I slipped the cards beneath the rosewood veneer.

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available for me, whensoever I should choose to take them; while the four aces I arranged alternately with four other cards, the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth of the eight, being the aces. These cards I held palmed in my right hand, after I had replaced the pack on the table. I completed these arrangements in about seven seconds, for quickness is the absolute essential of every gambler who depends at all on nefarious devices, as it is of a conjuror. When Hank returned with the title deeds, the cards were, apparently, as he had left them.

It was Hank's deal. He shuffled the cards fiercely, and when he had done mixing them, threw them on the table before me with a brief:

"Cut!"

I cut the cards with my left hand, and then with my right tapped them as if to even the edges. As I did so, I deftly deposited on the top of the deck the eight cards I had held concealed.

Hank picked up the pack, and dealt a card to me, then one to him, and so on, until five had been distributed to each of us. Thus he secured for himself the four aces, according to my arrangement.

I watched his face furtively to see what effect the hand might have on him, for it is the highest possible in the game with the single exception of the straight flush, and that straight flush reposed safely ready for my hand beneath the veneer.

Just then Mona entered the room, and went behind her father's chair. I saw her eyes sparkle as she noted her father's cards, for, as a gambler's daughter, she knew the value of the aces. A moment afterwards she came behind me.

I was tempted to drop my hand out of the girl's sight, for I realised on the instant that if she were to note the cards I held now, and afterwards were to see me throw down the straight flush I was holding out, she would know with certainty that I had resorted to trickery, that her father had been fleeced of his money. Yet a sudden strange impulse led me to leave my cards before her eyes, thus to afford her knowledge of my cheating. This, I thought in the idiotic fancy of the moment, would be a sure means whereby to discover whether or not she cared for me, since no daughter would be likely to stand quietly by and let her father be robbed unless she were particularly fond of the robber.

"I have got something pretty good here," Hank remarked, a voluminous satisfaction in his tones.

"So have I," I replied, without looking towards Mona. I knew the lie would astonish her, since Hank and I in our duets at the game rarely or never bluffed, but bet our hands for what they were scientifically worth.

"Well," remarked Hank, "I'll just drop in these deeds for the house and lot, and I wish I had a few blocks more to make it a sizable pot."

"All right," I replied, "what is the figure you set on this property?"

"Well," said Hank reflectively, "I paid two thousand dollars for it, but it's worth more, for that was two years ago, and the property all round is going up."

"How will three thousand suit you as a valuation?"

"That's fair enough."

I put three thousand in the pot against Hank's deeds. Then I questioned him.

"Sure you haven't anything else? I'd like to make a raise of about three thousand more, all I've got. I'm willing to stake the whole thing on this hand of mine. Sure you can't think of more property that's worth money, just to make the game interesting?"

Hank swore beneath his breath, as he confessed that all his available assets were on the table before us.

"It's a durned shame," he cried wrathfully, "that I can't get back the other three thousand I have lost, when I've got a clincher like this hand to do it with, for I tell you straight, Jim, I've got you beat."

"Well, just to keep the game going," I said, as nonchalantly as I could, though my heart jumped madly, "I have an idea that might help you out. I'll put in this other three thousand dollars here, provided you will, to make the pot even, give me the promise that, if you lose, you will give your consent to my marrying Mona."

Hank grew purple with rage, and I expected every instant to see his hand drop to his hip for his revolver.

"Ho, ho!" he roared, "so that's what you have been hanging round here for, after my girl! Didn't I tell you she should never marry a gambler?" and then he turned upon me a torrent of abuse that was very gratifying to me, since I hoped it would serve as an escape valve to his rage, and so save me from the hands of the coroner. When he stopped for lack of breath, rather than from any lack of ideas concerning his opinion of me, I said quietly:

"You are quite wrong, Hank, I have never said one word of love to Mona."

I did not add that the reason for this

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silence on my part was not respect for Hank's paternal authority, but my own confounded embarrassment whenever I found myself in the presence of that sweet girl. Then I continued:

"Never you mind about your unwillingness to have Mona marry a gambler, for I give you my word that, if you lose and Mona is willing to stand by the bargain, I'll never touch a card for money again."

Just then Mona entered the room and went behind her father's chair.

These timely remarks of mine seemed to soothe Hank's surging feelings, and he spoke more temperately:

"Well, you ain't so bad, for you are a good sort, Jim; and barring the fact that you are a gambler, I wouldn't mind my girl being given into your keeping—but let's hear what the girl herself has to say." He turned to Mona. "What do you say, Mona? Shall I make the bet or not? Sure enough I've got him beat, but I hold it's poor poker to make a bet you can't pay if you lose, just because you think you are sure to win. So what do you say? Are you willing that I should wager you on this hand?"

"You must remember, father," Mona replied, "that I have seen both your hands."

"Never mind about that; you must look at it in just the way that I do, and agree to pay the bet if I lose."

Mona laughed, and tossed her head scornfully.

"Oh, well," she exclaimed, "go ahead and make the bet. I'm willing."

Even as she spoke, and while her father's eyes were on her, with my left hand I drew from beneath the veneer my straight flush in hearts, and at the same instant dropped the cards Hank had dealt to me on the top of the deck which was lying on the table, as I pushed it a little to one side.

As Hank turned to me, I said:

"So it is settled, is it? All that I have won against your consent?"

"Yes," shouted Hank, "and I have got you beat. Show down."

He threw his cards on the table, proudly displaying the four aces on which he relied.

"What have you got?"

I laid down my hand of hearts, and turned my eyes on Mona, who was regarding the four aces triumphantly. Then, in a moment, her father's silence caused her to look towards the cards I had displayed. I saw her start with amazement:

"Why, but those are——"

She paused abruptly, and her look met mine. I returned her stare stedfastly for a long minute, and then I said:

"Well, Mona, you see the hands. Your father has lost, and I have won; are you content?"

This, at last, was my declaration of love, certainly as curiously made as any in the history of man and woman, made boldly now at last, for here the game of cards and the game of hearts seemed so inextricably intermingled, that the courage I always possessed for the one was now given as well to the other. So I looked the girl boldly in the face, and waited for her to decide whether she would live out her life alongside of me, or whether she would denounce me to her father as a rogue who had swindled him out

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of his money and promise. A moment longer we looked into each other's eyes, and then Mona laughed, as she said:

"Oh, well, you seem to have the best hand."

With that she ran out of the room, and after she had gone I told old Hank that I had no wish to keep the other winnings, that his consent and that of Mona were enough of profit for one evening, and that I should insist on his retaining his money, and his title deeds. This cheered Hank immensely, and soon his only thought was one of profound amazement over the extraordinary chance by which the highest two hands possible in the game had become opposed to one another.

Yes, I married Mona, and if ever a man's wife was a blessing, she has been the blessing of my life. I never touched a card again, but became respectable, and prospered at it better than I had ever prospered as a scamp. However, I never told old Hank the truth about that game. I always intended to, but I kept putting it off. I was waiting until he should get to an age when his temper was not quite so lively, and his gun should be put aside, but the old fellow, though he passed away in his bed, even in his last sickness kept his revolver handy under the pillow. So he died without knowing the truth.

A SACRED COW WITH SIX LEGS.

THE "Cult of the Cow" in India, so far from being on the decrease, as some suggest, appears to be securing a fresh lease of life. In fact the cow, inoffensive and useful creature as it may seem in Europe, is at the bottom of most of the difficulties which the British officials have with the native Hindus.

The smaller beast shown in our photograph is an animal held in the greatest reverence by thousands of natives in the Central Provinces. In addition to the regulation four legs, it has growing from its chest two other perfect legs, which, however, do not rest upon the ground.

This creature is not under the necessity of walking about like an ordinary every-day animal, but is carried from place to place in a native cart Wherever it stops the people gather round and press forward to touch its superfluous legs, a privilege for which they are ever ready to pay the owner a small coin. The touching, they believe, is sure to bring them luck.

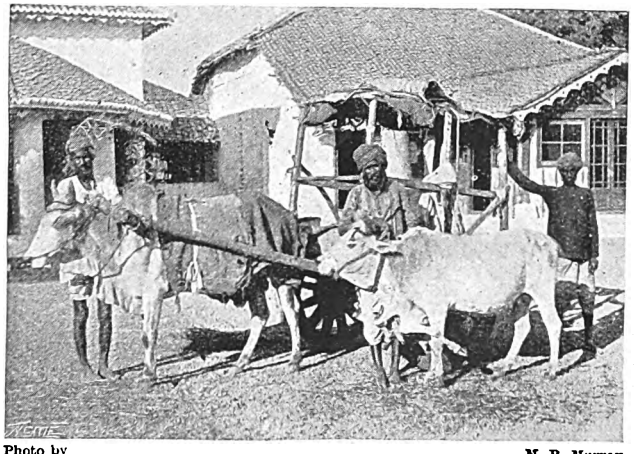

Photo by M. R. Murray.

A six-legged cow.

Two extra legs shaped like hind-legs project from the chest. The animal is carted round to the various villages and exhibited.

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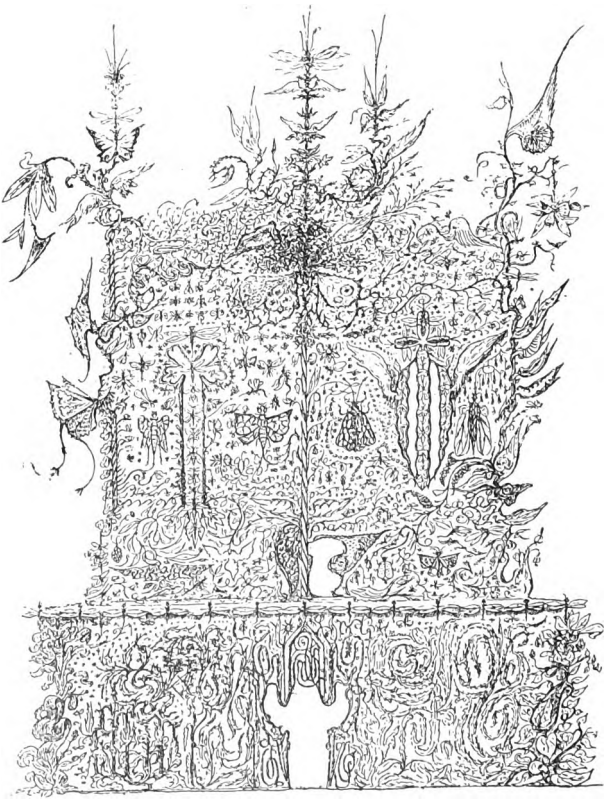
The Strange Freak of a Great Man

By Tiburce Beaugeard.

M. Victorien Sardou, whose "Robespierre" at the Lyceum is certainly the most important theatrical event of the year, is perhaps the greatest, and, without doubt, the most successful living playwright. Originally intended for a doctor, he drifted into literature, and it was only after years of desperate failure and poverty that he scored his first triumph. "Les Pattes de Mouche" was played in 1860 with immense success, and since then almost every work M. Sardou has produced has secured world-wide fame, and brought its author greater wealth than any man has ever earned by his pen.

Now it is the custom and special privilege of celebrities to indulge in hobbies and eccentricities, such as Mr. Gladstone's tree-felling, the late Rosa Bonheur's male attire, Madame Bernhardt's private menagerie; and M. Sardou's peculiarity—it can scarcely be called a hobby—is spiritualism of a weird and wonderful nature. Like Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier, and Dumas the younger, the author of "Robespierre" has declared that he, too, has occasionally fallen under the mystic spell of some extraordinary psychic influence, which contemporary science has not yet been able to account for.



"The House of Swedenborg." Drawn by M. Sardou under medianimic influence.

The subject, it will be remembered, gave M. Sardou an opportunity of producing, a couple of years ago, at the Paris Renaissance, a play called "Spiritisme," in which Madame Bernhardt impersonated, with almost supernatural power, the part of the hypnotised woman, Simone d'Aubenas. "Spiritisme" gave rise to a great deal of controversy. The author, being challenged,

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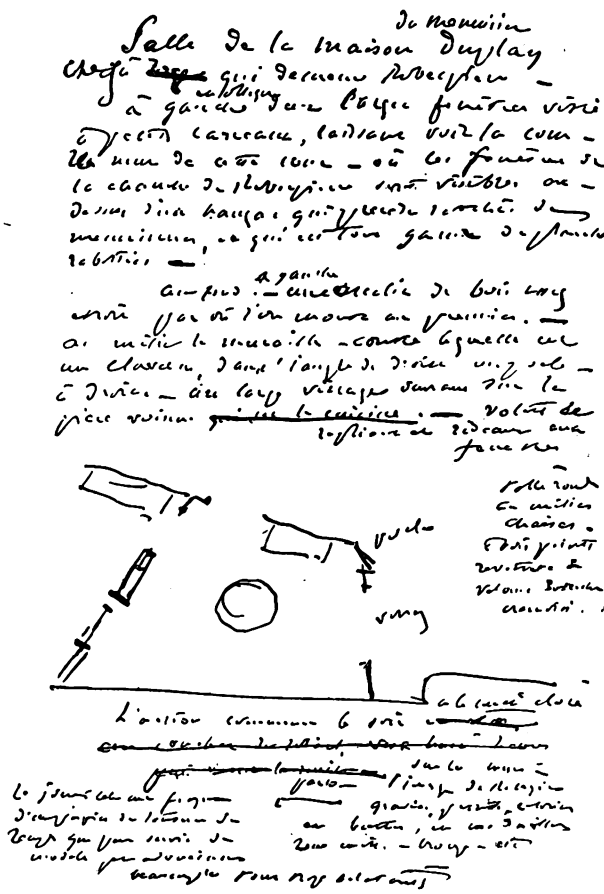
pointed out that he had neither the wish nor the intention of forcing any theory of his, spiritistic or otherwise, upon the public. He had simply put on the stage, without even commenting upon them, certain manifestations which, however strange they appeared, he was conscious of having himself seen or felt, unless he were to disbelieve the testimony of his own senses.

The curious sketches reproduced here, the Houses of Mozart and Swedenborg, are specimens of those mysterious manifestations alluded to by M. Sardou. They were designed by him, many years ago, under some uncontrollable psychic impulse, at a time when he knew little or nothing of drawing.



A facsimile page of M. Sardou's great drama, "Robespierre." The rough sketch shows how the furniture is to be placed in one of the most famous scenes.

It was after a conversation on spiritualism he had one evening at Chatou, near Paris, with a friend of his, Baron de Pothey, that the author of "Robespierre" made what he calls his first medianimic sketch. "Your mediumistic powers," Baron de Pothey had said to M. Sardou, "will perhaps manifest themselves by means of writing or drawing. Try."

The dramatist, sceptic but curious, had determined to make, that very evening, the experiment suggested by his friend. On his return home he sat at his desk, pen in hand, with a sheet of blank paper before him. After a lapse of a few minutes, he felt a kind of numbness in his hand, as if it were wrapped in an invisible warm coating of extreme softness. The pen gradually began to move, tracing a number of strokes at random, and then stopped. M. Sardou looked at the ill-formed lines.

"Decidedly, they are meaningless," he thought disappointed, and immediately prepared to go to bed.

He took a candle from the mantelpiece, and came back to light it at the lamp standing on his desk. Casting a glance mechanically on the paper, he was surprised to notice that the apparently ill-formed lines, when seen upside down, represented the head of a devil.

"Oh, that's certainly peculiar!" the dramatist exclaimed. Then, with a shrug of the shoulder, he added, "It can't be. It's merely the effect of my over-excited imagination." And he thought no more of the drawing, and went to bed.

On the following morning, however, curiosity, naturally enough, impelled him to look again at the drawing in broad daylight. There was no mistaking it. Here was the Prince of Darkness, with the traditional horns, delineated on the paper.

M. Sardou then and there attempted a fresh experiment. This time his pen began to move almost immediately. It ran lightly over the paper, tracing innumerable intricate lines, the dramatist's hand enveloped all the while, as before, in a kind of soft, impalpable coating, and his mind in a semi-ecstatic state. The pen again ceased moving suddenly, as if by itself. The dramatist looked at the design and remained dumbfounded at its wonderful delicate curves and arabesques, its strange,

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harmonious, and undoubtedly symbolical structure.

"What can it mean?" he mentally inquired.

Even as the thought, came the answer, and Sardou appended, in a kind of trance, the following title to the drawing he had just finished:

"House of Bernard Palissy."

The author of "Robespierre" had now for the first time the unmistakable proof that he was gifted with mediumistic faculties. He repeated the experiment, and designed successively the Houses of Zoroaster, of Elijah the Prophet, of Swedenborg, and of Mozart, the last two being the most typical examples of medianimic sketches he ever did, for, strange to say, the celebrated dramatist has for some considerable time past lost the faculty of being thus inspired by the mysterious Power.

"I have also learnt, through spirit-writing," he once confessed to Monsieur Jules Claretie, the well-known manager of the *Comédie Française*, "that the houses I had designed were situated in the planet Jupiter. If you inquire whether I believe they really exist there, you may as well ask me whether I am sure Gulliver believed in the existence of Lilliput, Campanella in the City of the Sun, and Thomas More in Utopia. One thing I am certain of. It is that these drawings are from my own hand, and that they were designed, each of them, in a comparatively short space of time, some being completed in less than a couple of hours. I shall not offer any explanation concerning their origin, but as regards the bare question of the fact of my having done them under the influence of some occult power, no possible doubt can exist in my mind."

The medianimic sketches, reproduced here, were designed by the French dramatist, a considerable number of years ago, at the time when our first portrait of him was taken and he was ignorant of the rudiments of drawing. Since that time, M. Sardou has occasionally done some amateur work in black and white, the latest specimen of which is the design on the cover of the "Robespierre" novel, recently published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. The sketch representing the Incorruptible's last tragic stand in the Convention Hall, was specially drawn by the popular playwright, as a token of his long-standing friendship for M. Ange Galdemar, the brilliant author of the historical romance adapted from the Lyceum play.

M. Sardou's latest portrait. The figure at the back is M. Ange Galdemar, who has novelised "Robespierre."

Sardou had for some time been trying to illustrate a few of the most remarkable and picturesque incidents described in the book. His first intention was to make a sketch of Robespierre in private life; to depict the Incorruptible either taking part in a family gathering at the Duplays, or bidding farewell to his supposed mistress, Cornelie, on the morning of the Feast of the Supreme Being. He decided, however, after some hesitation, to show him, as in the present design, vainly struggling in the tribune at the Convention to save his head from the guillotine.

It is curious to note that this taste for drawing and sketching developed itself in the author of "Robespierre" almost simultaneously with his taste for playwriting. This is, however, but natural; for in order to be as minutely accurate, as he is well known to be in the reconstruction of historical scenes, he had many a time to make sketches, in the first instance, of the tableaux that were to be reproduced afterwards on the stage. One of the finest specimens of these is to be seen in the famous Coquelin's private box, at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, Paris. It represents a scene from "La Haine," whose plot is laid in mediæval Italy, at the time of the sanguinary conflict between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

Again, for the purposes of conveying in a precise manner the directions concerning the mounting of his plays, M. Sardou very often delineates roughly on his manuscript the topography of the scenery, and the place to be assigned to each personage respectively, on the stage boards. Thus the accompanying

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This well-executed drawing by the great dramatist shows Robespierre vainly struggling in the tribune to save his head from the guillotine.

autograph, taken from the scenario itself of "Robespierre" is meant to indicate how the furniture in the Duplays' drawing-room had to be arranged on the boards of the Lyceum, during the cross-examination scene between the Incorruptible and his son. M. Sardou sent also to Sir Henry Irving a diagram specially prepared by himself, showing the various evolutions of the gliding ghosts in the famous hallucination scene of the same play.

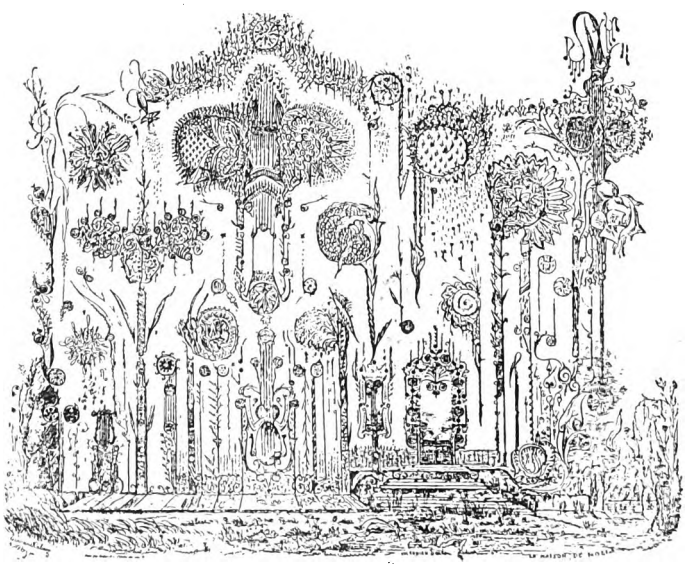
While collaborating with his friend, M. Ange Galdemar, in the novelisation of "Robespierre," the great dramatist once more betrayed his love for designing in a most unexpected and delightful manner. After unfolding to the novelist, with his characteristic picturesqueness, the plot of the play, M. Sardou would sit by his collaborator's side, and make some rapid and curiously effective sketches of the different scenes and places connected with the story of "Robespierre." He would sometimes, in a few pencil strokes, draw either the Conciergerie Prison as it stood during the Terror, or Clarisse's apartment in the Rue du Martroy, or the guillotine erected with the hideous cross-bars on the Place de la Révolution.

"M. Sardou's versatility is truly wonderful!" M. Ange Galdemar once said to me. "He is, at one and the same time, a playwright—comic as well as tragic—an actor, a painter, a musician, an archæologist, and a historian."

Are we not entitled, now, to add to these multitudinous and varied gifts of the author of "Robespierre" that of being a draughtsman of no little skill, and an *inspired* one to boot?

M. Sardou, as a glance at his portrait will show, is very like Dante in point of physiognomy—like Voltaire too, some people declare, though personally I fail to see any resemblance. Strange to say, however, he agrees with the great French philosopher in the latter's dictum on the greatest dramatist of all time—Shakespeare. Not that M. Sardou thinks Shakespeare a "drunken savage"; but he fails to see our national bard's superlative greatness.

M. Sardou is the best and truest of friends, but a very good hater, so his enemies say. He is, moreover, famous for his kindliness and charity. Having known the tribulations of authorship, and gone through an unusually bitter struggle in his youth, he is always eager and ready to help and advise his less fortunate *confrères*.



"The House of Mozart" in the planet Jupiter. A typical example of M. Sardou's medianimic sketches.

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with thick elm trees, whilst on the opposite side, facing the square where the grass all brown and withered from want of water came struggling up here and there through the sand, the building had a threatening look with its massive gates and door.

Farther on in the wide road leading to the sandy plain, and just at the entrance to the town, were the barracks—a long, low, wooden construction—where the Cossacks were quartered. Within, the soldiers were singing in their melancholy way, about their vast steppes and their wild, daring rides on their swift steeds. Their singing could be heard in the town, and the inhabitants always said when they heard it, "We shall have rain. The Cossacks are singing!"

On the upper floor of the north-west side of the prison, in the cell kept apart for those who were imprisoned for debt, Heikki Hyttonen was standing near the window. The red glow was just disappearing from the sky, and he was enjoying a breath of fresh air, for prisoners of this category were not treated with much severity. They were evidently not considered to be dangerous criminals, for the window by which he was philosophising was half open. The following day his time would be up, and he could go back to his little farm at Pieksamaki. He felt sure that his wife and his eldest son would have managed to keep things together, and, after all, was it not just the same as though he had been away working somewhere else by the day?

Was it not exactly the same thing? To-morrow he would have finished paying his penalty, and he was delighted at the very thought of that. A queer way, he said to himself, to pay a debt, but, after all, that was the landlord's business, and no affairs of his.

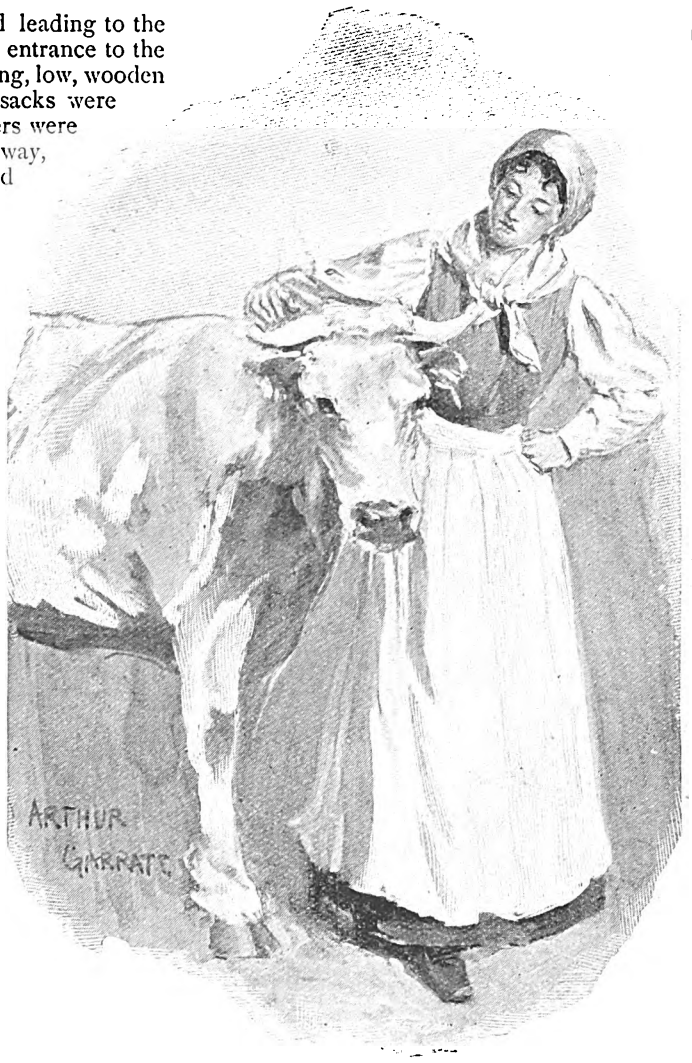
Hereupon he stretched his stiff limbs.

Yes, he would very soon be at home now, with the sickle in his hands, in the large meadow which surrounded his thatched cottage. Yes, the hay would not have been cut there yet.

It was the first time since his imprisonment that he had allowed himself to think about being free again.

Of what use would it have been to have thought about it all before?

But now it was different, and with the idea of his approaching liberty sprang up within him a desire which tortured him. It was a longing for some tobacco! Ever since he had been in prison he had not even smelt any



Each one led off her special cow.

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tobacco. This had, in fact, been the most terrible to him of all his privations. And now, as his thoughts began to wander towards home, and as he thought of his wife and of his six children he could see himself more and more distinctly, after supper, standing at the door of the cottage—smoking.

More and more distinct the vision grew, and he could see the tobacco smouldering in his well-worn pipe, and the smoke carried away by the almost imperceptible breeze and being wafted away in blueish whiffs over the roof of the stable. The vision of all this was so clear that it made his mouth water and his lips began to tremble with excitement.

When the sentinels next relieved guard, it was Ivan Kusnakow who took his turn at the north-west side of the prison in front of the sentry's box. As long as the patrol kept coming Ivan walked up and down forty steps each way in front of his box with exemplary exactitude, his light gun over his shoulder; but as soon as the signal gun for the night duty had been fired five times, and the last flash had died away below the setting sun, the new sentinel placed his gun against the wall, unbuckled his belt, and taking a seat inside his box stretched his legs out as far as they would go.

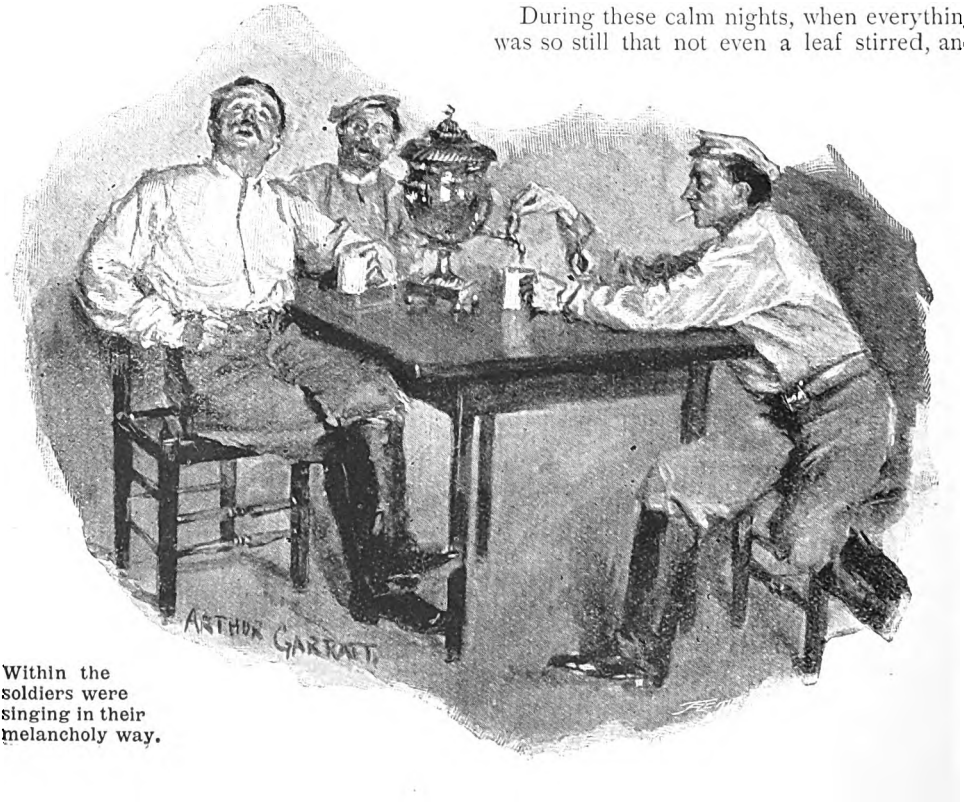
He did not consider it a very enviable thing to be a Cossack; and in a low gruff voice he began to hum one of the national tunes, which his comrades sung at the barracks, whilst his thoughts wandered away to a vast plain through which flowed a greyish-yellow stream, heavy and slow, but so gentle and so familiar, and so well-known to him, as, indeed, only a river in one's own mother-country can be known.

Three years before, when Ivan was eighteen, he had left the banks of the Don for the garrison of Saint Michael in this foreign country, and during these three years he had learnt to swear in the language of the country to which he had come, but that was all of the language that he had picked up.

A soldier's life here was not a hard one, as he had only to mount guard in front of the prison, and then from time to time there had been manœuvres, and occasionally some horse exercise.

But although Ivan had had no cause to complain, his blood would often boil with impatience, particularly during the long solitary hours, when at the regimentary pace he was mounting guard in front of the sentry box, whilst the splendid light of the northern nights seemed to wrap the little town in profound silence.

During these calm nights, when everything was so still that not even a leaf stirred, and



Within the soldiers were singing in their melancholy way.

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when he dared not close his eyes without running the risk of the most severe punishment, a longing for liberty took possession of him to such a degree that he felt he would sacrifice anything if only he could have some break in the monotony, some adventure of any kind.

On this particular evening it was as though he had some kind of presentiment, for he looked round cautiously on every side.

If only one of the prisoners would escape, that at least would break the monotony, but alas! after looking well round he could discover nothing out of the ordinary way; and so, crossing his legs, he pulled a tobacco pouch out of his pocket aud lighted his pipe.

The Sund, with trees on each side and its surface as smooth as glass, was sleeping under its blanket of water-lilies.

There was not a sound to be heard anywhere.

Ivan leaned back in his sentry-box and in the midst of the silence he blew the tobacco smoke up into the air and watched it rise, for there was not even a breath of wind to break it up. As he glanced around, he felt oppressed by the narrowness of the horizon; it seemed as though it would stifle him, and he remembered so well another horizon far away from here, very far away, and that other horizon was bounded by undulating lines—he was thinking of the infinite space of the *steppes*.

Just at this moment Heikki Hyttonen, who was still at the window up above, started with surprise. He could smell tobacco, but could not imagine from whence it was coming. Very cautiously he opened the window wide, and putting his rough grey-bearded face out he glanced curiously round on every side, but could not see anyone smoking. The Cossack in his sentry box now got up, and by way of diversion, picked up his gun, and then in a drawling tone called out the watchword, "Sluscha-a-a!"

"Sluscha!" came back the reply from the four sentry boxes at the four corners of the prison boundaries.

Inside the barracks, the Captain on hearing the voices of his men at their posts, turned round peacefully in his bed and went to sleep again, whilst the prisoners in their cells, or at least those who had only just been brought there, started from their confused dreams, their chains clanking, and the jailer stopped in his round to peep through the grating of the cells to see that all was right.

Heikki Hyttonen opened his mouth, and his whole face broke into a broad good-tempered grin, which expressed the greatest love for his neighbour, and the most benevolent sentiments which have perhaps even been known to be shut up between four walls.

He pushed his head out of the window as far as he could, and speaking in a tone as though he were in league with the Cossack, he said in Finnish, "I say, brother, give a bit of your tobacco to a poor old fellow whose only wish is to have some fresh air."

At the sound of this voice, the Cossack in his astonishment looked up, and on seeing the prisoner, made a sign to him angrily to take his head in. The orders given to the sentinels as regarded prisoners were very strict and inflexible, and indeed between prisoners and their guards the only way in which difficulties were solved, was——by the gun.

When the old man saw the sentinel with a pipe in his mouth, however, he could not contain himself for joy.

"Why, it is you smoking, is it!" he exclaimed. "I'll tell you what. I'll give you back three times the tobacco that you let me have to-night."

"Perkele!" shouted the Cossack in his best Finnish, and threatening the prisoner with his fist at the same time.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the old man in astonishment. I am not a thief—my landlord has had me locked up for the sake of twenty marks that I owed him; but I will send you back the tobacco as soon as ever I am free—to-morrow."

The Cossack hesitated, not knowing what to do, as he could not understand a word, and Heikki Hyttonen continued:

"I say, I don't ask you for much, but just a pinch, enough to have a whiff."

"Perkele!" shouted Ivan again, lifting his gun.

"Good heavens, how you do swear to be sure! I am doing no harm. Stop, I say, you are not going to shoot a man down for nothing are you? I am Heikki Hyttonen of Pieksamaki."

The Cossack still did not understand a word, and although he was convinced from the old man's looks and manner that he was no great criminal, still he was annoyed at the prisoner's perseverance and obstinacy.

It was strictly forbidden to hold any conversation whatever with the prisoners, and if he had been seen he could count on getting twenty-four hours' imprisonment himself, not to speak of any further sentence which his

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captain might see fit to inflict on him. Ivan knew his captain only too well, and he made one last attempt with the prisoner. He put down his gun, and waved his arms about as though he were driving a cow, calling out at the same time, "Perkele! Perkele! Perkele!"

It was all in vain, though, for the comic gestures of the Cossack only amused the old peasant extremely.

"What a queer figure you cut!" he said, laughing. "First you threaten me with your gun, and then you yell out like an idiot, and all instead of just giving me a pinch of tobacco."

Ivan picked up his gun again.

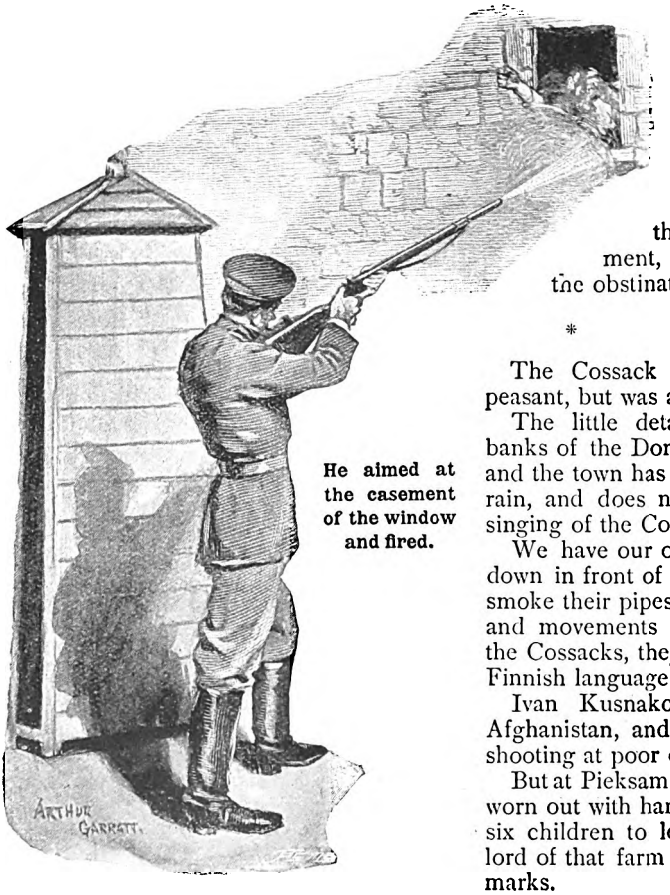
"Ah! you are going to begin that again, are you? No, I say, stop playing with that gun! What do you say? No, I am neither a thief nor a murderer. I am Heikki Hyttonen, from——"

Heikki Hyttonen suddenly stopped speaking.

The Cossack losing all patience had told him for the last time in Russian to take his head in, and then, as the old man was obstinate, he had aimed at the casement of the window and fired just to give him a lesson.

Heikki Hyttonen, with the name of his village on his lips, staggered, stretched his arms out and fell down backwards without uttering a cry.

The bullet had only grazed the corner of the window casement, and had then lodged itself in the obstinate, Finnish brain of Heikki.



He aimed at the casement of the window and fired.

* * * *

The Cossack was tried for killing the poor peasant, but was acquitted.

The little detachment of soldiers from the banks of the Don has long left Saint Michael, and the town has now other ways of prophesying rain, and does not depend on the melancholy singing of the Cossacks.

We have our own men now to pace up and down in front of the prison sentry-boxes and to smoke their pipes stealthily, and if their gestures and movements are wanting in the vivacity of the Cossacks, they do at any rate understand the Finnish language better.

Ivan Kusnakow has been transferred to Afghanistan, and has no opportunities now of shooting at poor old Finnish peasants.

But at Pieksamaki a pale, wan-looking woman, worn out with hard work, was obliged with her six children to leave her farm—and the landlord of that farm has never received his twenty marks.

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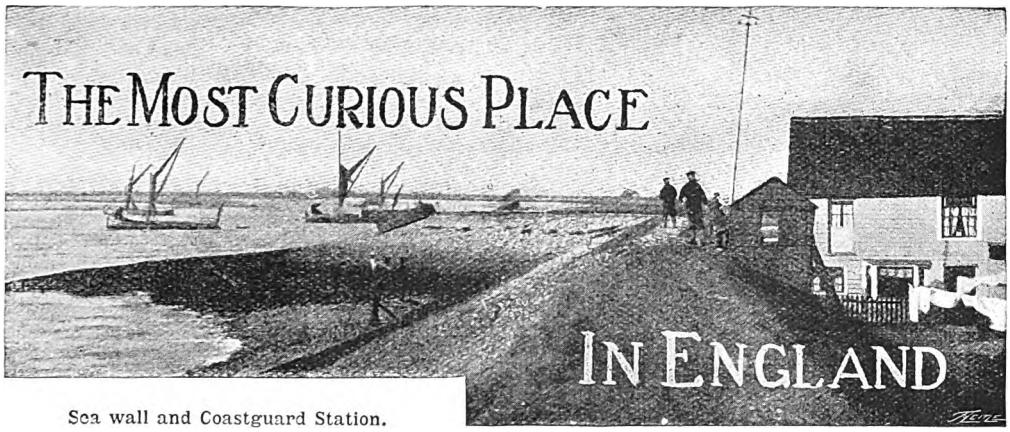
THE MOST CURIOUS PLACE IN ENGLAND



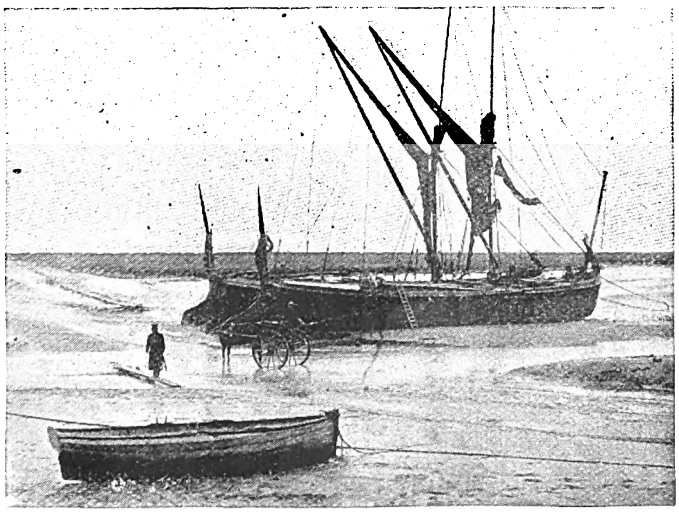
Sea wall and Coastguard Station.

By A. Goodrich.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

Londoners may be divided into two classes, those who know Canvey, what, and where it is, and those who do not. The latter constitute by far the larger proportion of the community, and include such topographical authorities as messenger boys, telegraph clerks, and postal officials.

One extremely well-crammed urchin, to whom I addressed myself, thought it was in the Grecian Archipelago; a telegraph clerk on the day I visited Canvey "opined" that it might be in the Hebrides, whilst the General Post Office once located it in the Atlantic Ocean.



Canvey a Peninsula

A letter was addressed to the Vicar of Canvey. The authorities, not knowing the place and misled by the foreign sound of the name, sent it to the Canary Islands.

This is strange, for Canvey is not far from St. Martin's-le-Grand Access to it can be obtained by the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway. It lies in the Thames, off Benfleet, in Essex, almost opposite to the point where the Medway flows into the great metropolitan river, and can be reached from London for less than two shillings.

What makes this ignorance of Canvey so remarkable is that whereas Great Britain is always an island Canvey is not. It is an island when the tide is up, but a peninsular when it is down. In fact, it would be *non est* at high water but for a wall running all the way round, which came to be built in the following manner.

In the year 1621 the sea had obtained such a mastery over the lands of Benfleet that Sir Henry Appleton, a principal owner, with others interested in the soil, summoned to their councils one Joas

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An old Dutch Cottage.

Crappenburgh, a celebrated Dutch dyke-maker. On condition that the coast was secured against any future inroads of the sea they agreed to make over to this worthy and his mates one-third, in fee simple, of all the land they rescued. Crappenburgh then sent for a number of his countrymen versed in this class of work, and selecting a huge slice of the most exposed portion of the shore, dug a creek, and detached it from the mainland. To secure this newly-made island from any further ravages of the ocean Crappenburgh then encircled it with a wall twenty-two miles long, which for 250 years successfully defied all the efforts of wind and wave, which at this point know how to assert themselves.

At last, in 1881, a terrific storm arose, and the greedy ocean, which had never forgiven the work of its human foes, managed after a desperate struggle to effect an entrance, and did not desist till it had shorn Canvey of some eight miles of territory. Still, the Dutchmen did their work well, although many portions of the wall are now exhibiting all the infirmities inseparable from old age.

But the geographical peculiarities of Canvey are not yet exhausted. Some of them are so oddly un-English that the visitor, after successfully threading his way across the planking which constitutes the highway at low water, could easily imagine himself in Holland. In truth, Canvey is so Dutchlike in appearance that it might be described as a Dutch appendage of the British Crown.

It is quite flat, the roads are higher than the land through which they pass, there are deep ditches on either side, dykes abound and trees do not. Although it cannot be said that Dutch people are to be found on the island, the round faces, the square heavy figures, and the phlegmatic temperament of the inhabitants show that Dutch characteristics abound even if names do not.

This is to be attributed to that process of evolution which has metamorphosed De Wilde into Savage, Van de Welde, a great Dutch patronymic, into Field, and so on. The remaining evidence of the Dutch occupation are to be found in the few Dutch houses which have contrived to survive the vicissitudes of time.

They are so small that they look for all the world as if they had been taken from a child's toy box and dropped down on the soil. The church, too, is another quaint structure. It is entirely destitute of ornament and made of wood. The soil of Canvey not being suitable for brick-making,

The Well of Canvey.

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houses in Canvey are built of timber. There is one called Brick House from the fact of its being made partly of wood and partly of brick.

No name has as yet been given to the capital of Canvey, a little hamlet comprising fourteen houses, the principal of which is the parsonage. The most interesting feature of the village is the well, which is 312ft. deep. Previous to its being sunk, the inhabitants drank dyke water, which so vexed the soul of the worthy vicar, that he addressed himself to the Corporation of London, who, by a donation of fifty guineas, so woke into activity the dormant philanthropy of the surrounding districts, that the money was soon subscribed. The high, pointed, thatched roof was designed by that talented artist, Mr. Clement Skilbeck, and is, as it should be, Dutch in character.

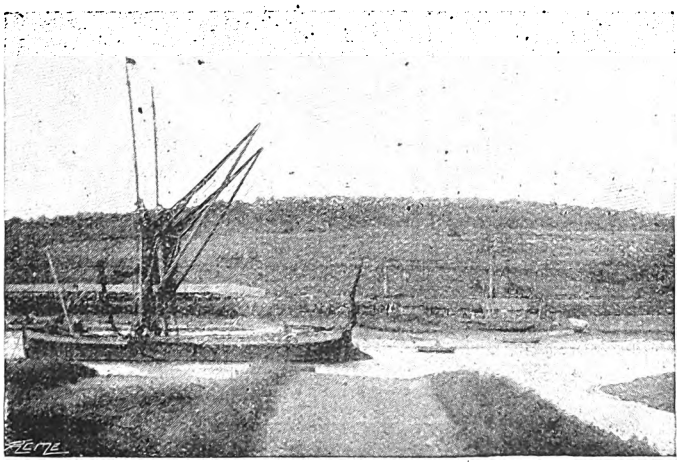
The Pillar Box.

The stir and bustle of the great Metropolis has not yet penetrated Canvey. There are no telegraph wires in the island, and the liliputian pillar box near the "Lobster Smack" is only cleared once a day. Canvey is so completely out of the world that itinerant minstrels know it not, and to the musicians of Saffron Hill the place is an unknown land. The feverishness of youth born of bright hopes and bitter disappointments might find in Canvey a Slough of Despond, but for those who would exchange the storm and stress of every-day life for a tranquil environment there are few places which can boast the attractions of Canvey.

If you want a bath, climb the sea wall. The orthodox machine is absent but the water is salt and clear, and whilst disporting yourself in the briny, your modesty is not shocked by opera glasses being levelled at you.

You are in need of repose. Well, although Canvey would make one of the healthiest pleasure resorts in the world, its north coast being three miles from the shore, and steeped in an atmosphere heavily laden with ozone, there is at present no asphalte promenade, no mammoth hotel, and no pier crowded with visitors. Flys and wagonettes are unknown, lodgings are scarce, there are no beach performers, no bath chairs for invalids, and the nearest band plays at Southend. Not to mince matters Canvey is the quietest spot near London.

The capital boasts a few trees, so it may be presumed that the island is not quite destitute of birds, and the vicar says there is a rookery. There may be, but the occupants must partake of the Dutch temperament, for they do not overwork their vocal organs. In a word Canvey is throbless, noiseless, and serene. The people, true to the traditions of their ancestors, talk slowly, walk slowly, and think slowly. They are civil to the stray Londoner who



Canvey as an Island.

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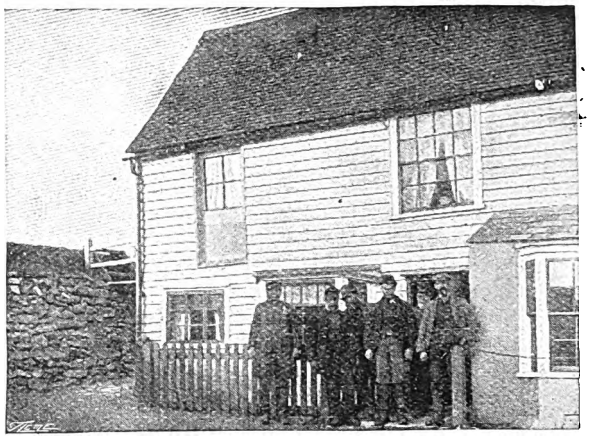
happens to find them out, but they do not gush over him. Why should they? London has not thought fit to discover Canvey, so why should Canvey trouble itself about London? And it does not. England is regarded as a distant country, so much so indeed that even if the Empire went to war, Canvey might be relied on by our foes to remain sternly neutral.

As the inhabitants seldom leave the island, the ignorance which prevails on all matters concerning the great metropolis is not so astounding as it seems, for with people so circumstanced, belief is strictly limited by experience. A Canvey lady recently, in conversation with the Vicar, utterly refused to believe that London was larger than Gravesend. And very naturally, for Gravesend was the largest town she had ever seen.



The "Lobster Smack."

Still, although Canvey cares nothing for the mainland, it speaks our language with additions of its own. Thus, with them "timid" does duty for "fragile," and were they to ask a visitor to look at their cabbages, they would say, "Come and see my 'sauce.'" "Bangy" weather is applied to seasons when it is rainy, and if it is not a "fine" day, they will tell you it is a "coarse" one.

Belief in the unreal and wonderful dies so slowly in districts removed from civilisation and lamp-posts, that no surprise will be felt on learning that Canveyites are superstitious. It is an article of belief that at dusk the island is invaded by spirit horses, that gallop wildly about till midnight. No one avers that these spectral steeds are visible, but numbers declare that they hear the sounds of hoofs, and feel the wind of them as they career along.

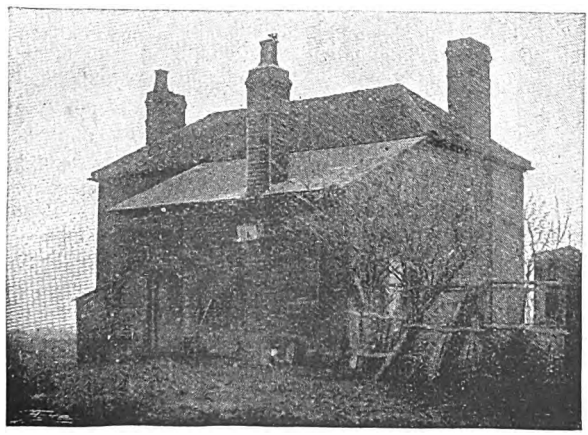
It is difficult to obtain the number of houses in Canvey believed to be haunted; one thing is certain that Canvey ghosts show little regard for the feelings of mortals. One visitant proved so objectionable that the owner, to get rid of it, recently pulled down his house and rebuilt it.

There are no bakers' nor butchers' shops on the island. Some months since the little community was stirred to its profoundest depths by the announcement that a butcher's shop had been opened on the mainland some miles away, but the enthusiasm soon waned.

The nearest doctor lives seven miles off. The people of Canvey, well, I won't say they never die, because such a statement would probably treble the population in twenty-four hours; but they are seldom ill. On the last occasion that the aforesaid medical man was sent for, he took so long in coming that when at last he did arrive, the patient had recovered. The worthy man being naturally greatly incensed, declared he would never go to Canvey again.

The islanders pondered long over this threat. There had been a time when ague and malaria fairly rioted in Canvey, but that was before the advent of gutters and sluices, so they smiled demurely at the doctor and said, as is their way, "nuffin."

Yet for all their seeming innocence, smuggling, it is to be feared, would be very prevalent but for the presence of the coastguard, comprising a chief officer, chief boats-



The Haunted House of Canvey.

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man, and six men.

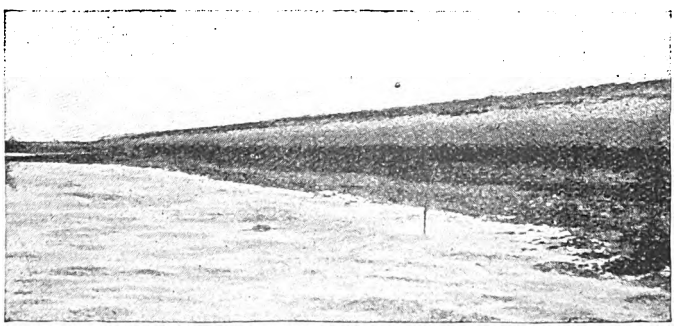
Before the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Hayes on the island only twenty sermons a year were delivered in the predecessor of the present little wooden church. During that time it came to the ears of the authorities that vast quantities of spirits and tobacco were being smuggled into the island, and every house was searched without avail. The secret was unearthed at last, the hiding-place being the church.

The Bar Parlour.

Mr. Hayes looked profoundly shocked when I expressed a hope that all the Schiedam drunk in Canvey paid duty. His flock, he was careful to explain, were neither smugglers nor wreckers. But the good pastor being nothing if not ingenuous, admitted that on leaving home one morning to go his rounds, he noticed everyone he met eating oranges.

When the entire population of an island numbering 300 souls gives itself over for several days to the consumption of oranges, the chilling pangs of suspicion are likely to obtrude. A few questions elicited the fact that two nights before a vessel with a cargo of oranges had gone to pieces on the bank and been deserted by the crew, leaving the cargo to be annexed by the islanders.

"I read them a severe lecture on the subject," said he Vicar, "but, to be candid, I am afraid the discourse was a failure. No more oranges were eaten in my presence, but I noticed pockets for several days after had a decidedly bulgy appearance."



Dead Man's Point.

Some few years since the cause of law and order was vindicated by the introduction for the first time of a real nineteenth century policeman. The scorn and indignation aroused by the arrival of this blue-coated guardian of the peace has now subsided, but the islanders have never forgiven the insult, and show it by keeping out of his clutches.

The poor man, who is burning to distinguish himself as an able and zealous officer, acutely feels his position. He may be seen at intervals during the day, darting vigorously about the island in quest of evil-doers, but he invariably returns empty-handed. Whenever Southend wants a hand —which is frequently the case in the tripping season—he goes to Southend, to the great joy of Canvey, which, disliking all "Guv'ment" except that of the Vicar, turns out to give him a hearty cheer as he departs.

The "Lobster Smack" is the chief of Canvey's two inns. It lies under the wall by Hole Haven, a little creek where barges and bawley boats can ride. The "Lobster Smack" is the house of call for "brum," *i.e.*, unlicensed pilots, who are patronised by captains objecting to the higher dues charged by the regular Trinity House men at Gravesend.

In the evening Dutch is the principal language, the guests being mostly captains of the Dutch fishing boats, with eels from the Texel.

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ANIMALS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Illustrated from Photographs, by the Author.

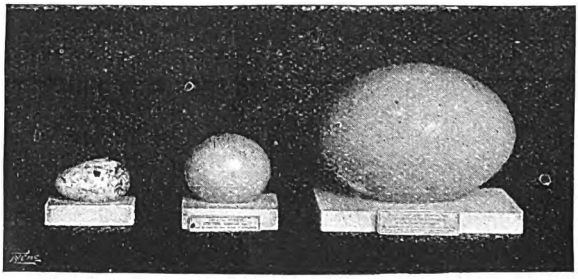
To get at the true market value of most of the so-called "lower" orders of creation, one must consider the points of excellence or superiority of a given specimen over others of a similar race; the fact whether they have already or are about to become extinct; the difficulties and dangers connected with their breeding, capture, and transport, and lastly whether they are well-known or new to science.

Taking these points as a basis on which to work, we shall find that not only are some animals, living or dead, worth enormous sums to-day, but that it may be said with truth, of a few of them at least, that they would be worth their weight in gold to any person fortunate enough to possess them.

A living specimen of the Dodo, for instance, that weird, flightless bird, about the size of a swan, which at one time made the islands of Madagascar, Réunion and Rodriguez its home, and of which nothing but a few skulls, still bearing the strong hooked beak, and some bones, in our Museums now remain, would fetch any price in reason. So would the Great Auk, which only fifty years ago was so common in the North Atlantic that it is said they were killed on Funk Island, off the Newfoundland coast, in tens of thousands at a time, for the sake of their feathers, but whose eggs sell to-day for close on £300 apiece, and stuffed skins at £250 each, with a steady demand for more.

If an Auk and Dodo Syndicate were formed, with the certainty of becoming the happy possessors of a few of these rare birds in the flesh, it would prove a far more profitable venture than many an African gold-mine that one could name. The Great Auk was about the size of a goose, measuring 30ins. to 32ins. over all, and is said to have dived when attempts were made to capture it in the sea, instead of flapping along the surface of the water, in this respect very closely resembling its living relative, the penguin.

Both the Dodo and the Great Auk have become extinct within comparatively recent years, like the Moas of New Zealand, enormous ostrich-like running birds, which are known to have existed up to the end of last century. Some of them exceeded 12ft in height, and over twenty different species are known to scientists. Rumours occasionally arrive from that far-off land, of living Moas; but year after year passes, and the priceless bird is not discovered in the flesh, only its bones, feathers and egg-shells reaching us, all being quickly bought up for private or public collections.



Eggs of
A Great Auk, an Ostrich, an Æpyornis.

A Great Auk's egg sold recently for £296, whilst one of an Æpyornis is worth £100.

The living Apteryx or Kiwi is very near the Moa in type, although but a pigmy beside the huge giant, for the largest does not exceed 3ft. in ..eight, and it differs from the Moa in having an exceedingly long beak, with which it probes the soft earth at night-time in search of worms. Some of the Kiwis are valuable birds, too, for the rarest living specimens are said to be worth £150 apiece in this quarter of the globe, for they are extremely difficult

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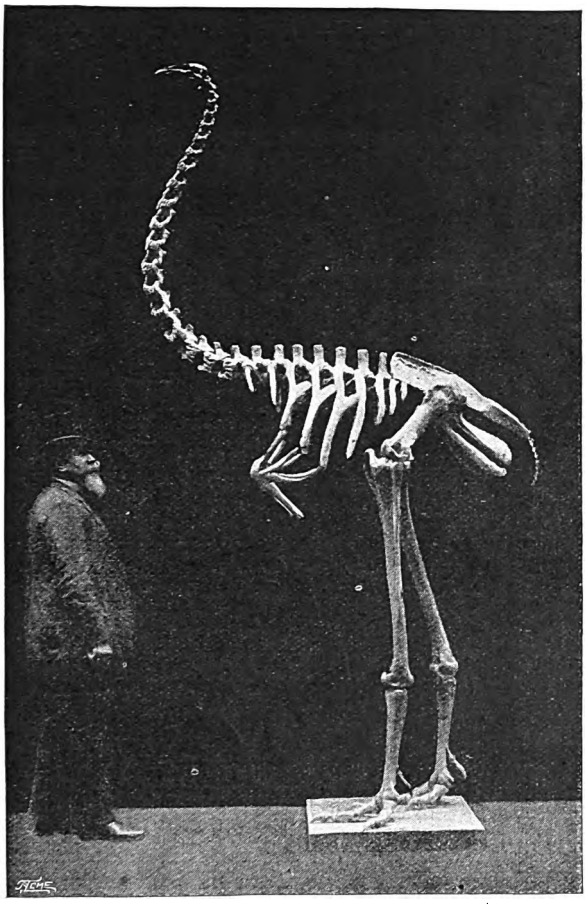


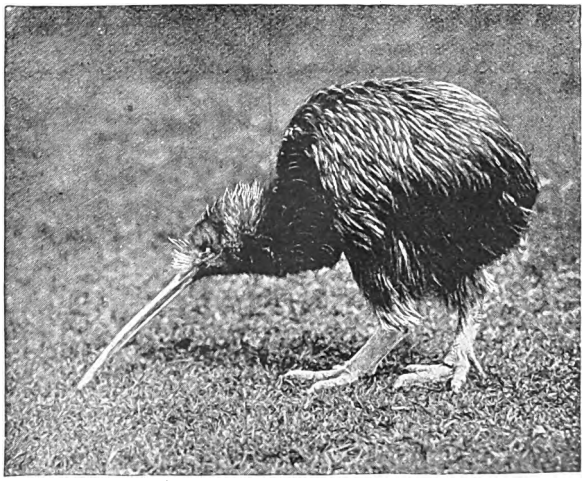
Skeleton of a Moa, the extinct wingless bird of New Zealand.

to bring home alive from such a great distance as New Zealand.

From this list of priceless birds we must not omit the other one for which Madagascar was so celebrated, the Æpyornis, a monster bigger even than the Moa, the eggs of which, still constantly discovered by the natives, are worth at least £100 apiece. They measure 3ft. in circumference, with a liquid-carrying capacity of no less than two gallons.

Some few of the rarer living birds of to-day are worth large sums, the King Penguin, of which we possess a solitary specimen in our collection in Regent's Park, being worth a hundred pounds or more. So, too, the White-headed Buzzard, of South America, from the Clifton collection, which, it is said, was purchased originally from a sailor for half a crown. But after the discovery, through this very photograph, that it was the first specimen ever seen alive in Europe, it would have sold for a large sum, whilst even its skin after death realised nearly twenty pounds. We might mention also a pair of sober-tinted little Ducks, which the Curator of the Zoo at Rotterdam assured the writer he would not willingly exchange for our best thousand guinea Rhinoceros, as they were the last of their race. All these instances and others help to prove the saying, that some birds, living or dead, are almost priceless to-day.

Among the Beasts, what would not the huge Mammoth be worth, that strange elephant-like creature whose body was covered with long reddish hairs to protect it from the bitter cold of Siberia, where its remains are still often found, with the hair yet on the body, fast fozen into its icy grave; whose enormus tusks, far exceeding in size those of any Elephant, are still collected for the sake of their ivory, a ship-load having been actually sent to London for sale not very long ago. Its remains are frequently found in the brick-earth of the Thames Valley, and even under modern London itself, and are sometimes brought up in dredges from the sea off the Norfolk



A Kiwi, the wingless bird of New Zealand, still in existence, but becoming daily more rare.

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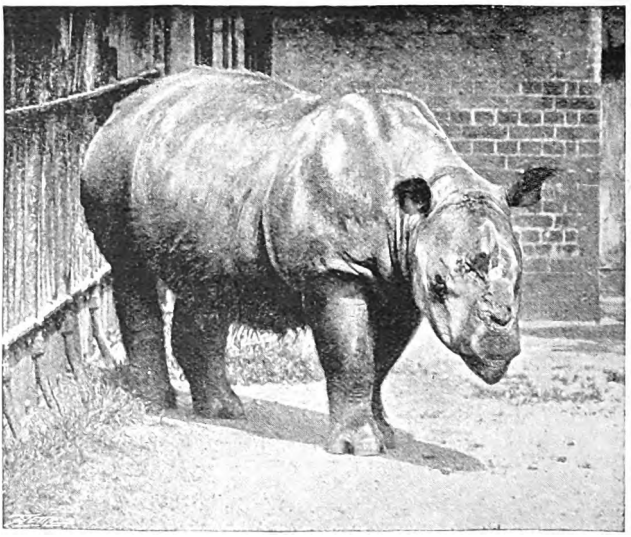
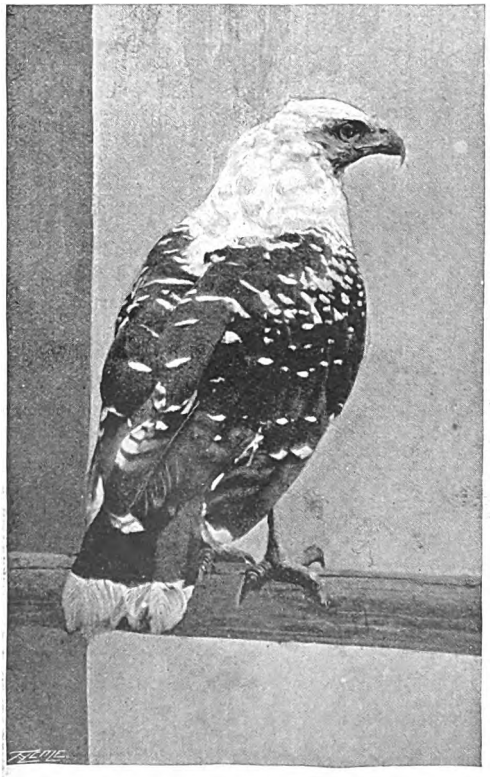
coast. Mammoths must have been exceedingly numerous at one time, for from the quantity of tusks collected in Siberia alone, it is estimated that quite 20,000 carcases were discovered there in twenty years.

In a newspaper cutting now lying before the writer, it is stated that there is still thought to be a chance of discovering the living Mammoth in those bitterly cold regions on either side of the Behring Sea, which separates Alaska from Siberia. Fortunate indeed will be the person who first finds it and brings a specimen into any civilised part of the world, for its value would be something enormous. In connection with this subject, we must remember that the tendency nowadays is to increase the number of



Hairy-eared Rhinoceros.

As much as £1250 was paid for this animal by the Zoological Society.



White-headed Buzzard.

This bird was originally sold by a sailor for half-a-crown. When found to be the first specimen in Europe it became of great value. Its skin after its death sold for £20.

Zoological collections of the world, rather than to let them fall off, for it is now at last realised that many of the animals are rapidly becoming exterminated, and that unless attempts are made to keep and breed them in captivity, future generations will only know what they were like from seeing paintings, photographs, and stuffed specimens.

This being the case, great competition invariably takes place among the many Zoological Societies to secure, at all costs, any rare beast or bird which may be captured, thus tending to keep up and even increase the prices which, but for this keen competition, might fall off.

Look at the little hairy-eared Rhinoceros from Chittagong in Upper Burmah, for which it is said that our own Society paid no less than £1250, the highest price ever paid by them for any animal, simply because in 1872 it was the first specimen ever discovered and brought alive to Europe. It is quite small, and ugly looking even for a Rhinoceros; but now that the species is becoming more common the price has fallen off, and it is doubtful if a hairy-eared rhinoceros would fetch a third of the money paid for the first specimen.

The Pigmy Hippopotamus of Liberia too, is known to exist there, but for some unexplained reason, not a single specimen has ever reached Europe alive, and, tiny as it is, being only about thirty inches high when full grown, it would be worth a very large sum, to any person landing a living specimen in Great

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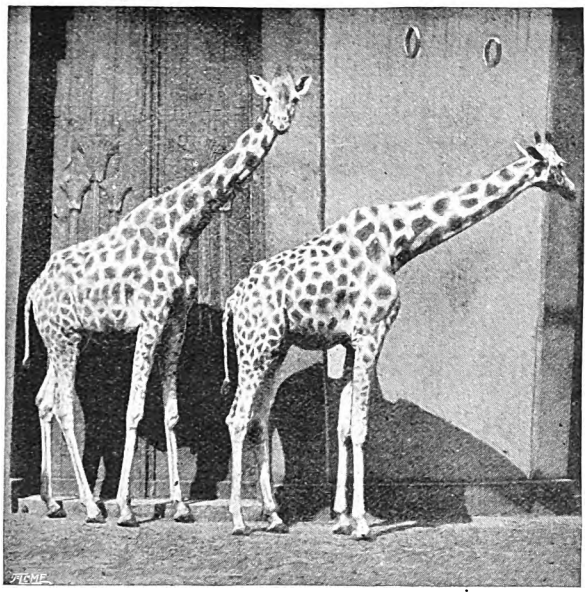


Two Giraffes.

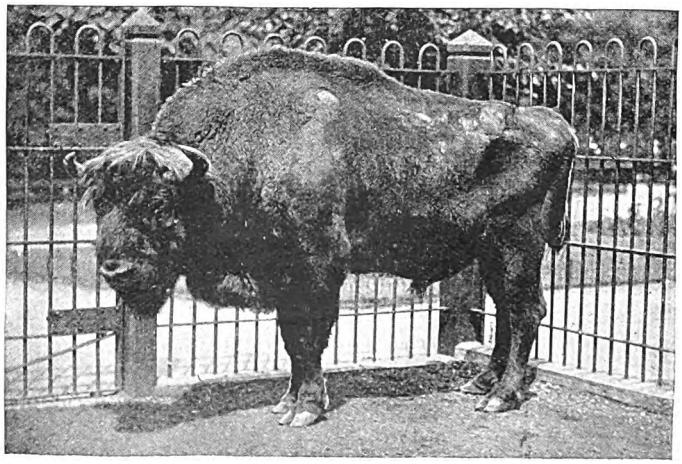
Owing to their increasing rarity and the difficulties of transport and dangers of climate, Giraffes are worth £1000 each to-day.

Britain. Of the huge White Rhinoceros too, with its double horns, the front one often exceeding four feet in height, not a single living specimen has ever been known out of Africa. Rumour, however, says that a thousand pounds each was paid to the lucky sportsman who brought three skins and skeletons of the white rhinoceros to Europe. If one should suddenly appear, not only Zoological Societies in all parts of the world, but dealers and show-men as well, would tumble over each other in their hurry to possess it at any price.

The third of the African rarities is of course, the Quagga, an animal resembling the Zebra, but of a much heavier build, and with its stripes showing only on the head, neck and withers, the remainder of the body being a light reddish tint, unstriped, excepting for a dark line down the spine, and with the underparts of the body and legs, a creamy white. As recently as 1839 these animals existed in vast herds even so far South as Cape Colony, but owing to their rather heavy build and somewhat slow pace, they fell a prey first to the lions, then to the natives and finally to the white men, who coveted their flesh and hides. Not a single specimen has been seen for nearly twenty years, although there still remains the slight chance of coming across a few survivors in the German and Portuguese territory of South West Africa.

Their skins and skeletons alone would be worth a very large sum, and a living specimen would create almost as much competition as that set up by the appearance of a White Rhinoceros. The Quaggas that one so often hears and reads about at the present time, are in reality the Burchells Zebras, which are still fairly common, as they breed well in captivity, and North of the Zambesi are found in large herds.

Two more of the African Mammalia are becoming extremely rare, the Elephant and the Hippopotamus, at least so far as known specimens in European countries are concerned. Probably the only African Elephant in Europe is now in our collection at Regent's Park, and would sell at auction for more than a thousand pounds, whilst to prove the scarcity of the Hippos, our Society, it is said, paid no less than £500 for an infant male born in the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp about three years ago. It was only the size of a large pig, so that the Society is pretty safe to value



A European Bison.

They are now nearly extinct, only being found in Lithuania, in Poland, and in the Southern portions of Russia. Once they roamed over Britain.

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a full grown one on a par with the African Elephant. Even twenty years ago we received £2000 for our monster "Jumbo," who was killed in 1886 by an express train in Canada, as he attempted to rescue a dwarf elephant who had strayed on to the line, and was in danger of being annihilated.

We must not leave the African continent without a reference to that rare animal the Giraffe, for although it is possible that, with the opening up of the country round Khartoum, it may become more common out of Africa, there is always the risk of transport to be considered. We have only to remember the death of the large male which was sent as a present from South Africa to the Queen two years ago, which, after a very long and trying journey from the interior, died as he was being released from his travelling box in the Zoo, whilst the young male which arrived last year from West Africa, lived only a few weeks, finally dying from indigestion. The true market value of the former was at least £1500, whilst it is said that £900 was paid by the Society for the latter, so that when we price Giraffes at £1000 each all round, we are not very wide of the mark. There is a demand for quite a dozen at this price, amongst the dealers, show-men, and zoological societies of the world. With the American and European slaughter parties pouring in from every side of Africa, it can only be a question of years before all the larger game there will have become exterminated, and nothing can prove this better than the way in which the market value of the animals of the Dark Continent is advancing by leaps and bounds, so that, ere long, the smaller societies will be quite unable to afford to purchase any more specimens for their collections.

Turning once more to our own continent, we find that rare animal, the European Bison heading the list of valuable creatures nearly extinct, for it exists only in Lithuania in Poland, where it enjoys the protection of the Russian Government, and in the Caucasus, in parts of Moldavia and in Wallachia. At one time it must have roamed in vast numbers, through the wooded parts of all Europe, including of course Great Britain, but each year now sees the numbers falling off, and soon, like its fast disappearing relative across the Atlantic (the American Bison), it will be classed among the "have beens," for both species are doomed.

The King of the Animal World.

In mere money a fine Lion is worth to-day something like £600.

To many persons it may appear absurd to talk of the extermination of the larger "Cats," yet this is an undoubted fact, and it is not too much to say, that there are infants living to-day who will live to see the last of several of these handsome species, as it is impossible for most of them to exist where civilisation encroaches upon their hunting grounds.

Take the so-called Asiatic Lion for instance,

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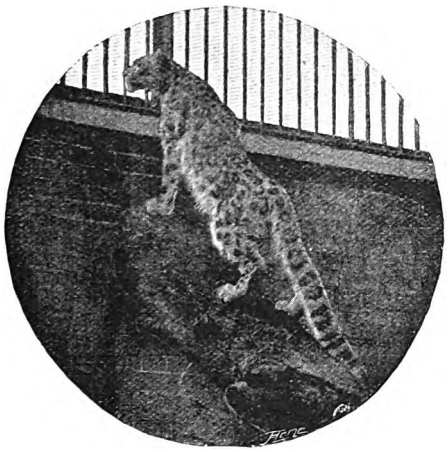
the ridiculously named "Maneless Lion," of the less up-to-date Natural Histories. It is a positive fact that the Lions in Asia are now so nearly exterminated that the Rajahs in India, at least, are preserving them as carefully as pheasants and other game are preserved by



Ounce, or Snow Leopard

A creature of which as yet but little is known. Our Zoological Society paid £300 for the first specimen which reached Europe. It comes from the mountains of Central Asia.

us. The Shah of Persia also, it is said, is keeping a large number of them in enclosures as curiosities, although twenty years ago they were quite common in Persia, India and other parts of Asia. It is strange that, unlike the Tiger, they have never been known in the Malayan region or east of the Bay of Bengal.

Lions from all parts of Africa are fast disappearing too, as their market value shows, for "Toby," from Somaliland the last one to provoke any keen competition on account of his many grand points, was sold for the collection at Antwerp, when in quite a raw and half-grown state, and even then £300 was paid for him. Doubtless if sold to-day, he would fetch nearly double this sum, as he is quite the "record" lion of the century.

The Ounce, too, that mysterious grey-coloured leopard, about which little or nothing is known at present, and for which, it is said, our Society paid £300, is a creature the value of which depends not so much on its approaching extermination, as on the difficulty of its transport from a bitterly cold region of from six to twenty thousand feet above the sea level, in the mountains of Central Asia, through the hot tropics, to the changing climate of Europe. It is not surprising that, however much care may be taken, none of them survive the change for very long, and are apt to die before the importer can get rid of them, thus saddling him with the heavy cost of their transport. The Ounce in the Zoo was the first which ever reached Europe alive. It arrived some four years ago.

Turning to the domesticated animals, it is chiefly amongst the horses, cattle and dogs that we find specimens of enormous value, although big prices are often paid for poultry, cats, rabbits or guinea-pigs, £80, it is said, having been paid for a pair of the latter that had won a great many prizes at the large shows. Even cats will find buyers at sums as large or larger than this, for £100 has before now been offered for long-haired specimens, whilst it is rumoured that £50 was refused for the English short-haired tabby, Champion Xenophon, who has won prize after prize for his fortunate owner, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss.

Dogs and cattle too, often change hands at enormous prices. With the latter it is sometimes the size that affects the sale, provided that other points are equally good. One has but to call to mind those giant St. Bernards "Plinlimmon," "Rector," and "Sir Bedivere," each of them measuring nearly a yard in height at the shoulder, and selling at from £1000 to £1250 each, whilst collies have fetched an even higher figure.

The Japanese spaniels or sleeve dogs are, at present, the most fashionable amongst the

A Japanese Spaniel.

£300 is said to have been offered and refused for this little dog. It is supposed to be the smallest and best out of Japan.

"toy" breeds to-day, and £300 has been, it is said, offered and refused for the specimen whose portrait we give, as she is one of the smallest and best out of Japan, where they are bred chiefly by the aristocracy, and are consequently difficult to obtain.

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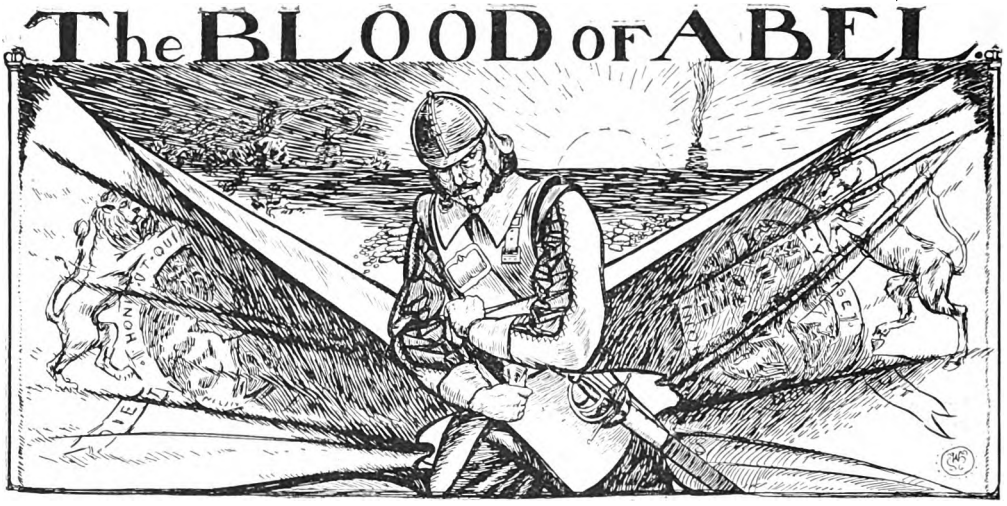
The BLOOD of ABEL



The Tale of the King's Executioner.

By Tom Vidd.

Charles Stuart, once styled King, died today on the scaffold before Whitehall, and I slew him: I, Nathaniel Blewitt, a gentleman of Devon, serving of late in the armies of Fairfax and Cromwell.

At one blow of the keen axe the false head rolled from his shoulders, and the innocent blood was avenged.

I have prayed for the day. It came at last, and, by the grace of God, mine was the hand to lay him low.

I begged the office from the great Cromwell. "Thou art a good soldier of the Lord, Blewitt," he said, "what is thy will?"

"They say the King is to die," I answered, "I ask that I may wield the axe."

He paled a little, then frowned, but answered quietly.

"'Tis a low office, Blewitt, and methinks thou wast once a gentleman. Why dost thou hate him so?"

Then I told him my story, the tale that I have here set down.

My father was a gentleman of good estate, who died in the first year of our Civil Wars.

He lived at home in Devonshire in ease and contentment, prizing greatly his hounds and hawks, and caring little for the big world beyond our village.

He had two sons, of whom I was the elder, born in the year seventeen. My brother Henry, two years younger, left us at the age of twenty to study law at Gray's Inn, in the City of London.

He was a quiet lad, thoughtful and studious, while I loved sports more than books; yet were we close friends, and inseparable as boys.

Our mother died at my brother's birth, and we had all our father's affection. I think 'twas my brother he loved most; and he was sore troubled at losing him. Yet 'twas Hal's own desire to go, and my father would not baulk him.

We were no great politicians at home. From Hal's letters we knew that King and Parliament were at loggerheads, but it came as a surprise to us when we learned that the King had set up his standard at Nottingham, and open war was declared.

"Thou must go, Nath," said my father, "the Blewitts were always King's men, and we'll get thee a troop of horse from near home. The crop-headed Parliament rabble won't stand before the men of Devon. Thou knowest, lad, I'd be with thee but for this cursed gout."

The dear old man was excited at the news, and pleased himself with the thought of titles and advancement in reward of our loyalty.

He began eagerly to run over the names of those who should join our troop.

"Oxenham's two boys, Bill Moon, John Cottey, Henry Pincombe—get paper, Nath, and set 'em down."

So we went very happily to the work of recruiting and drilling. My father was never

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in more cheerful spirit, but, alas! in a week came the news that Hal had joined the forces of the Parliament, and was marching under Earl Essex to fight against his King.

It killed my father, and before I led away my new troop he was laid in the family vault beneath our old village church.

"'Twill ruin the boy, Nath," he said, sadly, a few days before his death. "The King will hang up all the rebels. Thou must get to the King, Nath, and make interest for thy brother. Tell him the lad had an honest father, but was led away by the false Parliament men."

"I'm dying, Nath," he said, later. "Get all the money thou canst on the old place, and take it to His Majesty. 'Twill come back when times grow quiet again, and the King will pardon Hal, if thou wilt do this."

I promised, and in a week after his death I rode to the house of Master Aaron Whyman, a usurer in the city of Exeter. There, after three hundred years, the Holbrook estates passed away from the Blewitt's for ever, while I rode North with sixty horsemen and twenty thousand pounds in gold to join the King.

We were poor soldiers in the early days of the Wars. I knew nought of tactics, and the Parliament men were but little better, else had we never found the King.

My men were young, strong, and active—big men, and well mounted. I had known them as children, and could trust them all.

Brave they were, riding straight, and striking stout blows, but little practised with their weapons.

I was lonely and grieved at my father's death, worried and anxious about Hal, yet my spirits rose somewhat, as we clattered through the gates of the old Court, and rode down the hill through the straggling street.

I thought of my father's words: "When times grow quiet again;" and I vowed I would so serve the King that he should give me Hal's pardon with other rewards.

We rode North by the swirling river Exe, passed through Tiverton, where the schoolboys came out to gaze at us, and struck East across the Blackdown into Somerset.

That first night from home we camped

"Your name and business?" said the short man sternly.

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in the vale of Taunton, after riding thirty miles.

The horses grazed in the fields of the loyal squire of Ayshford, who came to us, and condoled with me, pressing me to join him at the Hall, but I told him I must bide with my men, who lay in the barns.

They were in good heart that night, cheerful and jovial, as indeed they were through all our campaigns, though many never saw the Devon hills again.

My own men, who had lived at the Court and grown up with me, came round me and talked of the journey before us.

"How long shall us be afore us faight, Maister Nath?" asked Moon. While Elijah Oxenham said, "He seemed the King would be maighty glad to see we chaps."

We were astir betimes in the morning, and, as we rode through Taunton, there was more of bustle and excitement than we had yet seen.

The townsfolk were in the streets, and by the castle was a crowd, who stared at us as we passed, while some few cheered.

Deeming it better to avoid questions, we rode quickly through, and pressed on to Bridgewater.

And so by easy stages we rode on past Bristol, until on the fifth day we were beyond the city of Gloucester.

I was growing uneasy in mind, for as yet I had heard naught of the Parliament forces. As we approached a small town some ten miles from Gloucester, the name of which I know not, I called a halt and rode forward alone. 'Twas approaching mid October, there was a high wind, and the brown dead leaves were whirling from the trees. I entered the town at a foot pace, and rode on cautiously. The streets were deserted, and it seemed strangely quiet; while many of the houses were barricaded. Presently I approached an inn with a low archway at the entrance, and bending forwards, I rode beneath it into the small yard beyond.

I called for ale, and, as the host came to me, I asked, "What news?"

He eyed me with some mistrust, but, seeming to gather confidence from my appearance, began to tell me of an engagement at Worcester three days before. "The King's horse had routed the Parliament men, but 'tis said a big battle must follow!" As we talked, two men came from the inn into the yard, and drew near to us, as if to catch our discourse.

I had never before seen their like, for they were of very martial appearance. One was a tall man, nearly as tall as I am myself, while the other was but a little man, yet stern and fierce of countenance.

Catching my glance, the tall man came forward. "For King or Parliament?" he asked, suddenly.

"That is as maybe," I answered, cautiously. "I am from the West country, and do not justly know the rights of these disputes."

"Thou'rt a likely man for a regiment of horse," he said. "The King hath betrayed his country, and all honest men are 'gainst him. Come thou with us, and we'll find thee service and advancement."

I returned some evasive answer about not caring to fight, and had raised my foot to the stirrup to mount, when the man laid his hand upon my arm.

I was of high spirit in those days, and could ill brook restraint. Impatiently I shook him off, and sprang into the saddle. As I did so, the short man, who was standing back, blew suddenly a shrill whistle, and from the street behind him came running a dozen ill-favoured troopers, fully armed, who drew up across the arch to bar my passage.

Now I began to repent me of my rashness in entering the town alone, seeing myself a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and my men astray without their leader.

"Your name and business?" said the short man, sternly, and as he came forward he loosened the long sword that hung trailing from his side.

At the same time I drew my own weapon, and reined back my mare until her quarters chafed the wall.

"Thy name," he exclaimed again, impatiently.

"By what right dost thou ask me?" I returned, to gain time.

"Thou art in our power," he said, shortly. "Answer me, or my men shall fire."

By luck I bethought me of brother Hal.

"I am the brother of an officer of Lord Essex, and my name is Blewitt. I am in haste to join him," I added, as I scanned their stern faces.

Both leaders looked surprised, and the tall man began eagerly to mutter to his companion, while methought I caught the words "true man," "high favour."

The small fierce man turned again to me, and asked:

"Why didst thou conceal thy errand?"

I shrugged my shoulders, as I answered with apparent candour:

"These are troublous times. I knew ye not as true men, and feared you would trap me."

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"Canst prove thy tale?" broke in his companion. I drew a horse pistol from my holster, uncocked it, and tossed it him.

On the silver handle was writ my name, Nathaniel Blewitt, Holbrook Court, Devon. He read it. "'Tis truth, Ramsay," he said, "that is Blewitt's home."

The other still looked unsatisfied.

"Essex is twelve miles hence," he said, "we can spare thee three troopers as guide, and hark ye, young man, as guard should'st thou prove false."

He turned to enter the house, and I saw him no more.

The tall man came to me, and returned the pistol. "I am John Hayward of London," he said, "I know thy brother, thou hast a look of him. These are troublous times, as thou sayest; but I would ill like to see Hal Blewitt's brother in trouble."

My heart warmed to him, as he spoke my brother's name with a certain tenderness, and I reached him my hand. We have soft hearts in Devon, they say, and I was tempted to tell him truth.

The thought of my followers restrained me, and I asked instead what they did so far from the army.

"We are seeking information of the King," he answered. "'Tis a reconnoitring party, and we have six hundred horse in the neighbourhood. The fiery little Scot is our leader and a good one, Blewitt. We hear the King advances rapidly south. Essex will block the road to London, and we shall fight ere many days."

"Am I free to go?" I asked. "And must I have the guard your leader spoke of?"

He laughed and said.

"Colonel Ramsay is my superior, but he is a Scot and suspicious. I'll see thee started."

He called to the men and spoke to them apart. Horses were saddled, and in half an hour I was on the road again with three of the King's enemies in place of my own honest retainers.

These new followers were a sour trio. Clad in leather jerkins, they sat upon their horses like men unused to the saddle, and they had all a grave solemnity of visage, which I found diverting. I spoke little to them, for my mind was busy with plans to evade them. I bethought me that I must act quickly, lest my men entered the town to find me. We rode out of the town at the wrong end, and every pace took me further from them. As we came up the slope, I turned in my saddle, and looking backwards saw some three miles away the little hill, beyond which my men were posted. There was a solitary tree on the brow of this hill, and I had noted it as a landmark.

That night I saw Charles Stuart. He received me graciously, and accepted my gold gratefully, whilst I, who was to slay him, kneeled humbly.

Ten minutes' gallop, I thought, but I must avoid the town, for, feeling persuasion was useless, I determined to ride for't.

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We had ridden a mile. "We must push on," I said, and began to trot, breaking presently into a sharp canter. Two of the troopers dropped behind, but the third kept pace with me, and, I thought, watched me narrowly. He was the oldest of the men, a stout and dogged fellow. He was riding on the off-side at my right hand, and pressed close to me as he rode.

Herein was his undoing, for, whistling softly to divert his suspicions, I made pretence of adjusting my right spur, and suddenly seizing his left leg I unseated him, so that in a moment he was sprawling on the road.

At the instant I broke headlong into a gallop, while pistol shots rang out from the men behind.

I was never under fire before, and, I confess, disliked it.

My hat was carried away by a ball, and bareheaded I galloped on, swerving to the right to jump the loose stone wall that bordered the road.

The mare cleared it gallantly, and at the shouting of the troopers and the sound of more shots she broke into a pace which she had never equalled with the hounds at home.

A stiff fence lay before us, but our blood was up, and we charged it recklessly, landing safely in a narrow stony lane, adown which we fled with an amazing clatter. Swerving sharply and dangerously at the lane end, I found to my consternation that we were again in the main street of the town near to the inn at which my troubles commenced.

An officer was in the street, struggling to mount a restive horse. As he rose to the saddle we dashed by, upsetting horse and man. Of the rest of that mad gallop I remember little. More than once I was under fire ere I cleared the town, and when more horsemen appeared, I drew my sword with the determination of dying hard.

A cry of "Maister Nath" restrained me, and to my joy I saw Moon and Pincombe on the way to seek their leader. "Back!" I shouted. "Mount all of you!"

The lust of battle was on me, and I was sore tempted to lead my men into the town; but remembering the words of Hayward, "six hundred strong," and reflecting that I should reach the King with my troops intact, I forbore.

We rode north at a sharp pace, and in an hour fell in with the King's outposts near Banbury.

That night I saw Charles Stuart for the first time. 'Tis well the future is hid from us. He received me graciously, and accepted my gold gratefully, while I, who was to slay him scarce seven years after, kneeled humbly.

"Nathaniel Blewitt," he said pleasantly, "your courage and devotion shall not be forgotten in the years to come. In the meantime, I would give you the honour of knighthood."

"May it please your Majesty to reserve all rewards," I answered. "In the years to come I hope to beg another boon—the life and pardon of a dear brother. "To the great grief of his family he has been led away by traitors, and is in arms against his King. The news has killed our father, and I, his only brother, come to you to atone for his sin by my best service."

In my mind I had rehearsed this speech a hundred times during our long ride, yet I spoke it haltingly, with a great shame.

He heard me patiently, and, methought, approvingly.

"We will hope to change your brother's mind," he said. "He bears an honoured name, and should not be in such poor company. Yet he is not alone," he sighed, and continued:

"You brought men with you?"

"Sixty, sire," I answered.

"Saw you aught of the enemy?"

I began to tell him of my capture and escape, but he interrupted me, calling to his officers, who listently to me intently.

"This tall officer," said one, a young and handsome man, bravely dressed, "he told you Essex would bar our passage to London?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And they had six hundred horse twelve miles hence?"

"About twelve miles."

"I must have you with me, Master Blewitt," he said, "I want men who can sit firm and ride straight. I am Prince Rupert."

I bowed, glowing with pleasure, and asked that my men might also come under his command.

The King smiled. "Take them, Rupert," he said, and to me, "He'll find thee hard knocks, Master Blewitt. I thank thee again, thou hast already done us good service. Come, gentlemen, we will discuss this news," and with courteous inclination he left me.

A young officer came to me, offering to show me my quarters, and we left the King's tent together. He prattled gaily of the war, but I scarce heard him. I was thinking deeply of my recent chances and of my discourse with the King. I thought how pleased

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my father would have been to hear of it, and grieved that I could never tell it him. Then I thought of Hal in the opposite camp, and wondered how it fared with him.

"You are anxious about your brother," said the young man at my side. "I heard your talk with the King. 'Tis all right, man, we all have friends and kinsmen on t'other side."

This comforted me, and he left me hopeful, and greatly pleased at my reception, so that I slept easier than I had done for many nights.

In the camp all was bustle, for my news had so altered the King's plans that we moved next day to Edge Hill.

Of the battle fought there I need not speak. My little troop took part in Rupert's fierce charge, and quitted them like men.

We had several sore wounded, and poor Pincombe died there.

I could scarce refrain from tears when we found him, while Moon and Oxenham wept freely.

There was an officer of Rupert's staff, a cruel and sneering man from Wales, who laughed at my poor men's grief, and bade them cease blubbering. In my indignation and on the spur of the moment, I buffeted him, striking him to the ground.

We met with swords next day. He was a master of the fence, and at the first pass gave me a hurt in the shoulder; but not regarding it, I beat down his guard by sheer weight of arm, and so wounded him that he never fought again.

This success gained me respect in the army, and not a little liking, for mine enemy was a bullying fellow, and many hated him.

We exchanged prisoners after the fight, and I sent letters to Hal, telling him of our father's death, and my movements since. I begged him to desist from fighting, but 'twas many months ere I had his answer.

He wrote with much affection telling me of his grief at our loss.

"I cannot," he wrote, "quit my companions, my honour is engaged, and my brother, I know, would not have a Blewitt break his oath."

'Twas all the communication we had, but often I heard, with a melancholy satisfaction, that my brother fought well, and was greatly esteemed by his leaders.

Men said there was a Blewitt on both sides, and both were brave men.

So the war went wearily on, without decisive battles, and it came to pass that in the late summer of the year sixteen hundred and forty-four I was again in the West country with the King's army. We drove Earl Essex from before Taunton, and followed hard upon him, over the road by which I left home.

He was retreating towards the West, and as we drew near to my old home, the terrible day of my great sorrow approached.

The King's army was encamped on Maiden Down, a wild waste of common land on the borders of Devonshire, and I was sent forward with thirty horsemen to gain information of the enemy's movements.

Cromwell rose up, and resting his hand on the great Bible that lay on the table, he spoke.

It was a fine evening in September, and, confident in my knowledge of the county, I led my men several miles from our army.

We passed through the villages of Sampford and Halberton, and the sun was setting

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as we came to the head of the slope in view of the town of Tiverton.

I halted them under the cover of a small wood, and at the distance of a mile we saw the enemy's troops in full retreat through the town.

For half-an-hour we sat quietly in our saddles watching the town until the last movement of the troops had ceased.

I was about to give the order to return, when from the valley below came the thud of hoofs, and as we watched, we descried horsemen fording the little river that joins the Exe at Tiverton.

They came up from the water as the first faint haze of evening mist was rising, and we counted them as they crossed—twenty-five men. They rode quickly and directly towards us, fearing no hurt. I scarce knew how to act, but the devil prompted me to await them. I see the scene nightly in my dreams, and shall see it till I die.

In a few minutes they were at hand. I signalled to the men, and as they passed the corner of the wood, we thundered down upon them. 'Twas a complete surprise, and they never rallied from the shock of our encounter. Riding straight at their leader, I cut him down with one long sweeping stroke. As men do that have a mortal hurt, he flung his arms up as he dropped from the saddle; and in the fast fading light I saw my brother's face.

How can I describe the agony of that moment, when earth and sky seemed to reel with me. I have been in hell ever since. My father's dying wishes, and the efforts I had made to obey them came rushing on my mind. And this was the end, that I had killed the brother I had sworn to save.

I took no more part in that fight. Of Hal's followers a dozen lay dead, and the rest had scattered. My own men, returning from the charge, found me on the ground, dazed and stunned, with my dying brother's head upon my knee. I ordered them to return to camp at once—my last order as a King's officer. They obeyed wondering, but Oxenham of my old troop stayed.

He lived an hour, and blessed me ere he died. He spoke to me in gasps, while I vainly strove to staunch the blood that welled from the great gash that had reached his lung.

"Thou hast been on the wrong side, Nath," he said. "'Tis a bad King, and his cause can never prosper for long. Don't fret so, Nath, 'tis not thy fault, 'tis the wicked King's, who has set brother 'gainst brother. He's too strong for us now, and by stopping me, thou hast stopped our reinforcements. I had urgent despatches for London, but my mission has failed. Nay, do not weep, brother."

"I'll take them for thee, Hal, and never serve the King again," I cried out, in an agony of remorse.

His face, o'er which the shades of death were fast stealing, lit up. He half rose.

"God bless thee, Nath," he gasped, and at the effort the red blood burst from his lips, and 'twas over.

We buried him, Oxenham and I, on the spot where he fell, but a few miles from the home where, as boys, we had played together.

I rode to London with my brother's despatches, and thereafter I fought against the King with a fierce hatred.

"Mad Blewitt" they called me, and some men said I had a devil.

Mayhap I was mad. I had but one wish. Vengeance on the man whose deeds had brought to me the brand of Cain. I exulted in his overthrow, and in the fulness of time I am at last revenged.

I told my tale to Cromwell, and he listened quietly to the end. Then he rose up and, resting his hand upon the great Bible that lay upon the table, he spoke, while his eyes burned, and his face was as that of a prophet.

"The measure is filled up. The righteous blood shed upon the earth shall surely be required of this generation from the blood of Abel to the blood of Zacharias."

And to me he said:

"Nathaniel Blewitt, thy wish will be granted."

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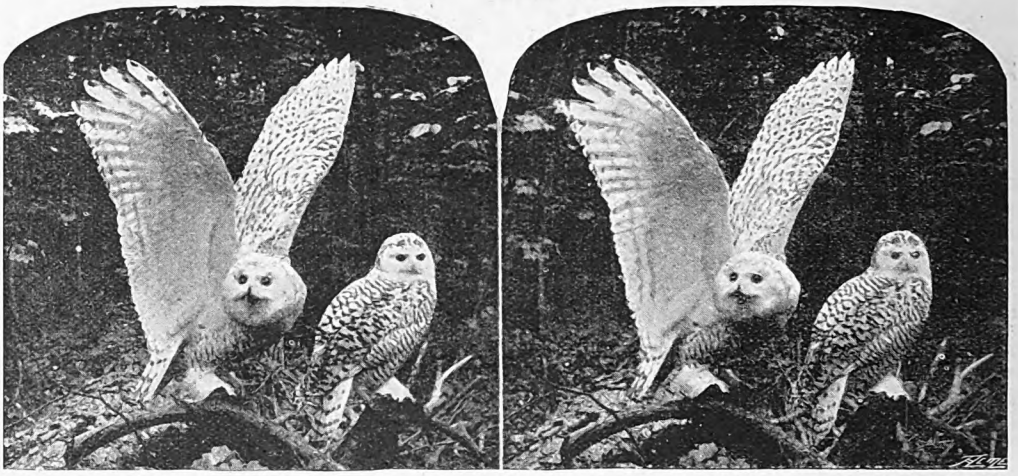
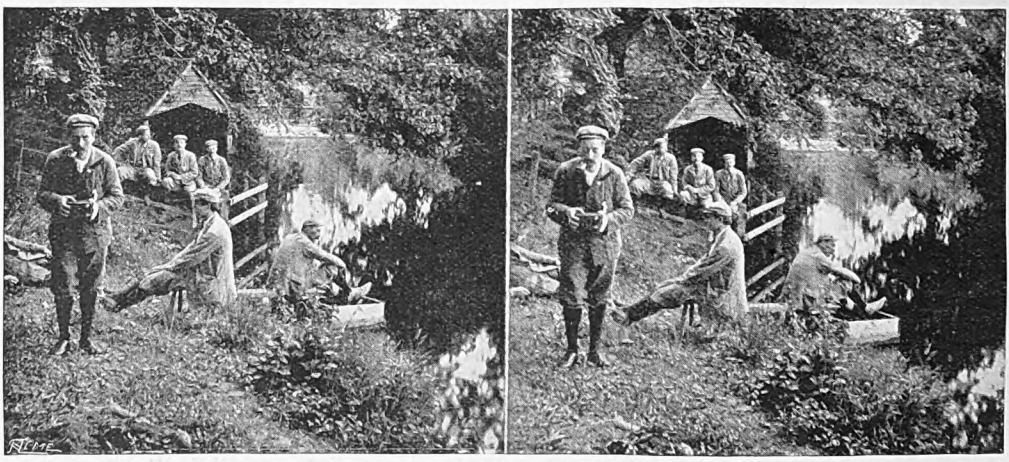
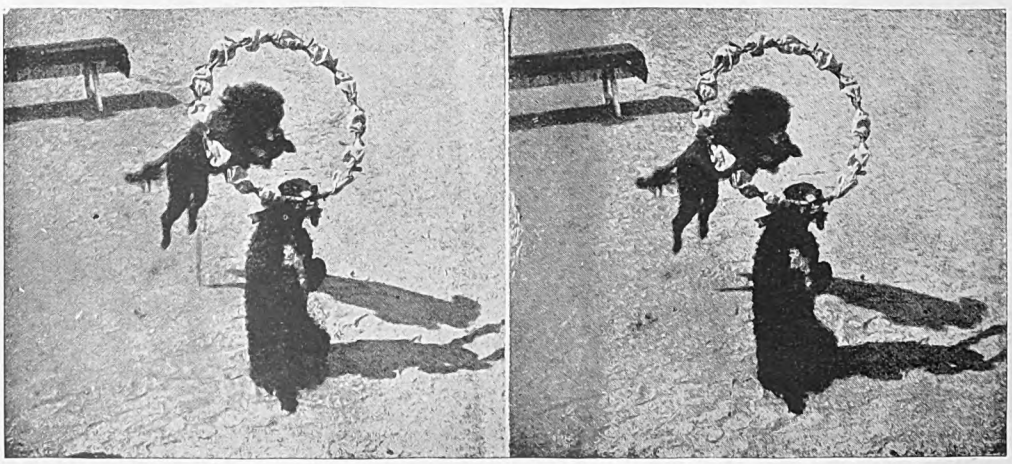


Alarmed.



A Rest by the Way.



In Mid Air.

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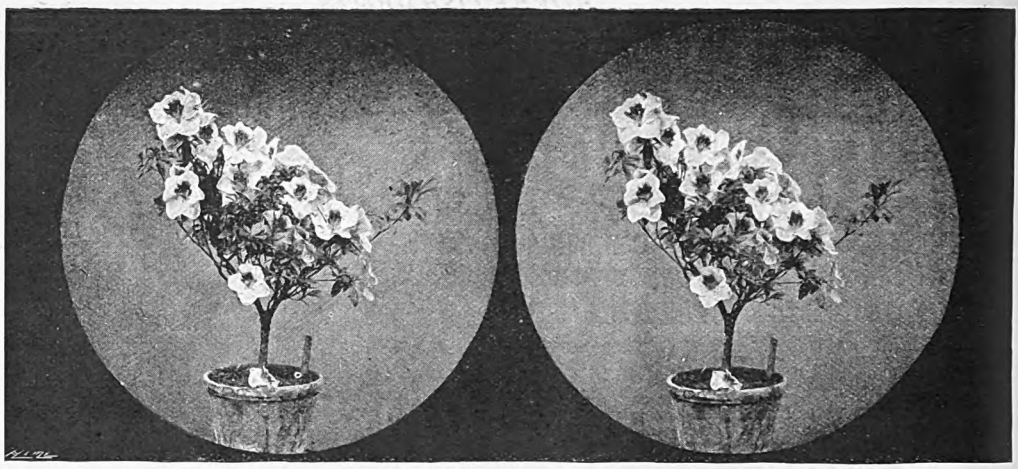
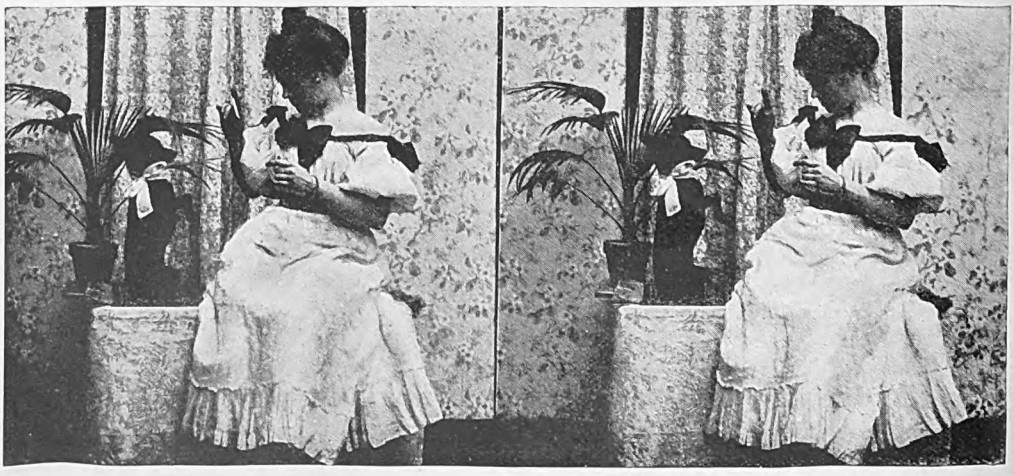


A Pot of Azalea.

A Crack Shot.



Beauty and the Beast.

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NEW SEASON'S (1899)

GOLDEN HOME-MADE MARMALADE. *A REALLY DELICIOUS PRESERVE*

For Breakfast or Tea— **PATÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.**

TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PÂTÉ, POST FREE, 6d.

A really Superior Sauce: **MACONOCHIE'S CHUTNEY RELISH**: A valuable aid to Digestion.

MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

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Low Tide in the Morning.

At about three o'clock every morning all human beings and animals are nearer to death than at any other hour. At that time cattle stir and moan in their sleep, while men turn uneasily in their beds and awaken partially or wholly, as though a hand had been laid upon them. Three in the morning is an hour that doctors and nurses dread, for by far the majority of deaths occur about that time.

It has been observed that at three in the afternoon a man's mental and physical forces reach their highest, and it is a simple inference, under the law of periodicity, that the corresponding hour in the morning would mark the lowest point of the vital tide.

To the operation of this principle (that of culmination, crisis and decline) there seems no limit in our affairs and experiences. A written statement now before me concerns the illness and final recovery of a man whose case illustrates the mysterious influence we are discussing. Taking the facts in regular sequence, as he presents them, we shall come upon the point of especial interest.

"For many years," he relates, "I suffered from indigestion and liver complaint. Indeed my liver was more or less congested nearly all the time. I *sank far below the level* of a natural life, being heavy, tired and depressed and without energy to meet the ordinary demands made upon me. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and a sallow skin coloured with the bile, with which the disease filled the blood.

"At the right side in the region of the liver was a constant sense of tenderness and a dull, persistent pain or ache. As for an appetite I can hardly claim to have known the meaning of the word. After eating even the simplest, and what is understood to be the most digestible food I was taken with pain around the chest and sides. So bad and severe was this that I became afraid to eat, and postponed or avoided eating so far as possible.

"I attended to my duties and got through my work, but not properly nor with satisfaction to myself. For no man can work under these circumstances as he does when backed by health and vigour. Now feeling a bit better and then down again I continued in this condition for years. Then came a time when the disease appeared to *reach a point which threatened my life*. My state was so serious that I was attended by three medical men, who agreed on the nature and gravity of my ailment and its dangerous symptoms. Yet they were unable to relieve me.

"This was in April, 1887, and, contrary to the expectations of my friends, I lingered on until the following June, feeble and wretched and without hope. My long-standing malady had *fixed its grasp upon me* and I was sinking beneath its pressure.

"At this time I was urged to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. Desperate cases cured by it were mentioned, and reasons why it was likely to do me good, even in the face of the failure of the multitude of medicines I had already taken. I could but yield to these arguments and began using the Syrup as soon as it could be procured.

"The result must be set forth in few words as this letter is getting too long. In a few days I felt somewhat better. This struck me like good news from a far country. Hope lighted up in my mind and I kept on using Mother Seigel's Syrup. Every week saw a further improvement. Food was welcome now because it was palatable, aud digested naturally and gave me the strength of which I was in so sad need. A little later I was able to return to work—something which only a few months before looked as improbable as realising a dream of finding money.

"Since that time I have enjoyed good health, and am indebted for it to the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup at a period of my illness when this world (so far as it concerned *me*) appeared hardly worth a shilling. You are at liberty, for the sake of others, to publish my statement."—(Signed) Sidney Strapp, 52, Langley Road, Luton, Bedfordshire, January 27, 1899.

Doubtless there is not one of us who is not often much *nearer death* than he imagines—especially among those who have some inherent weakness or chronic disease. The only safeguard is health, and that is always promoted by the frequent use of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

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POINTS FOR THE PUBLIC

ABOUT WINE

What Vintage is it?

The question of Vintages is of the utmost importance to Wine Drinkers, and goes far beyond the mere matter of taste.

In the case of bad or doubtful Vintages, the Wines are unsound and injurious to health, either owing to the grapes not having ripened thoroughly from want of sunshine, or to their having become mildewed from excessive rain.

The mere name on a bottle of Wine is little, the Vital question is—

In what Year was it Grown?

Write for a complete List of Vintages based on the universally accepted verdict of connoisseurs, and clearly distinguishing the **good** from the bad and indifferent Vintages, to

HATCH, MANSFIELD & Co., Ltd.,
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MARRIOTT & COOPER,

Established a Quarter of a Century. **1, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**

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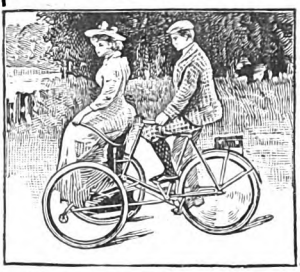

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Made suitable for 2 Ladies

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Pneumatic Tyres.

***Gent's* £9 : 10**

***Ladies'* £10 : 0**

Or by 12 monthly payments of **20/-** each.

Particulars Free on Application.

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TRIAL BOTTLE, **6d.** Per post, 7d.

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and* **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.**

A Medical Certificate with every Bottle.

Large Bottle, **3/6**; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle, **6d.**; post free, 7d. (Secretly packed.) *Est.*1861.

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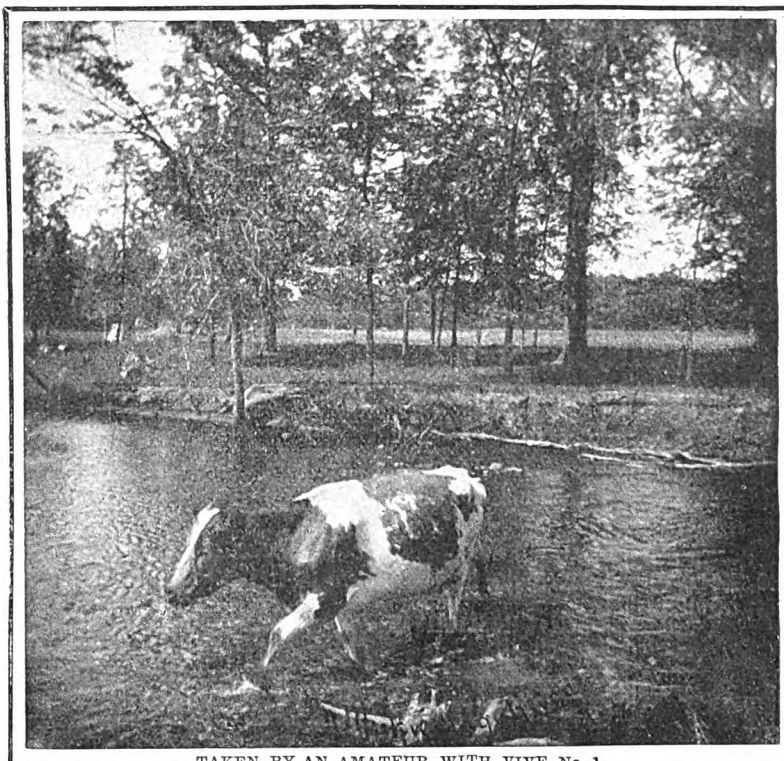

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A most perfect little instrument for extracting corns and scraping off hard skin on the feet. More efficient, better, and safer than any other means for removing those troublesome excrescences. No risk of cutting, no blood-poisoning, no weakening of the feet. Price **2s.** each from cutlers, ironmongers, &c.

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are the best! None of the numerous imitations can deprive these celebrated, genuine, and only perfect Gem Air Guns of their 20 years' universal reputation. Price from **16s.**

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with interchangeable blades have no equal for easy shaving. The most reliable, easiest, and cheapest high-class razors known. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. **5s.** each.

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Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See Illd. Guide and Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d.

'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'

Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)

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N.B.—The largest and originnl house. (*A reputation of over half a century.*)

Manager—HY. MYERS.

SIX GOLD MEDALS

Goddard's Plate Powder

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Sold in Boxes 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

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LATEST CRICKET.

The sale of **OGDEN'S "GUINEA-GOLD" CIGARETTES** is still on the in**CREASE** notwithstanding the efforts of **COMPETITORS** to **OVER-THROW** them. They have got a **GOOD PITCH** right into the midst of popu=larity, and have proved a **SENSATIONAL CATCH.** There is a great **RUN** on them by all tobacconists, and you should not allow the opportunity of secur=ing a packet to **SLIP** by. The price is well within the **BOUNDARY LINE**—10 for 3 pence—or sixpence the **SCORE.**

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"AFTERNOON COCOA."

In enervating Summer weather something more is required than a drink that is only temporarily refreshing. CADBURY'S COCOA undoubtedly supplies the need—being a delicious, refreshing beverage; thin in fluid, highly nutritious, and most sustaining—repairing waste resulting from oppressive heat. It is a perfect drink and food combined.

☞CADBURY'S is the ideal beverage for all times and seasons. It is absolutely Pure, therefore the Best Cocoa.

FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS

Pears'

SOAP

has maintained its supremacy in the face of the whole world's competition. Such a record could not be achieved without cause. Temporary successes are comparatively easy, but for an article to maintain its popularity generation after generation it must appeal to something more than passing fancy. This is the case with Pears' Soap. It is, and always has been, an honest product. Everywhere abroad it has found a place in public favour equal to that for so long held in England. Men and women alike find it good and reliable. The man who has once tried Pears' Soap in the form of a Shaving Stick wants no other, he takes it with him on all his journeys. The woman who travels and fails to take a supply of Pears' must put up with substitutes until her burning, smarting skin inexorably demands the "matchless for the complexion."

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD. Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3 PENCE

OCT 1899

PUBLISHED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., LONDON, W.C.

NUMBER 12.—VOLUME II.

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Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, Female Ailments,

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BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, in Boxes,
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RECOMMENDS ITSELF. It is Efficacious, Economical, Cleanses the Teeth, Removes Tartar, Prevents Decay, and is a Pleasant and Reliable Dentifrice.

In Collapsible Tubes, of all Druggists, or from the Proprietor, for ONE SHILLING, postage paid.

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Beyond contradiction by far the Cheapest and Best Collection of Music yet Published.

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The Volumes can be obtained from most Newsagents and Booksellers at **TWOPENCE** each, or will be sent post free for THREEPENCE per Volume, from

The Proprietor of "BEECHAM'S PILLS," St. Helens, Lancashire.

Set of 16 Volumes, post free, for 3s. 2d.

BODLEIAN 23·9·1899 Digitized by Google

Russia's Advance Towards India

Conversations with Skobeleff :

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the - - -

AID OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS- - Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars."

USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' { Soothing, Cooling, Health-Giving, Refreshing and Invigorating.

You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two-and-half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, without any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, VERITAS."

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the function of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the Foundation and GREAT DANGER of CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked* **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** *Without it you have a worthless imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing, specially prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

Monsieur Philosophow is commanded by
HER MAJESTY The QUEEN of GREECE
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Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE
says: Messrs. Edwards' preparation, "Harlene" for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction.

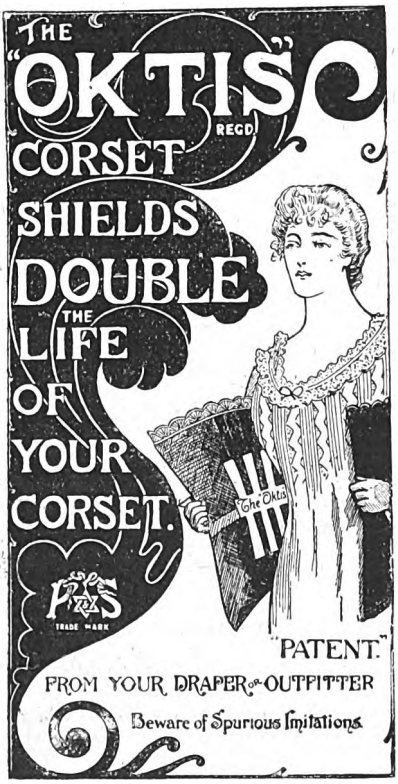
Full Description and Directions for Use in Twenty Languages supplied with every bottle.

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

Dr. A. B. GRIFFITHS, Ph.S, F.R.S.E., Principal of the Brixton School of Pharmacy; Lecturer on Chemistry to the Hairdressers' Guild, says :—

"I hereby certify that I have examined Edwards' 'Harlene,' and find that it is absolutely free from injurious substances, in fact, 'Harlene' is a first-class preparation. It stimulates the roots of the hair, and restores its colour, consequently it is an invaluable remedy for Baldness and other fungoid diseases of the hair. 'Harlene' is invaluable as a dressing. It preserves strengthens, and restores the hair. I can conscientiously recommend this elegant and useful preparation."

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.



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The **GRAMA** is a high-class instrument showing full-size picture on a screen, **making mistakes impossible.** It has a magnificent Lens and a perfect Roller-Blind Shutter. It is a Quarter-Plate Camera, leather covered, and is the most compact instrument on the market.

Price **45/-**, payable **10/-** deposit and **7/6** per month.

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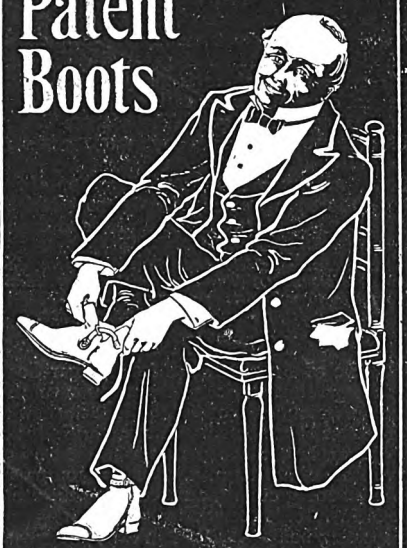

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We are making, and have made, thousands of staunch patrons.

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Measurements and orders are now carefully taken there; orders are executed in seven days, and the boots sent direct to your address from the factory in Leeds.

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The theory of the good effect of these Tablets is—

THE BISMUTH removes any gastric irritation and acidity.

THE PEPSINE completes the digestion of food not ye' thoroughly acted upon by the gastric fluid.

THE CHLORODYNE allays all pain and discomfort.

A Physician reports—"In those frequent cases of Dyspepsia, where excessive acidity and flatulence, with pain and general discomfort, follow every meal, the immediate relief afforded by these Tablets is a genuine reality."

Bottles, 1/- and 2/6 each, post free.

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This is most noticeable where overwork, grief, or worry causes dreamy, broken rest at night. The Tri-Bromide Tablets in such cases produce a tranquil state of the nervous system, and thus induce healthy and refreshing sleep.

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This combination of Tonics is essentially a *Brain and Nerve Food*, and is of infinite value in want of nerve power, lowness of spirits, whether brought on by too close an application to business, over-study, weakness after influenza, bronchitis, poorness of blood, or other causes of nervous exhaustion.

They increase mental activity and muscular power, and even after the fourth dose only, signs of benefit usually appear. The circulation quickens, appetite improves, mental exhaustion and fatigue occur less frequently, and returning health and vigour become more evident daily.

Students, literary, professional and business men, who are habitually overworked, or periodically subject to mental strain, derive immense benefit from a course of these Tablets, as they supply the system with the necessary elements for making good the "wear and tear" incurred by the modern high-pressure mode of life. *Sold in 2/6 Bottles only, post free.*

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Cocaine and Bismuth Suppositories.—A wonderfully effectual remedy, giving instant and remarkable relief. The curative properties of these Suppositories are exerted on affected parts which ordinary applications, such as ointments, fail to reach.—*Boxes, 1/9: treble size, 4/6; post free.*

The presence of Piles indicates a congested condition of the Liver, and a gentle stimulus directed to that organ by means of Compound Cascara Tablets greatly hastens a cure.

Compound Cascara Tablets *are sold in 1/- and 2/6 (treble size) Bottles.*

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(Your address on a post card will do.)

This List contains full particulars of all domestic medicines, and proper treatment for Asthma, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Constipation, Anæmia, Colds, Coughs, Throat Affections, Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Sleeplessness, Nervous Breakdown, and other Common Ailments.

It is particularly requested that all Orders, however small, be sent direct to the Manufacturers:

KILBY PEARS & SON,

Manufacturing Chemists,

16, Western Rd., HOVE, BRIGHTON.

By this system Customers ensure receiving the goods in faultless condition by return of post.

All Packages are sent secure from observation.

POSTAGE FREE.

COLONIAL ORDERS above Ten Shillings in amount also sent post free.

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KILBY PEARS & SON
BISMUTH, PEPSINE, and CHLORODYNE
TABLETS
For the Immediate Relief of INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE & SPASMS.
Dose—Two to be taken after each meal
16, WESTERN ROAD, Hove, Brighton.

Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.

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HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

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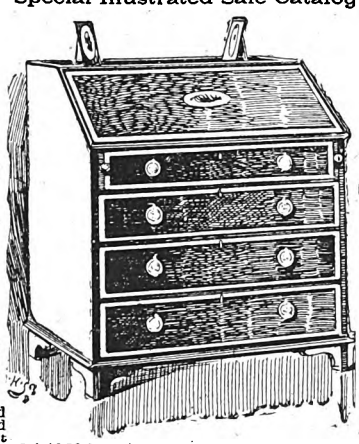
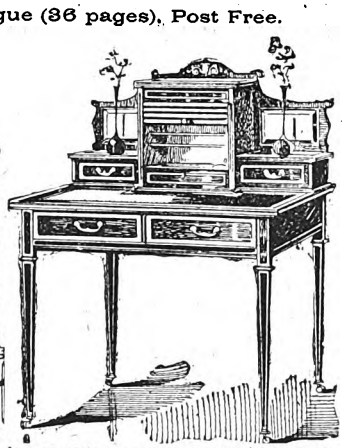
Special Illustrated Sale Catalogue (86 pages), Post Free.

Inlaid Rosewood Writing Table, top lined with Leather, fitted above with Drawer, and Centre Cupboard for Stationery, lower part fitted as Work Table, **£3 12s. 6d.**
Ditto, Mahogany, inlaid with Satin Wood, **£4 15s. 0d.**



Inlaid Mahogany Sheraton Bureau, 3 ft. wide, fitted with four Drawers, interior fitted with Stationery Racks, **£3 15s. 0d.**



Inlaid Mahogany Sheraton Writing Table, fitted with four Drawers, and the Centre Stationery Rack enclosed with Revolving Shutter, **£4 18s. 6d.**

BEDSTEADS

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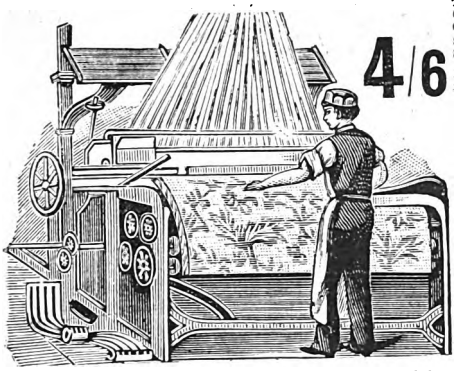

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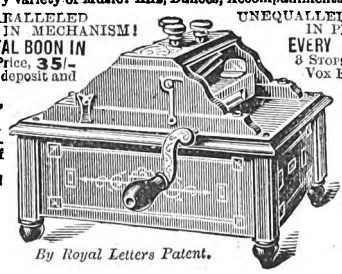

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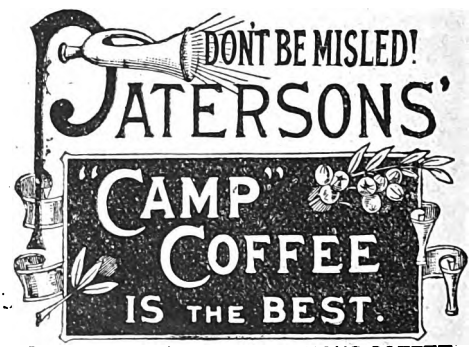

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We are all apt to forget that it is not what we eat, but what we digest, and, later on, assimilate, that gives us Strength and Vigour. Food and first Digestion are, indeed, only steps to an "Assimilative" end in view.

It therefore follows when people feel run down, are enervated, have weak energies, with loss of Nerve Strength, and have, perhaps, absolute distaste for Food, or pains and discomfort, Biliousness, Nausea, Headache, and Flatulence following eating, it is then that they need both a corrective—a stimulant, indeed, to Digestion and a restorative tonic.

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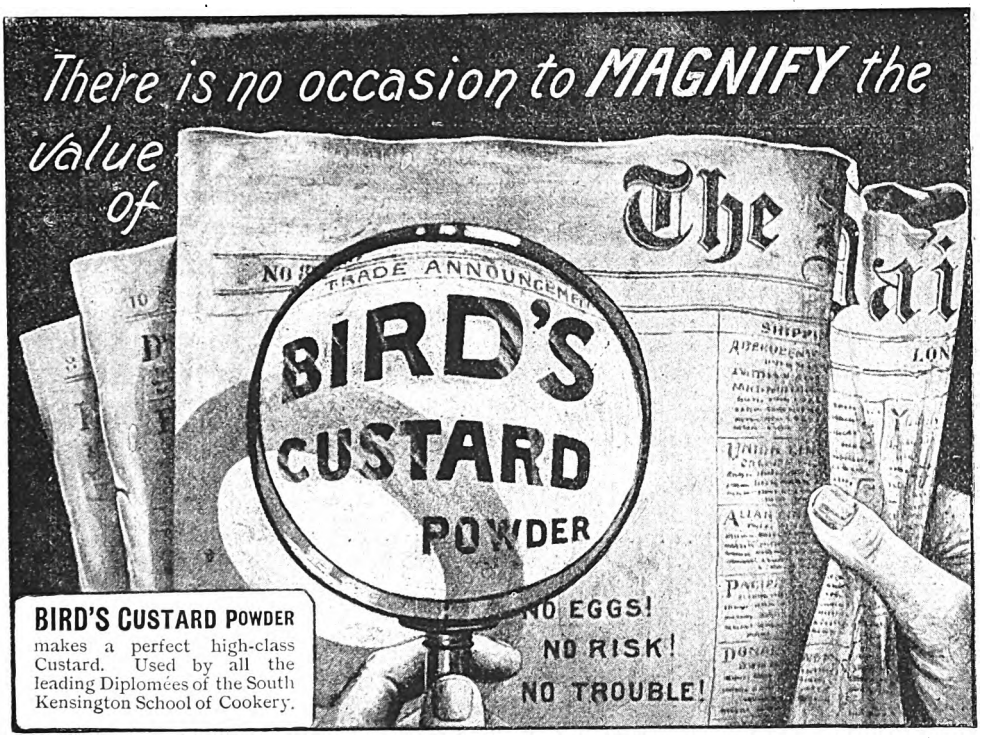

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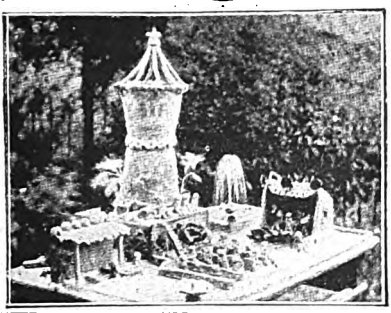

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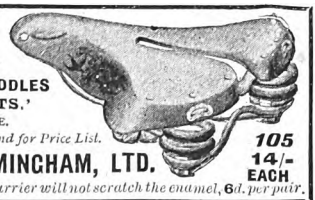

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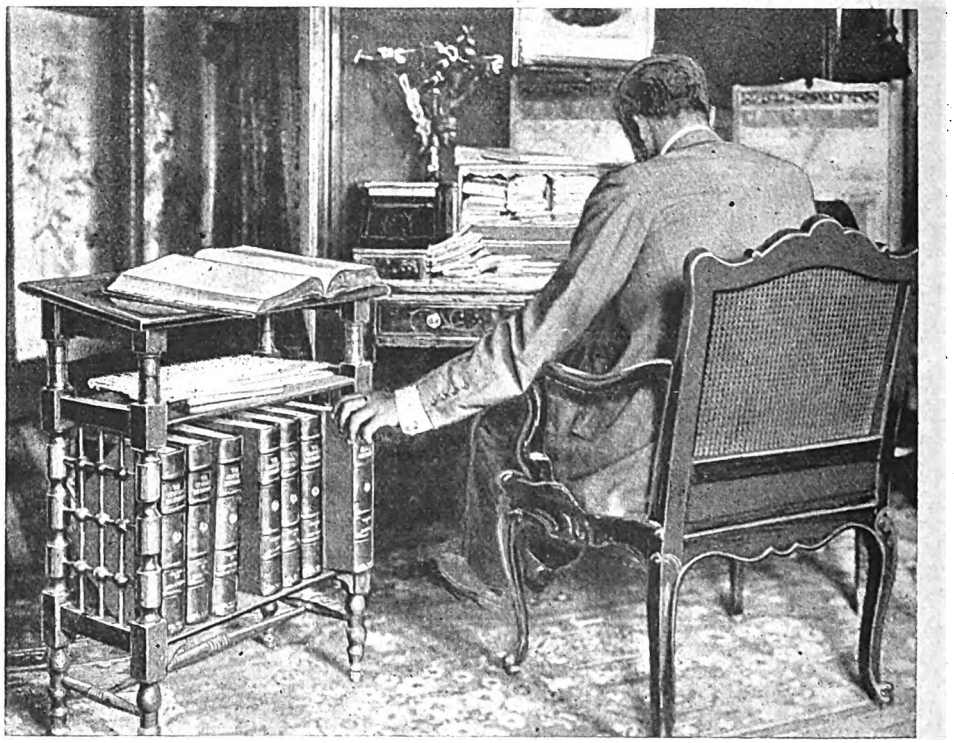

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Photo by F. Moore.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Gray.

The Camera on Tour.

It is quite sad to realise that by the time these lines appear the autumn will be well upon us. The holidays will be over. Packed away, ready for some spare hours, are the plates, films, or cartridges, as the case may be, which represent the best of the opportunities we have had during our all too brief escape from the toil and turmoil of town and office.

Yet, I daresay, many of you have gone from one turmoil into another. I know that I did, and I enjoyed myself. Of course, the theory of a holiday is peace and quietness. One ought to take a house in some quiet and remote spot, or go on a gentle yachting trip, or select some picturesque country for a bicycling tour.

No doubt any one of such ways of spending a holiday is excellent, but, after all, everything depends on a variety of considerations. If you are married you have a husband or a wife, or perhaps children, to take into account. If you are single you have to consider that bug-bear of all enjoyment — expense.

Making your Camera pay Expenses.

One thing, however, is pretty certain. A good camera, used with a little common sense, will not only add considerable enjoyment to your holiday, but it will pay for the expenses of it. I took what I should consider was a rather costly holiday. I had a number of alternative schemes, but this one was unquestionably the most expensive.

At the same time it appeared to me, as a confirmed snapshooter, to be distinctly the

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Pedlar

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cheapest, for I perceived abundant possibility of acquiring material that would subsequently be of pecuniary value.

The result, I am glad to say, seems likely to justify my course of action. My camera has turned out a trump, for I came across heaps of material, and, although I have not yet had time to put it all together, I have no doubt that I shall not only pay my "ex.'s," but I shall have something substantial to the good towards defraying the initial expenses of next year's outing.

I wonder how many of you have done the same! It doesn't require brains or any great expertness. Only a little common sense, a little perception, and a little judgment.

Photo by F. Ollo.

At Even.

The Trouble of it.

"Oh, I couldn't be bothered," I can imagine some of you exclaiming. "I had a camera with me, and when I saw anything pretty, I took a snapshot."

And how woefully disappointing most of those snapshots of beautiful bits are when developed and finally printed! They are a reminder, of course, of what you have seen, but they fail utterly and completely to convey to anyone else any idea of the real beauty of the spot that so appealed to you.

The fact is that the snapshot camera is not capable—it is not meant to be capable—of adequately reproducing a lovely landscape. You can snap a quaint-looking gate or a fine building, and you can get some interesting street scenes. But you cannot get really satisfactory pictures as pictures. You require a very different camera for such work—a camera you would never dream of taking with you on a general tour of pleasure.

If you are doing a photographing tour as a matter of business, then the circumstances alter the case. You would naturally arm yourself with a camera most suited to the particular work you wished to attempt.

The Camera in Mid-air.

Sometimes it is disastrous to have a good camera with you. I have a young friend who became ambitious of a balloon trip. He saw fine photographic possibilities, and he arranged for an ascent. Armed with his new twenty-guinea camera and a host of slides and plates, he arrived at the starting-place and the balloon began its voyage.

The ascent was excellent, and I understand that my friend, after the style of the fisherman whose largest fish on record is the

Photo by Chas. Reid.

On the Sands.

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one he loses, took the finest photos he had ever taken in his life. I daresay they were. The trouble, however, is that, except in fragments, the plates were never capable of development.

The descent in some way got mixed. Whether the array of plates was too great and too heavy, or what it was, I know not, but the fact remains that, having come within close distance of *terra firma*, the balloon commenced a kangaroo type of progress, bounding from field to field and tree to tree until my friend, the aeronaut, the plates, and the camera, were all more or less—and chiefly more—broken.

The plates were simply pulverised, whilst the camera was smashed to bits. Of course, had he been using a snapshot camera with films he would, as it happened, have had at any rate something to show for all he went through. Films might have stood the disaster. What he wanted, however, was the best views he could possibly take from a balloon for subsequent use, and, naturally enough, he armed himself with the camera most calculated to give him what he wanted.

The Camera in London. I AM a Londoner, or, rather, I live in London, and I know it as well as the average man. I know it so well that every day impresses on me how little of it I really do know. It has often occurred to me when I see tourists from abroad or from the provinces wandering about London with hand-cameras, "Where do they begin and where do they finish?" Why I could take twenty shots around Piccadilly Circus alone, and that's about the most common-place of all famous spots in London!

What types congregate about there! Rich men, poor men, apothecaries, ploughboys—no, perhaps, not ploughboys, let us say newsboys—thieves. And, again, down opposite the Mansion House, and, again, still more towards the East End, what endless material there is! Of course, I have in my mind the human side of London—the groups, the crowds, the individuals, and the ceaseless stream of traffic.

Apart from such-like snapshots, and apart from the sights that sightseers invariably see, such as the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Village Gossips.

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Photo by S. H. Wrightson.

The Troubadour.

so on, what lovely bits of Old London there are tucked away in all manner of queer places! And, when you have found them, what exquisite little glimpses you can pick out! It may be a doorway, or a gate, or some queer old yard—none too clean, perhaps, if the neighbourhood is poverty-stricken.

The Camera as a Street Cleaner.

However, the camera ignores the dirt. It has an eye only for the beautiful, although it cannot always do justice to it. It is a great flatterer of the unwashed, is a camera—a marvellous street cleaner. The filthiest Italian alley looks spotless in a photograph. A back canal of Venice covered with foul refuse is a placid and lovely lane of water, the very look of which would turn a man, hot and busy in his office, green with envy. And yet it would turn him greener still if he suddenly found himself on that still, mirror-like canal, and found it exactly as it was when the photograph was taken.

I remember how this purifying effect of the camera was once brought home to me, and caused me momentarily one of the greatest disappointments I remember.

Amongst the photographs my family had collected in their wanderings was one of the Loggia di Lanza at Florence. It represented a sort of small cloister of four or five arches, which contained a number of lovely pieces of statuary. It faced a great public square, and looked spotlessly clean and beautifully cool. But in real life I found it crowded with countless loafers, lying and lounging about, smoking and spitting, and generally disfiguring the whole place. Even when it is deserted, one can see how flattering, from the point of view of cleanliness, the camera has been. The bits of orange-peel, the scraps of paper, the dirt and dust which lie strewn everywhere are not to be seen in the picture. Mind you, the camera cannot flatter the Loggia itself, much less its contents. They are exquisite from an artistic point of view. I doubt whether there is anything I have seen more lovely than the marble group representing the Rape of the Sabines. Still as I say the camera is very kind to the odd fragments of dirt which go to make a place what a good housewife would call "horribly untidy."

Photographic Flattery.

I have noticed frequently how great the tendency of the camera is to flatter statuary. Of course, in a sense this is impossible. A masterpiece of Michael Angelo's is incapable

Photo by P. R. Valentine.

A Happy Family.

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of flattery. It is in its cold lifelessness as near living, breathing reality as man can fashion.

Funnily enough, or perhaps you might almost say naturally enough, the present photographs of the finest statues fail to do them justice so far as the general presentment is concerned. So far as the face and features, however, are concerned I have frequently noticed that the camera gives you much you fail to perceive in the statue itself. It is as though the lens of a camera were more searching and more discerning, with a greater capacity for finding the lovely details, than the human eye possesses.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Meditation.

Monuments in churches are often very difficult to see properly owing to the light. Yet I have come across photographs of those same tombs which show up the various figures in almost exaggerated beauty. Nor has any artificial light been used. It simply shows, as I have said, that the camera is sometimes more capable of appreciating the beautiful than the eye.

The Ubiquity of the Kodak.

In my last "Art of the Camera" I was discussing to a certain extent the advantages of films over plates, at any rate for the tourist who has gone a-wandering for pleasure and a-snapshooting for the fun of it. I pointed out the immense advantage films had over plates in the matter of weight. After all, apart from all other things, such as bulk and risk of breakage, the question of saving several pounds of dead weight is of the utmost importance.

As between the various sorts of films I decided in favour of cartridges, because of the ease with which they can be taken out, or put in afresh in broad daylight.

Experience has, however, impressed on me another advantage and an important one. Whenever you are on the Continent, even in the most out-of-the-way places, you can get Kodak cartridges. Generally you cannot get any other sort of film. I was not using a Kodak during my last trip. I came to an end of my films, and not even in Florence could I get hold of any more.

It is certain that the company owning the Kodak films has distributed them everywhere, so that unless you start off with a vast store of films you run a risk of being without any at all before the journey is over, and you will wish you had a Kodak camera of some sort.

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By Laurance Wood.

LETTER I.

From Miss Mary Ince to Miss Catherine Johnson.

May 15th, 1897.

My Dearest Kitty,

I'm engaged! Yes, actually, seriously, definitely engaged! And, I mean it this time. It seems strange, doesn't it, that I should engage myself to a man and really mean it? I used to think that I could never do such a thing. It seemed impossible to be anything but free to do anything you like, just to flirt with whoever you want to, and go about and enjoy yourself. But all that doesn't seem to matter, now, although, of course, the old times still seem jolly, and I was a dreadful flirt, wasn't I? But I don't like to think of that now. It almost seems as if I had been doing something dreadful, and that's all nonsense, for there's nothing dreadful in flirting, is there? But I must tell you all about him, for I know you're dying to hear what he's like, and what he is. Well, I met him at Mrs. Rogers' garden party—I shall always owe Mrs. Rogers a debt of gratitude for inviting him—and he writes, writes divinely. Think of it, Kitty, dear, not a miserable grave doctor, or solicitor, or curate (although we've known one or two of them, who haven't been so grave sometimes, haven't we, dear?) or a vulgar stock-broker, but a man who is artistic to the finger tips, and looks it, too. I can't make out what he can see in me to fall in love with, for he's as clever as I am silly, but there's no accounting for tastes, and I have got some pretty little ways, haven't I? His name's Ernest Cooling, and he had a book published last Autumn, such a dear little book, in a grey-green cover with a funny, scrawly design in one corner. He's what they call a "stylist," which doesn't seem to be a very popular sort of writer, but, as he says, a man can despise popularity, so long as he's true to himself and his own ideals—and he says I'm his highest ideal! If only he'd seen his ideal at that picnic, when young Cullingworth behaved so disgracefully, I'm afraid he'd be awfully shocked, but I don't like to think of those things now. He

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showed me some of the newspaper criticisms on his book. They're simply lovely! I must get copies of them to show you. I've read some of his stories, and they made me cry so much that I'm sure you would enjoy them. That looks rather funny, but you know what I mean. Oh! they are so sad. It seems wonderful that all that sadness can be put into a few words. And, then, to be engaged to the man who can do it! To have him all to yourself, and to know that he worships every hair of your head, and treasures up dirty, white gloves because you have worn them. I know Ernest does that, because I found one of mine in his desk. I didn't recognise it at first, and there was nearly a row. He's so good looking; exactly what a writer ought to be, with wavy, brown hair and large, soulful, grey eyes, and such a kind smile. Do you know, I'm not a bit sorry now that I refused young Duckworth, with all his three thousand a year. He was a horrible cad, and the stories about him, round here, are not at all nice. Isn't it funny how we do the right thing, sometimes, and don't know it till afterwards?

What a long letter this is, but I'm so delighted, Kitty, dear, and I know you will be, too. I must be off, now, to meet Ernest. We're going for a long walk on the downs, and I don't intend to come back till the moon is up.

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER II.

FROM ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

May 17th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I've done a very wonderful thing; so wonderful that even now I have not ceased to marvel at it. I have fallen in love and am engaged to be married! I wonder whether you'll smile, or sneer, or both, when you read this? But I tell you flatly, that whatever you do is of no importance to me, just now. I'm in that state of complex egotism which forces one to live entirely for oneself and another, and all other folks are nothing better than shadows on a gloriously illumined background. The manner of my translation was as wonderful as the translation itself, for it occurred at a garden-party. How I happened to be there is a mystery, insoluble and delightful. There were the mumbled words of an introduction, the mechanical bow of acknowledgment, and hey, presto! it was done. The lady was, and is, Miss Mary Ince, and the lady will be Mrs. Ernest Cooling. I suppose there is nothing wonderful to you in this new circumstance of mine; I have seen people in my condition and marvelled at their enthusiasm, and now I am marvelling at the indifference of everyone who does not echo my opinion of my own destiny.

Do you remember that little study of a man in love, which is in my book? I read it through last night, and could not help noting its resemblance to myself. I have an unpleasant feeling that my emotions are merely artistic *tours de force*, that my heart is simply following in the track of my head. Do you think it possible that we fashion our most poignant feelings—our love, our grief,

To know that he treasures up dirty white gloves because you have worn them.

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our hate—to suit our intellectual requirements? That man in love—a mere creation of words—is troubling me. He makes me feel insincere; he makes me feel a traitor to the woman I love—that I am not offering her the perfect, unlimited emotion of a man, but a mere reflection of my own work, the carefully selected expression of a literary artist. Even my doubts and self-questionings seem priggish insincerities. If my love were honest and uncontrollable, should I have any mood for such metaphysical hair-splittings?

I dare say you will feel very superior as you read this letter of mine. I think it is impossible to find a man who does not feel superior in the face of another man's enthusiasm. Fortunately, the other man feels superior also; that is the law of compensation. I think that Nature has designed the love of women as compensation for all the hardships and disappointments that fall to the lot of men.

You may tell the good news to anyone whom you think will be interested: I appoint you log-roller-in-chief to my happiness.

Ever your sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

July 12th, 1897.

MY DEAR KITTY,

Many thanks for your long letter and the silk, which it was so good of you to get. You want to know if I still feel as happy as I did. Quite—quite as happy, even happier, if that's possible, and I think everything's possible to people who are really and truly in love. Ah, Kitty, it was all very well for you and me to lark about as we did, and think we could get happiness out of it but, we were a couple of silly little fools. Flirting and dancing and pic-nics may seem happiness enough to girls who have never experienced anything better, but I know that beside a good man's love, they were simply not worth having. When I think of the way I've behaved before I met Ernest I feel quite hot with shame. I'm not preaching at you, dear, but I am certain that one day you will find out the truth of what I'm saying, and then you'll feel ashamed of yourself, as I do; you will, really Kitty.

When we are up on the downs, Ernest reads to me from the finest books in the world. It is so splendid to hear him read; he seems to feel everything so deeply; and I cry so much, and my eyes look so red, when we get back that people must think we are always quarrelling. He reads French books to me, not in French; I have forgotten too much since I left school for that, but in translations which he has made himself. It sounds shocking to let a man read French books to you, doesn't it? But the books Ernest reads are not a bit dreadful; we made a great mistake in thinking that they were. They are wonderfully sad, and some of them are very bitter and cynical, but not in the least improper.

I don't remember such a summer for sunshine as this is. Ernest and I spend all our time out of doors, either up on the downs or in Dennet Woods. It is so quiet and delightful. Ernest reads, or smokes and talks, and I never seem to want to do anything but listen; that's something new for a chatterbox like me, isn't it? But I seem to have changed altogether; everything appears so different. I don't care a bit for rushing about and going to flower shows and picnics—you can't think how vulgar they seem.

I don't quite know when we shall be married, but I hope it will be soon. It must be so nice to have a house all of your own, just large enough and comfortable enough for two to be happy in. Ernest hasn't a very large income, I know; but he says his book has done him a lot of good, and he hopes to be much better off soon. He's quite a celebrity in literary circles already. Fancy being the wife of a celebrity!

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER IV.

FROM ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

July 30th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

I am becoming lazy. I am leading the life of an amorous lotus-eater. The weather has something to do with it, and Minnie still more. I do nothing but bask in the sunshine and spin golden dreams, or read my favourite authors aloud under the shadow of some convenient oak or beech. There is nothing more delightful than reading your favourite authors aloud to an attentive listener, and, when that attentive listener happens to be my Minnie, the delight is increased by an incalculable factor. Our reading is the most eclectic imaginable, embracing William Morris and de Maupassant. Of course, much French literature is banned, by reason of its candour; much that I should like to read to her, but dare not; much that is so full of the sorrow and irony of life, but is not absurdly veiled and belittled.

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King writes me that my book will go into a second edition: that is better than I expected for a volume which is essentially unpopular. It is having its effect, already; the editor of the *London* wrote me on Friday and made me a very good offer for a serial, but I don't much care for the notion of monthly publication, and I have not yet settled myself to anything very long.

Minnie is becoming a veritable little critic, quite captious and finical. She discovered a weak ending to a sentence by Arthur Symons the other day. Think of it! And her judgment was just, too. The syllables seemed to droop, and suddenly break off, and fall headlong; most amazing in such an author. You may imagine my delight that Minnie should notice it. I wish I could tell you of her thousand and one methods of delight, which might savour of coquetry, if they were not prompted by so much love, but you must remain in the darkness. You are wiser than I with your "ologies" and "isms," yet you are a thousand times more foolish.

Ernest reads or smokes and talks, and I never seem to want to do anything but listen.

Thanks for the *Chronicle* cutting. I had already seen it, and it was pleasant reading, I assure you.

Your very sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER V.

MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

November 8th, 1897.

MY DARLING KITTY,

You say in your last letter that I do not seem so happy as I was. I'm not happy, I'm miserable. Everything seems wrong, and dull, and horrid. You ask when I am going to get married. Goodness only knows! I suppose it'll be somewhere in the middle of the next century, unless Ernest comes to his senses a bit. I could get married to-morrow, if I liked to live in a cottage and make my own dresses, or in a tropical forest, and wear no dresses at all; I think that would suit some of Ernest's mad, primitive ideas. This year he has made £180, and talks about "style" and "art" from morning to night. I asked him if he thought I could dress on "style," and he made some silly, feeble joke. It's difficult to keep one's temper with a man like that.

I've been looking through his book again. It's all very well, and the stories are very clever, but they are not the sort of thing people want to read. They're mouldy, miserable things, enough to give anyone the eternal hump, and Heaven knows, there are enough things in the world to give one the

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hump without sitting down and deliberately making more. I've done all I can to make him more sensible. I've argued with him, and coaxed him, and bullied and threatened him unmercifully, but it's no use. He never gets cross, I wish he would; he assumes a considerate, superior air, and talks nonsense. About a month ago, he told me that he was trying to popularise his manner, but there doesn't seem to have been much result up to now. It isn't as if he wasn't clever. I know he's very clever—clever enough to make thousands if only he would go the right way about it. I wish I could write as he can; I'd soon let the world know that I was alive. As it is, he worries for a whole day over one page, and finishes by tearing it up, and beginning again on the following morning! Can anything be more annoying?

I never go anywhere. Ernest can't dance or do anything that a civilised man ought to do, and the neighbourhood would talk its head off if I went about without him; you know what these wretched, little country towns are. How I envy you in Manchester! His idea of enjoyment is to get me to sit in a chair in front of the fire while he reads poetry to me! Cheerful sort of enjoyment, isn't it? Mrs. Partridge gave a dance on Monday. Everybody who is anybody was asked. Ernest and I were asked, but we didn't go. Oh, no! Ernest said he'd go if I particularly wanted him to—looking as if someone had sent him an invitation to his own funeral. Of course, I didn't want him to make a nuisance of himself, crawling all over the place like a fish out of water; and, very likely winding up in a corner with a book in his hand; so we stayed at home, and I had a double dose of poetry by way of compensation! If I have many more doses of poetry, or hear many more lectures on "style" I shall burst. I suppose it will be all right in the end, but I do think Ernest might be more considerate. I know he's very fond of me, but a literary atmosphere is too stuffy for me to breathe always.

Yours ever,
MINNIE.

He assumes a considerate, superior air, and talks nonsense.

LETTER IV.

ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

November 14th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK,

This is a grey day; yesterday was a grey day, and to-morrow may be a black day! Everything seems ill-favoured and worthless, even the writing of good English. I am beginning to understand that the cultivation of a fastidious regard for words may be a delightful hobby for a millionaire or a careless tramp but it is a woeful pursuit for a man with his bread and butter, and more, to earn. I can understand your smile. I, the supercilious artist, am writing like the veriest, commonplace shop-keeper. I know; I know. I could smile myself, if it were not such a painful thing to stick a steel pen into one's cherished ideals. Ideals are very little use to a man, who has reponsibilities to the world. Minnie has told me so, my own conscience has told me so. Summer dreams are delightful companions on a summer holiday, but life cannot be

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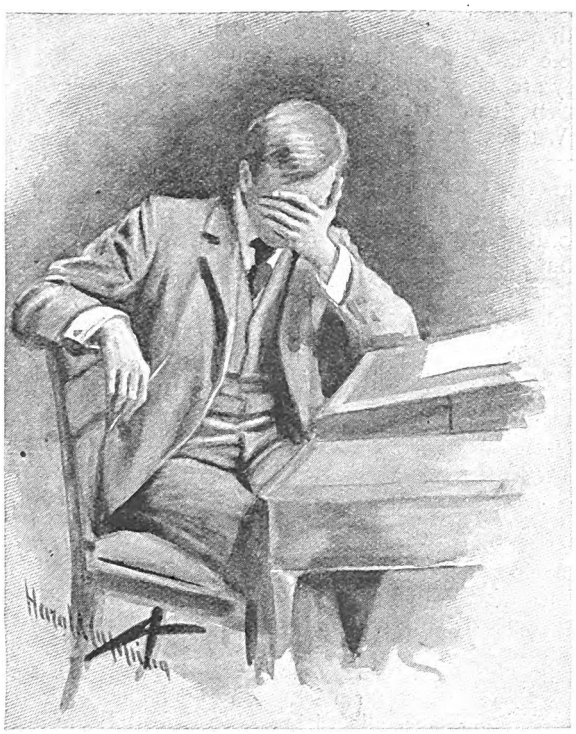
one long summer holiday. Commonplaces, my dear Frank; mere commonplace truths, and yet, a year ago, I thought them absurdities, invented by a shopkeeper, to excuse his own existence.

This year, I have earned £180! More than enough for my own wants, but not half enough for the wants of a pretty woman and her *entourage*, and, by Heaven, not a hundredth part of what the pretty woman deserves! Minnie is beginning to fret. I am dull stupid, selfish, and, worse than all, it has taken me a whole year to earn £180. I have attempted pot-boilers! I have tried to write popular stories for popular magazines! I have worried my brains for sensational and sentimental plots, and the results have been polite letters from regretful editors, telling me what a pleasure it would be to publish anything from my pen, but the story I have submitted is scarcely of a nature to appeal to their readers. How I envy you in your everlasting, professorial corner, with your everlasting, professorial income! How I envy any man with more than £400 a year, and no ideals to tweak his conscience and say: "You loved me, once."



It is so hard—so very hard to lose her.

If I thought that advice could be of any use to me, I should ask for yours, but I feel that I must work out my own salvation in my own way; at least, Minnie is the only one who can help me.

This is a puzzling world to be suddenly and responsibly born into.

Your sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER VII.

MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

February 9th, 1898.

MY DEAREST KITTY,

I've broken it off. I couldn't help it, and I'm not sorry that it's done. It was like being tacked to a mummy with a phonograph in its inside, and I can't stand that sort of thing. I dare say he's a very good man, and would make a very good husband for anyone who likes a life of "style" and starvation, but it wouldn't do for me, I'm certain of that, and I think I've done quite right in putting an end to it, don't you, dear? As it is, I've wasted a whole year moping over poetry and a set of miserable French writers, who don't seem to have a laugh or a happy idea amongst the whole lot of them. The entire neighbourhood was laughing at me. Of course, they were polite enough to my face, but I felt certain that directly my back was turned, they were sneering and giggling like a set of hateful idiots, although I suppose I was the idiot to put up with it as long as I did. Why, actually, our engagement was spoken of as the "Hardy Annual." I heard it from Emily Beauchamp, who is spiteful enough to tell you anything. Fancy being the laughing-stock of a set like that.

I didn't break it off in a hurry. I didn't want to be cruel, for I knew Ernest was very fond of me. I warned him over and over again, and it only made him miserable and more helpless than ever. He said that he was trying to do popular work, but I couldn't see that the trying did much good; and he shook his head and said that he wasn't meant for popularity or popularity wasn't meant for him, or some such nonsense, and that he should never have betrayed his ideal. A nice thing to say to me, when I was doing my best to help him on. It was always his ideal; it was the only thing he ever got cross about. He used to sigh over it, and look as if he

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were pitying himself, and finally get in a rage with me. I dare say if it hadn't been for that wretched ideal of his, things wouldn't be as they are now; but I did my best, and one's patience can't last for ever.

We went to a dance at Beechcroft. He did worse than moon about the passages and corners. He tried to waltz. You never saw such a shamble. And there was half the room looking on and pretending not to laugh. You can imagine what a rage I was in. I felt as if I could have died with shame, and then, when it was finished, he smiled at me, in a silly, superior, fatherly way he has, and wanted to know if that would be the end of his self-sacrifice. His self-sacrifice! I should have liked to have killed him. I advised him to go home before he made a worse exhibition of himself, and he actually went, and left me to look after myself before all those people. That's a nice sort of a man to be engaged to, isn't it?

He's awfully cut up about it. Maggie saw him yesterday morning in the High Street, and she says she never saw anyone look so miserable in all her life. Well, it isn't my fault, is it? I'm sure I've done my best, and now I know what it will be. He'll go about with a long face, advertising his grief, and everybody will put me down as a hard-hearted jilt. Why can't he behave like a man! It's his own fault, and he shouldn't make a fuss about it. I believe he was very much in love with me, and I dare say it's very hard on him; but he couldn't expect me to starve, even for the pleasure of being his wife, could he?

Your loving friend,

MINNIE.

LETTER VIII.

ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

February 14th, 1898.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

On each day of the past week I have tried to write to you, and each time the effort has been too painful to be continued to performance. I suppose it is in the nature of every man to consider his own sorrows and joys beyond all the sorrows and joys in the world, and my sorrow is blotting out all sense of proportion and justice. Perhaps you may have foreseen what has happened; it may have been an evident issue to anyone less blind than I was. Minnie has broken off our engagement. To me it came with the suddenness of lightning; it seemed as if some giant hand had crushed the world to hideous fragments. As I have told you, things were not going rightly. Minnie was petulant at my stupidity, and I was less considerate than I should have been. My income was too small. I tried to increase it, in a weak-willed tentative way, you know my method. Had I been more energetic I might have succeeded. There are some natures which seem able to discipline themselves to any feat. Mine is not one of those. I am finical, fastidious. I cannot face a difficulty and punch it out of existence. I niggle and falter, shrinking from this and that, producing petty results, quite unable to move with quickness and determination. Oh, I know my faults, and doubtless I am working out my destiny in the only fitting manner; but, my dear Frank, it is so hard—so very hard to lose her. Even now I cannot believe it is all over. For some men it would not be; they could battle against fortune until they twisted her to their own ends. I can only sit in a black veil of my own misery, and think. Oh, that horrible thinking. To wonder what will happen to the woman one loves; to wonder whose wife she will be! Yes, there is the sharpest sting—to wonder whose wife she will be. Think of my happiness six months ago, and think of my misery now! Oh, it's hideous!

I knew that things were not going smoothly, but I thought that there were only difficulties which could be dispelled by time. I never thought that it could end in separation. Our engagement was the only certainty. To see Minnie, to be with her, were the great essentials of my life. Doubtless, It was all very selfish, but I didn't know; I thought that it meant happiness for her, that she felt as I did. Last summer, when we used to sit in the sunshine and read, she seemed so satisfied that I thought she was living in my own fool's paradise, and could not see over the rose hedges into the outer world. What would have been the use if she had? We should have wandered about in our happy folly until, one day, after a long while, there would have sprung up a sudden question: "Where is the marriage?" No, it was all a mistake. I should never have asked any girl to be my wife, and engage her life with mine. Stronger men are the proper husbands.

I suppose I shall live down my misery; one can live down anything, except oneself. Now, there seems no more contentment, no more interest, scarcely any more life.

Yours very miserable,

ERNEST.

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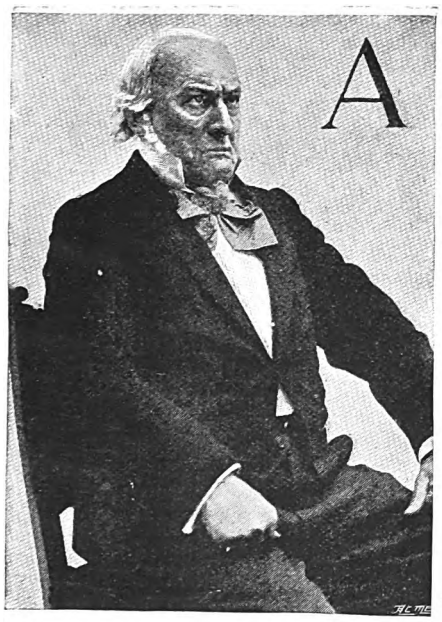
A Man of Many Faces.

By H. J. Holmes.



The late Mr. Gladstone.

To become, within the space of half-an-hour every evening, most of the Important Persons on the face of the earth, is a privilege not accorded to many. But one man, at least, can accomplish the astonishing feat, without wincing and superfluity of fuss.

It was in the Palace, lying Shaftesbury Avenue way, that I was first introduced to most of the crowned, and uncrowned, monarchs of this tearful vale. Kings seemed to surround me on all sides. Presidents of republics, statesmen, and other celebrities of the age were quite abundant.

Mr. Amann, whose name is an abrupt contradiction of his entertainment, is the gentleman who undertook to bear the responsibilities of the entire globe on his shoulders. Like another Atlas, he did not seem overpowered by his task. He became Krüger, or his living image, at one moment, only to appear as Cecil Rhodes the next. You sat staring at Zola, to be staggered by the sudden appearance of his friend Dreyfus. And the wonder of this sort of thing is that no "make-up," such as other protean artists employ, no masks, face pads, or other aids are required by Mr. Amann. Of course, if the person, whom he wishes to be the double of, is hirsutely adorned about the face, a false moustache or beard is used — but nothing else beyond the costume worn by the "study." Such a contrast of features as those of Bismarck and Gladstone, is no obstacle to Mr. Amann. So marvellously mobile is his face that each character is presented "to the life." Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes have been credited with possessing the facility of chameleonic

An Old Maid in Love.

An Old Man in Love.

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Napoleon.

changes at will. Amann alone convinced me that the historians of those knowing gentlemen were not altogether relying on their powers of awful imagination.

Ludwig Amann was born in Munich in 1855. Twenty-one years ago, he joined the Duke of Meininger's Royal Shakespearean company, then touring through Germany. It was not until then that he discovered his peculiar talent. During his connection with this company, he occasionally appeared, in special entertainments given in the towns visited, impersonating prominent people. He was so successful that he was often advised by his friends to take up this line exclusively. Being a young man devoted to the interpretation of the divine poet, he at first declined, but at last he saw the good thing he possessed in wonderfully flexible features, and threw up blank verse for a more remunerative and less arduous calling.

Mr. Amann is above the medium height, well built, and muscular in appearance. His face is a very striking one, full of character. He speaks English fairly well, although this usual preliminary announcement as to the character about to be personated is really unnecessary. There can be no mistake in regard to recognition.

Among the prominent people whose features he seems to appropriate *pro. tem.* are such widely diverse appearance as Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Dreyfus and Zola, Cecil Rhodes, Krüger, Bismarck, Lord Kitchener, the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Doctor Jameson, and the Kaiser.

Perhaps Mr. Amann's greatest triumph is his marvellous likeness of our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria. Women have often impersonated the Queen — impersonated her wonderfully—as Miss Thornton did in the year of the Jubilee; but men have seldom dared to attempt this feat, and Mr. Amann may well claim to be the best male impersonator the Queen has ever had.

The Napoleon of South Africa.

With the exception of the last-mentioned, which naturally demands more time, each character is prepared in full view of the audience. So little "make-up" does Mr. Amann require that the alteration of the attire and other preparations occupy less than half-a-minute.

In many cases the resemblance is extraordinary. Take, for instance, that of Zola. His expression is reproduced exactly. As the Napoleon of South Africa, Amann makes a distinct hit. His likeness of the Queen is, as we have said, without doubt, one of the most wonderful items of the artist's programme. Her Majesty is represented sitting. The pose and expression are as natural as though Her Majesty were really there in person, and Mr. Amann's reproduction of our Queen's features bears evidence of the most careful study.

Of "outside" studies such as "the discontented man," "the contented man," "the bashful man," etc., nothing need be said but that they surpass anything in the way of facial expression ever seen on the stage.

Mr. Amann has given his performance in all European countries, and his experiences have

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been many and varied, his peculiar entertainment giving many opportunities for producing sensational effects.

In America, too, he has had some lively anecdotes to tell. His best has to do with the last presidential election. Mr. Amann was engaged at Hammerstein's Olympia, New York, upon the day when the result of the election became known. The man of many faces appeared for his turn as usual, and having given one or two impersonations there was a pause in the entertainment owing to the following circumstance:—A wild burst of cheering almost shattered the roof; men stood up on their seats and, almost mad with excitement, threw their hats in the air and yelled vociferously. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands with the utmost enthusiasm.

What caused all this commotion?

A well-known figure was seen making his way up one of the aisles of the stalls.

"McKinley! McKinley!" was the cry. Every possible means of expressing enthusiastic loyalty was indulged in. McKinley in Hammerstein's on the first day of his election as President of the United States of America! The audience was determined on expressing their approval of the kindly act.

Amidst the greatest demonstration ever witnessed within the walls of Hammerstein's the figure of the popular President marched up the house. Instead of sitting down, however, he proceeded towards the stage. The audience saw at once his intention. He wished to say a few words on the auspicious occasion. "Speech! speech!" came in encouraging and vociferous accents from all parts of the house. The band played, "Hail, Columbia!"

The new President smilingly faced the audience. Then something happened. The well-known features of Mr. McKinley melted before the eyes of his expectant but astonished supporters, until they saw that it was Mr. Amann, and not the President, who stood before them. A good-humoured roar of laughter, mingled with applause, concluded the incident.

In Milan Mr. Amann had just added to his list of impersonations the deceased patriot Garibaldi. He appeared in a similar uniform to that worn by the famous general. So natural was the resemblance that the entire audience shouted as one man: "Vivi Garibaldi!"

In the midst of this demonstration Mr. Amann heard a young lady, who was with some friends in a stage box, suddenly shriek out and saw her fall weeping into the arms of one of the gentlemen with her, who also burst into tears. The audience, in whose view the incident took place, was silenced. The young lady was gently led from the box by her companion, both weeping bitterly. M. Amann assures me that it was one of the most pathetic scenes he ever witnessed, and there were many women in the audience who added their tears to those of the afflicted couple, in whom were recognised the eldest son and daughter of Garibaldi. They had come to the theatre especially to see the impersonation of their dead father.

Prince Bismarck.

Signor Garibaldi afterwards waited on Mr. Amann to apologise for interrupting his entertainment. He ex-

The Emperor William II.

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Mirth.

plained that painful memories of their father had been vividly renewed by his (Amann's) appearance on the stage, and their feelings had overcome them in so dramatic a manner.

Pain.

It was also in Milan that quite a different incident occurred. King Humbert of Italy was present in the Royal box, accompanied by some members of his suite and Signor Bellinzadi, the Mayor of Milan. Bellinzadi was rather peculiar, both in personal appearance and attire, the latter verging on the eccentric.

During Mr. Amann's performance, and while Bellinzadi was in conversation on some important matter with the King, the attention of the entire audience became centred on the Royal box. Applause, mixed with a great deal of ironical laughter, followed, and Bellinzadi, who had his back to the stage, his face being in full view of the audience, at last became aware that the ironical laughter was directed at the Royal box.

"What can it mean?" he exclaimed.

The King also was smiling. He was looking at the stage. The Mayor followed the direction of His Majesty's glance, and the cause of the amusement became apparent.

The King was now laughing heartily.

On the stage stood the exact counterpart of the Mayor. The expression of the victim's face, as he caught sight of his double, became so excruciatingly funny in its indignation, that everybody in the house, irresistibly losing all sense of respect, screamed with laughter, especially when they saw that their King was equally enjoying the joke. The Mayor did not patronise the theatre again during Mr. Amann's engagement.

Some years before his death, Bismarck had the pleasure of seeing his living counterpart in Berlin. He laughed very heartily, especially when Mr. Amann removed his helmet and displayed the very bald head, with the well-known three hairs sticking up in front.

He afterwards sent for Mr. Amann, and having congratulated him on his performance, asked him had he ever appeared in England, France and Russia.

On being told that Mr. Amann had been to these countries, he said:

"I suppose you appeared as Bismarck? Now how do your audiences behave towards him?"

Amann assured him that his reception was always flattering.

The great Chancellor seemed pleased.

"But don't they laugh when you show off my three hairs?" he inquired anxiously.

Anger.

Mr. Amann had been announced to appear in Odessa; indeed, he was preparing to go on the stage, when a company of fifty Cossacks drew up before the theatre. An officer entered with a warrant for the performer's arrest.

He was brought before General Gourko, the Governor of Odessa, and one of the greatest tyrants who ever oppressed Poland.

Contempt.

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"So!" he roared at Mr. Amann; "you would dishonour the Governor! You would impersonate Gourko!"

As a matter of fact, such had been Mr. Amann's intention. He endeavoured to soothe the tyrant, and assured him there was no reason why he should be annoyed. His impersonation would be nothing but a living portrait of a great general!

This careful handling had some effect.

"Ah! you would be me, then! Well, let us see what you can do."

His curiosity had got the better of him.

Mr. Amann soon had the materials beside him. In a minute he turned to the General, who was staggered by the resemblance.

Mr. Amann's broken English repetition of the General's exclamation is:

"By Heaven, you make me good!"

But he didn't mean that exactly.

During another engagement in Odessa, Mr. Amann met with the most dramatic incident of his career.

The Hypocrite.

His subjects included the late Czar of Russia. His impersonation of the Emperor was one of his best. He was standing upon the stage, the audience vigorously applauding, when a loud shout was heard. A strange hush fell on the house as immediately afterwards a *gendarme* pushed his way into the stalls, and with right arm uplifted, cried at the top of his voice:

"Stop the performance! The Czar is dead!"

Mr. Amann, as the Czar of Russia, still stood on the stage.

The terrible news of the Emperor's assassination had just reached Odessa.

Such are Mr. Amann's wonderful feats, and it may be remarked in closing that his extraordinary mobility of feature is not entirely a gift of nature. Like the sleight-of-hand artiste with the muscles of his hand, the impersonator has, by incessant practice and exercise, to develope his facial muscles.

Miss Thornton's Marvellous Impersonations of the Queen.

Photos by Hana.

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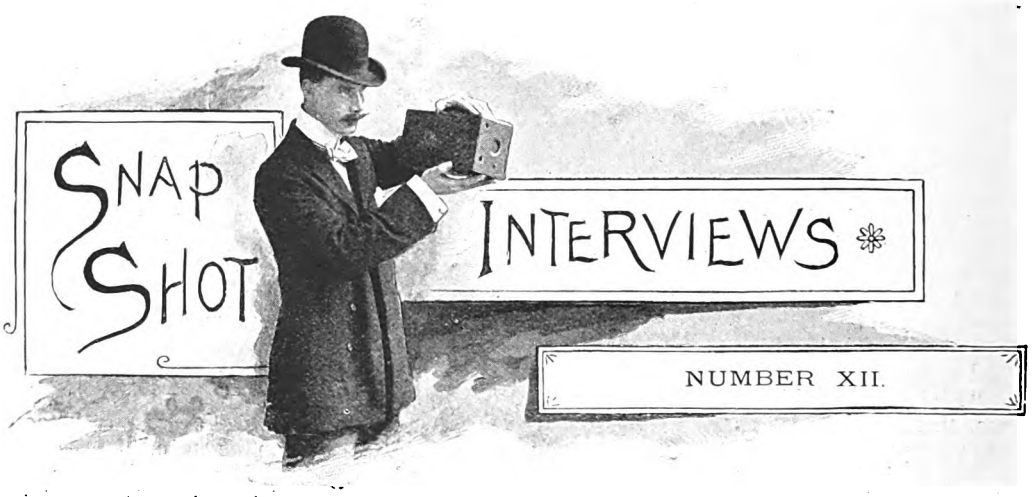

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

No, don't apologise. Certainly, I am very busy at the present time, but I always keep my appointments, and I can spare a few moments for the ROYAL.

You know I am probably the only Englishwoman whose effigy has been sold in the streets of London. The likeness is a little weak, but still I am heartily amused.

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I am very fond of flowers, and marguerites are my special favourites.

My attitude when speaking in public? Well, something like this.

The phonograph is a splendid amanuensis; it never errs.

Naturally, my correspondence is very heavy.

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If only you knew how many stupid letters I receive!

Really, I need some relaxation, and this I find in singing.

By-the-way, will you excuse me a moment while I send off a telegram?

Well, good day! I hope I have not been a very troublesome subject.

From snap-shots taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at a special interview.

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By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid."

No. VI.—LAUNCESTON MAIL.

(*A Complete Story.*)

During the last six or seven months whilst Garnet and his two companions were holding Tasmania in a state of continual unrest, the wonders of the Australian gold diggings had rapidly developed.

Over and over again the three outlaws heard indirect but glowing accounts of fortunes made almost in a matter of a few days. It seemed to them that if but once they could affect a landing in Victoria they might solve the problem of their future.

Apart from the possibility of making fortunes by gold digging, there was the advantage of being able to lose themselves in the vast multitudes already beginning to pour into the colony. Moreover, if no other course lay open to them but that of bush-ranging, they would at least have a huge area to work over and limitless amount of wealth to draw upon. Tasmania was too small, too poor a place.

But how to leave the colony?

Funds were wanted. The cash reserve had slowly decreased until it was within measure of vanishing point. Many and many an hour was spent in devising some means to the wished-for end, and finally the simplest, but, none the less, the most desperate, of all suggestions was accepted as the most likely to prove successful.

It involved co-operation and a journey by Nolans to one of his most trusted spies.

The past of Mark Herron was like that of most of the poorer colonists intimately connected with Port Arthur. He had earned his liberty, and in the enjoyment of it, was not unwilling to obtain an easy income by supplying Garnet, through Nolans, with valuable information.

By general repute Herron, however, stood fairly well. He was as sober as men went, and was a good man in a stable. The proprietors of the coaches, Royal Mail coaches they were, which ran daily between Hobart and Launceston, found Herron useful and reliable as any other man they had. Occasionally, too, he took a turn at guard.

When the guard of a mail coach is a secret

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confederate of a gang of bushrangers, there are always possibilities of unexpected happenings. So at least it appeared to Garnet.

Nolan's mission was a simple one, but, in a sense, delicate. It was like thrusting himself into the lion's mouth to enter Hobart, yet he was desperately anxious to see Herron.

He made for Elslee, on the outskirts of Hobart, and stabled his horse at the hotel. Shortly after dark he strolled quietly out and turned down the main road leading into the township.

Reaching Elizabeth Street, he branched off down a narrow turning, and pulled up at a cottage standing back in a small plot of ground.

He knocked a queer sort of knock of two or three taps. There was a prompt reply. The door was thrown quickly open, and the light from the room revealed Nolans to Mark Herron.

"Hullo, Stevey, my lad! Where from, eh? Come in, come in," he said.

The door opened into Herron's kitchen and sitting-room, and as Wingy crossed the threshold, he observed a stranger seated near the hearth.

He was neither surprised nor unwarned. A single phrase of Herron's greeting had contained a warning that there was danger, and an injunction to be careful.

"Well, well, Stevey, glad to see you, my lad, glad to see you. Mr. Williams, Stevey Fenton, from down Lunbridge way," he continued, by way of introduction. "A tip-top judge of horseflesh he is, too, Stevey. Eh, Mr. Williams?"

Mr. Williams smirked at the compliment. But Herron's remark conveyed a different idea to Wingy.

Police! A Government agent!

Instinctively Wingy's hand stole slowly round and made sure that his pistol lay loose and ready. Then he sat himself down and lit a pipe.

He'll hang," said the police agent. "I hope he will; as a law-abiding colonist, I hope he will!"

Mr. Williams was an entertaining fellow, and over Herron's negus recounted fragments of his travels, and drew from Wingy what stock he had of up-country news.

The police agent, naturally crafty and keenly alert to sound any man who was the intimate of Mark Herron, had, however, met his match in Wingy. The little bushranger saw well enough that the latest news of Garnet was what was being sought for, and accordingly he not merely suffered himself to be drawn, but led the conversation on to a topic which was truthfully the chief one of every inland public-house or station.

"He's clever is this Garnet, but his days

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are numbered. The rope's ready for him, Mr. —er—"

"Fenton," said Wingy, "Fenton's my name, and sure as it is, Garnet 'll be 'anged. Yer right. Only 'e's mighty spry, eh?"

"Yes, yes. I don't deny that," replied the police agent with an air of condescension. "He's quick. Here to-day and there to-morrow, and as bold as brass. But he'll hang. I hope he will; as a law-abiding colonist, I hope he will."

"Yus, as a law-abidin' colonist, I 'ope 'e will," assented Wingy.

"You've seen him probably?"

"Can't say as I 'ave. You 'ave Mark, 'aven't you?"

"Yes, and I'd know him or any of his gang a mile off. I'd like to lay hands on 'em. How much is it?"

"Two hundred on the head of each of them I think," said Mr. Williams.

"My word, eh? Two 'undred each, Jimmy!" murmured Wingy. "Wal, I reckon 'ere's luck to 'im as gets 'em. Eh, Mark? How's things wiv you, me daisy. Ain't seen you up along lately."

It was an innocent remark, but between the lines of it ran an unspoken message to the effect that Wingy was present on urgent business.

"No, what with this way and that. But I'm travellin' up on Friday's mail."

It was exactly what Wingy wanted to know, but the unspoken injunction to take as quick a departure as possible was not lost on him.

"Next Friday! Weather permittin', eh?"

"Anyhow I reckon. How are the roads?" was the answer to Wingy's signal that Herron was wanted urgently and particularly on the day he had mentioned.

"Oh, well enuff. Bit sticky over beyond Campbelltown. In the gully across the Macquarie you'll find trouble."

"Weather permittin'."

"Weather or no weather. It's a bad stretch. Once yer gets stuck there, I reckon I'd reach the diggings afore you could, me and my 'orse."

Not a muscle of Herron's face betrayed his astonishment. Friday's coach was to be stuck up over beyond Campbelltown, and Wingy and his companions were going to make a dash for Victoria. The possibility of such an escape had more than once been discussed with him. Now it was to be attempted.

"Wal, I'm thinkin' as I'll be agettin'," said Wingy rising.

"Well, well, when'll I see you again?" asked Mark carelessly as he accompanied Wingy to the door.

"Any time yer lollop darn Tunbridge way yer'll 'ave no great difficulty in layin' eyes on me."

"Friday, p'raps? Meantime I'll see you to the gate."

Across the little patch of garden a pair of keen eyes from the window watched the two men. Nothing suspicious was to be seen. Nor did the sharp ears catch the low hurried whisper with which Wingy, in a few words, told Herron of what would happen, and the part he himself would be called on to play.

No question of "weather permitting" arose to delay or interfere with the start of the coach for Launceston on the Friday morning. A burly, bearded individual drove, and Herron was guard.

There was a fairly crowded coach, for not only was there a big mail, but some five or six passengers. Most of them were bound for Victoria by a boat advertised to leave Launceston the following morning.

It was a glorious day, and up to Ross the coach made rapid and uneventful progress.

Naturally enough, the conversation amongst the passengers not unfrequently turned upon bushrangers, and more particularly upon Garnet's band. One testy old gentleman, a big run-holder from down South, was loud and long in his complaints at the incapacity of the authorities in permitting such desperadoes to be at large. A young man, a merchant of Hobart, held to a like opinion, and aired loftily and at length upon what he would do if he came into contact with the outlaws. On the whole he made it appear as though a meeting on the journey would be an acceptable diversion.

The other passengers, including an elderly lady, a lady of uncertain years, and a young girl, apparently a governess, were by no means anxious for such a misfortune.

The possibility was not remote. More than once the mail coach had been stuck up and the passengers forced to hand over their purses and other valuables. The experience was, under any circumstances, annoying, and inasmuch as some of the bushrangers were men, not merely desperate and determined, but brutal to a degree, it was sometimes accompanied with actual danger to life.

However, as the morning wore on, and mile after mile was reeled off, the feeling of apprehension grew less. Every ten miles there was a stopping place, where the team was changed, and on an average her Majesty's mail accomplished each ten miles in the hour.

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Ross was some twenty miles south of Campbelltown. There the south-bound coach met the one from Launceston. Roughly speaking, it was the half-way march where adjournment was made for the mid-day meal.

One or two passengers were travelling to Port Arthur, and between them and the occupants of the other coach passed the usual comments on the state of the roads and the price of stock.

The most absorbing topic of conversation, however, were the recent accounts of the gold discoveries across in Victoria. Fortunes seemed to be made in a few days, with the result that a regular stampede for Philip had set in. Everyone was clearing out and making for the diggings.

With respect to bushrangers, the travellers from Launceston made light. They had seen no sign whatever of any such undesirable customers.

Possibly the passengers of the Northern-bound mail might have felt less confident had they been aware of the exact movements of their guard during that luncheon period.

Having attended to sundry necessary duties and finished his meal, he had wandered a few paces off apparently to smoke a quiet pipe. Over by a small clump of bush near the creek he chanced upon an individual, a cattle drover, he seemed to be with whom he held a rapid and brief conversation. A few minutes sufficed for the rough, sturdy-looking little stranger to complete his discourse. Five minutes afterwards, whilst the guard was commencing to bestir the passengers, the drover, on a horse particularly good for a man of his stamp, was travelling at a hand gallop across the flat along the eastern bank of the Macquarie. It was Wingy Nolans, and as he rode he chuckled. When Wingy chuckled things were more than ordinarily well with him.

Meanwhile the passengers were climbing to their respective seats, and presently the coach started on the last half of its journey.

The party forded the head waters of the Macquarie, leaving Murderer's Plain on their right, and passed across Salt Pan Plain. Campbelltown was the next stopping place of importance, and naturally enough it brought to mind the feat of Garnet's gang in sticking up the police and the bank.

After a quick change of horses, presently the coach left the Crown Hotel and passed out of the township.

For a while the road skirted some heavy bush, with the Macquarie rolling onward on the left. To the right Tasman's Peak reared its solitary head.

Crossing Macquarie Plains at top speed, the mail drew towards Epping Forest, to the right, to the left the dense undergrowth stretched and struggled for light under the lofty peppermints and ironwood. Here and there were patches of graceful tree fern, whilst parrots and parraqueets screeched and whistled amongst the branches and swinging vines.

There was a dip on the road about a third of the way through the bush, and then a long steady rise. With the swing and the rattle of a good team, the mail started and tackled the ascent. Then gradually the pace slackened, until it had become a walker.

"It ain't fur now," muttered the driver in reply to a question from the old gentleman. "Just round that corner beyond them tree pines the 'ill commences to drop. I'll make Cox's Creek inside 'o twenty minutes."

Under normal circumstances he probably would have, but there were possibilities the driver had ignored.

Away back in the bush, on the top of the hill, stood three horses, securely tethered, whilst in the low scrub just beyond the bend three masked men awaited the arrival of her Majesty's mail.

Not a leaf stirred. Scarcely a muscle of any of the three moved. In their hands were their pistols. Every nerve was straining to catch the first sound of the approaching coach.

"I 'ear 'em," suddenly whispered one. "They're atalkin' and laughin', bless em!"

"Now mind, Wingy," murmured the tallest of the three, "you cover the driver and make him climb down. Teddy and I'll fix up any men passengers. Fenton 'll see to the women. Sh-sh be ready."

It was necessary. The voices on the road, still shut from view by the bend, sounded plainer and plainer. Even the panting of the horses reached the bushrangers. Another moment the toiling, lumbering vehicle drew round the corner, and almost ran into a barrier of light branches piled across the road.

The driver pulled up short with a cry of "Look out, mate! Mind yourself! There's——"

He scarcely completed his sentence. As the coach pulled up the three men leaped from the scrub. The women screamed, the young man made a nervous and ineffectual effort to find his pistol. The old gentleman, undaunted, extracted one with astonishing celerity, put a hole through Garnet's hat, and

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found himself defenceless and peeping down a steady pistol barrel.

"Hands up, sir! It's no use."

"There ain't nothink in it, Bill," said Wingy to the unfortunate driver. "It's 'ands up, and lively. No, no yer don't," he added as the man made a quick movement for his pistol. "Jist yer come darn and smart. Come along, or it'll be peep o'day through yer and a spoilt westc't."

There was no help for it, and with philosophic resignation and some uncomplimentary remarks, the driver threw the reins over on to the polers and jumped down. A few minutes later the entire coach-load were prisoners—except the guard.

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen," said Garnet, "but the fact is I want your keys and anything of value you have on you."

Reluctantly the wretched prisoners yielded up their belongings, and from the merchant Garnet had the satisfaction of obtaining a large sum of cash in notes and gold.

"It's enough, Wingy, without touching the women. Now then," he continued, "I am afraid we'll have to inconvenience you for a few hours."

They were tied securely, each one to a tree.

The inconvenience promised to be distinctly real, for it consisted in leading the unfortunate creatures a few yards into the scrub and tying them securely each one to a tree.

"It's bad luck finding women on board, Teddy," muttered Garnet. "I don't half like it, but —"

"We've got to get away this time, Jack, this time or —"

"Never. Yes, yes. Well, have you made them secure, do you think, Wingy?"

"You bet. They ain't likely to budge afore the night mail comes along, and it's odds on 'em not being 'eard even then."

"Well, now for the luggage. Hurry up."

Some sort of suspicion had arisen in the minds of the passengers at the fact of the guard being left unbound. There remained no longer any room for doubt when he proceeded to assist the bushrangers in the unloading from the coach of the various belongings of the late passengers. In place of such luggage appeared two boxes and some wraps, the property of the bushrangers.

Whilst Wingy and the guard made the new luggage secure and pulled away the branches from across the road, Garnet and O'Dare drew out of sight. With lightning rapidity they threw off their rougher clothes, and by the time Wingy had comfortably installed himself as driver, they reappeared, immaculately dressed and elaborately disguished with false whiskers. Two finer specimens of travelling Englishmen it would have been hard to find.

O'Dare had adorned himself with close cut side whiskers, whilst Garnet, in place of his beard that had gone the previous day, had affixed a pair of flowing dundrearys to his clean shaven face. He carried a handsome stick, his coat was of quite a fashionable cut, his trousers strapped, and of a delicate mauve hue. Altogether he was obviously a man of fashion and means.

The two new passengers quickly clambered on to the box, Fenton swung up behind, then without as much as a glance towards the shouting, screaming, and in two cases at least, swearing captives, Wingy shook up

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the horses, and topping the crest of the hill, bowled down into the valley at top speed.

The whole episode had scarcely occupied twenty minutes.

At the first change of horses the necessary series of explanations commenced.

"Where's yer driver from mate?" asked the stableman of Fenton, who was lending a hand.

"From down Ross. Bill took bad. A touch o' sun, I reckon."

"Ye're a bit late, seeing yer travellin' light, eh?"

"Yes. Off leader picked up a stone nigh the foot o' Loman's Rise. Got jammed somehow. Put us back a bit. I reckon we lost time, too, gettin' someone to take on Bill's job. Chuck us that trace. I don't like these new fangled swingle bars, blowed if I do."

"Whose yer passenger. Swells, eh? 'Im and t'other too."

"Rather! Some lord, I guess. Calls 'isself Fairbairn, and 'is mate Clarke."

"Travvelin' ignoramus, eh? Ave ye made fast there? Right away!" added the man, stepping back.

Wingy gave a crack of the whip and shook up the reins. In another minute they were tooling down to the ford of Cox's Creek.

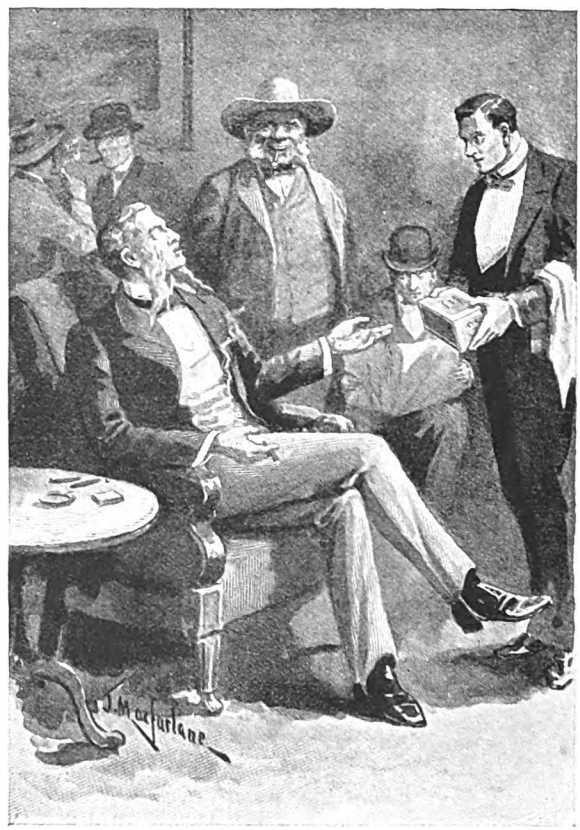
It was nightfall when the coach reached Launceston. From the top of the hill through the evening haze they could see the broad Tamar glistening like a stretch of burnished gold in the setting sun. One by one throughout the town the lights were peeping out.

Rounding into Brisbane Street with a rattle, Wingy brought up his team with a flourish at the post-office, whereat the mail bags were quickly delivered. Then from amidst an admiring throng the coach passed down Brisbane Street to the Launceston Hotel.

Here Messrs. Fairbairn and Clark alighted.

"Aw—ah, delighted at—awa—the way you aw—have brought us," he drawled, at the same time slipping some money into Wingy' hand in such a way that it was seen by several of the bystanders.

"Thank yer, sir," murmured Wingy with a chuckle.



Through an eye-glass he critically surveyed the cigars that were brought to him.

Once inside the hotel, it was clear that Mr. Fairbairn was a gentleman of lordly demeanour and epicurean tastes He ordered of the best the hotel possessed, and obviously possessed the wherewithal to pay for it.

The effect was magical. Everyone from the proprietor to the pot-boy was only too willing to attend and wait on the new comer and his friend. In the dining-room the man-servant, a licensed convict, eyed them with awe and with some keen remembrance of the like he had often seen in the old days strolling along Pall Mall and the Parks. In the public bar they were the subjects of criticism and conversation.

"It's a pity we don't get more o' them sort of gents a-knockin' round," said the proprietor to some old crony. "Lords both of them, sure enuff. Princes, p'raps, with the

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money on 'em too, and the willingness to spend a bit of it. Eh, what?"

"Another bottle o' champagne," said the waiter.

"Drunk t'other?"

"Lor, no! Ain't good enough for 'im. A bit corked or summat."

"Corked! Not a bit on it. I ain't——"

"'E's a-goin' to pay for it, boss."

"Eh, what? Wal, 'ere y'are. Maybe that's corked too; I ain't objectin'."

Nor were the two lordly travellers disposed to be unsociable. They swaggered into the bar parlour, and Garnet, with the air of a prince, dropped into the choicest chair deferentially offered to him.

"Aw, waitah—seegars—waitah. Awful bore, but I've—aw—packed evewy seegar."

Through an eye-glass he critically surveyed the cigars that were brought to him, and on the assurance of the waiter that they were the best the hotel could produce, he helped himself to three or four. He handed one to his companion, and insisted on handing the box round the room.

"Seegars and no dwrinks are aw—flwat and unpwofitable—aw. Some—aw—Champagne waitah—Champagne all wound."

Lord or no lord, the company in the bar parlour quickly discovered the wealthy stranger to be a most entertaining individual. What seemed to interest and amuse him more than anything was the recital of some of Garnet's doings. Evidently, too, his capture was daily expected.

Perhaps Garnet would have played his part with less confidence had he paid closer attention to an individual seated in a corner of the parlour. There was nothing very much about him to attract notice. There never is as a rule much about a Government spy. But the man's suspicions had been awakened by something in Garnet's manner or disguise, and he was hot on the scent of a fine capture. It was incredible to him that it should be Garnet, and yet—. He rose, and, leaving by the front entrance, stole back through a side door, and crept unnoticed upstairs.

In due course Mr. Fairbairn and his companion retired to their adjoining rooms in the front of the hotel. About the same time Wingy retired to bed in a room over the stables. He had spent the evening with some boon companions, several of whom were leaving by the boat the next morning for Victoria.

Meanwhile Garnet in his bedroom had commenced to undress.

With a degree of carelessness excusable only by the heat of the night he had left his window open. It was a French window opening on to a fairly wide balcony running along the entire front.

The next moment, with a quick movement, Garnet had flung his towel over the man's head.

It was late. The noise of the few who had been enjoying the "Swell's" champagne and chatter had died out.

Suddenly Garnet heard a noise, a slight noise, but with a volume of meaning to his quick ear.

Someone was on the balcony, someone who was stealthily creeping towards his room.

A glance told him that anyone lying flat could see under the blind. If anyone did he was lost for the false whiskers were on the dressing-table. He stepped quickly towards it. As he bent over, his eyes fell on the looking-glass, and he saw the reflection of the open window.

Under the blind there was the face of a man.

Not a movement or start betrayed his discovery. With quiet precision he continued to struggle with his collar stud.

In another moment the face was gone.

For a second Garnet stood irresolute. Then with lightning rapidity he unloosened the straps round his rug and wraps. He slipped them round his waist, and lightly buckled them. Then he tucked a towel under them. Readjusting his whiskers and taking his pistol from his pocket, he quietly walked to the window, gently pulled aside the blind, and stepped out.

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There was no one. Above was the dark, clear sky, studded with countless stars. Below, the deserted street.

To the left was O'Dare's room. Apparently he had got into bed and blown out his candle. To the right was a room the occupant of which was evidently still up, for there was a light in it.

Garnet cautiously approached. The window was wide open. Slowly he edged aside the blind, and caught a glimpse of the interior of the room and its occupant. He was the man whom Garnet had seen.

He was on a chair by the side of the bed busily engaged in putting on his boots. On the dressing-table just beyond reach was a pistol.

Garnet took in the situation in that one glance, and knew his man for a Government spy, who in some way had grown suspicious and secreted himself in order to watch the London swell in the apparent solitude of his bedroom.

The individual bent down to pull on the second boot. A sudden noise startled him, and he looked up to find his intended victim once more, fully whiskered, standing over him pistol in hand.

"Hands up. You've no chance. If you cry out or move I'll shoot you. Hands up."

The man lifted his hands. He was helpless.

"Now stand up and face that wall."

Garnet's prisoner rose from his chair and slowly turned his back on the bushranger as ordered. The next moment, with a quick movement, Garnet had flung his towel over the man's head and drawn it tight. It served as an effectual gag. The spy made an effort to resist, but he was at a hopeless disadvantage. Forcing him on the bed, Garnet pinioned his arms and secured them with the straps. The man might perhaps have made a desperate resistance, but he recognised the danger of doing so.

"I'll shoot if you make the least noise," whispered Garnet. "Nothing'll happen if you're quiet. It's fighting for my life now and——You understand?"

Carefully lifting his prisoner from the bed, Garnet carried him to the window and thence into his own room.

Laying his burden on his own bed, Garnet returned to the other room and cleared it of the hat, stick, and pistol belonging to his victim, and extinguished the light.

A few minutes sufficed for the bushranger to make his prisoner still more secure with a couple of loose cords taken from his box.

Trussed like a fowl, tied hand and foot, and effectually gagged, the wretched man lay tucked away under Garnet's bed. The latter had meanwhile undressed and slipped in between the sheets, though not to sleep. Every few minutes he looked to his prisoner.

With the first sounds of awakening life he once more examined the fastenings of his prisoner. Satisfied as to them, he once more rolled him to the far corner under the bed. The valance prevented all possibility of discovery, when the waiter came and carried "his lordship's" box and wraps downstairs, after "his lordship" had partaken of a light breakfast in bed.

Wingy by this time had made his way on board the schooner bound for Port Phillip.

The boat was timed to leave the landing stage shortly after six on the ebb, and at ten minutes to six neither Garnet nor O'Dare had appeared. Five minutes to, and not a sign of them! Six o'clock, and still no sign. Ten minutes later the ropes were being cast off, when both Garnet and O'Dare appeared, the latter as precise and deliberate as ever.

Two minutes later the little schooner was making steady progress down the river for Georgetown, and thence across Bass's Straits for Port Arthur. Under the lee of the deck-house Mr. Fairbairn was seen to wipe the sweat from his forehead. It could scarcely have been the effect of hurry or exertion.

Three hours later, when the schooner had cleared the heads and was bumping her cut-water into the rollers of Bass's Straits, Garnet, with O'Dare beside him, was leaning over the taff-rail, watching the shores of Tasmania growing greyer and greyer in the distance.

"There fades a bit of the past Teddy boy—if the past can fade—a past of prison and bushranging. What are we bound for? What are we going to? Is it to be fortunes at the gold-fields? And then—home?"

"Home," whispered O'Dare, "ah! if only —— Well, what must be must be. One thing, Jack, I'm never going back to that life," he added, with a nod towards the fading land.

"Nor I," murmured Garnet. "There are three of us. We'll take things as they come; live honestly if we can—but live. If those hounds track us out, why we'll make it as hot for them in Victoria as we have over yonder."

"Ah, well," he added after a moment, "we must trust to chance and hope for the best. Whatever happens—aw—," he continued in the affected style of Mr. Fairbairn, necessitated by the approach of some fellow passenger, "is—aw—another chwaptah."

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SOME INTERESTING INSECTS

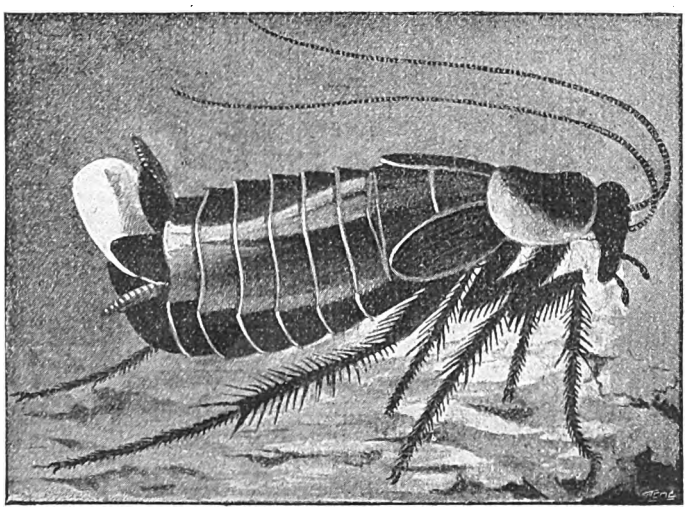
By JAMES SCOTT

(With illustrations drawn direct from Nature by the writer.)

INTENDING this to be a popular article, I have included creatures which do not conform to the scientific description of insects, although so called by most people. For instance, a spider is *not* an insect, but as it is generally regarded as one, I will not haggle about the matter.

As the drawings portray the insects largely magnified, some idea of their curious formation will be gained; and this should lend an additional interest to the subject. I will begin with the much-hated cockroach, who originally came from abroad and settled so snugly among us.

Cockroaches (or black-beetles, as they are more widely known) afford some extremely interesting peculiarities. When the female produces her eggs she *always* deposits a batch of sixteen. The reason why this astonishing habit is unalterable can be scientifically explained, but does not call for further attention here. The reader's interest will be more enhanced by the statement that these sixteen eggs are invariably contained in a neat little case, which is a wonderful contrivance in itself.



A female black-beetle carrying her egg-case containing eggs. This is done until it is brown and tough.

The prospective mother carries this egg-case about with her in safe custody, as a precaution against possible spoliation, for several days, during which time it turns from a whitish colour to a rich brown, and also hardens considerably. The case is secured within a hinder receptacle, the shape of which almost conforms with that of the end of an ordinary boat. At irregular periods the strange case is protruded from its receptacle in order that the air may take effect in hardening it; and at such times a pair of flaps are lifted to enable this to be accomplished. The eggs themselves are prettily ornamented.

There exists a striking dissemblance between the male and female cockroach. The latter possesses no wings and is adorned with merely stunted and dummy wing-cases; but the quaint-looking male is furnished with a large pair of horny wings, which are generally concealed beneath a pair of hard covers or cases. Each wing folds neatly lengthways, in order that it may be properly secreted and protected by the covers.

The illustration gives a portrayal of this

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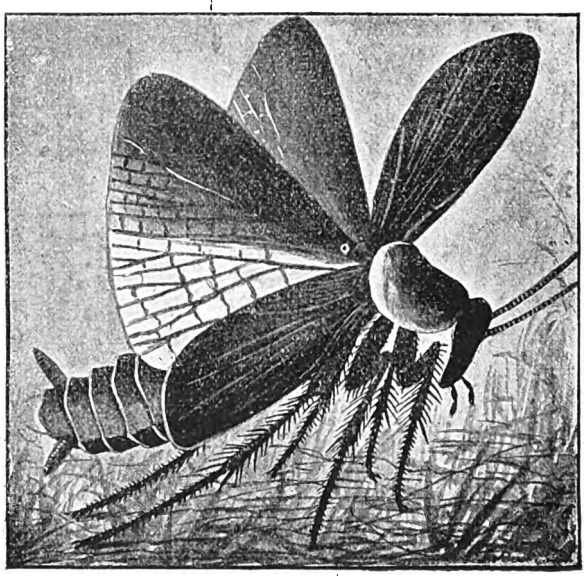


The male black-beetle spreading its wings.

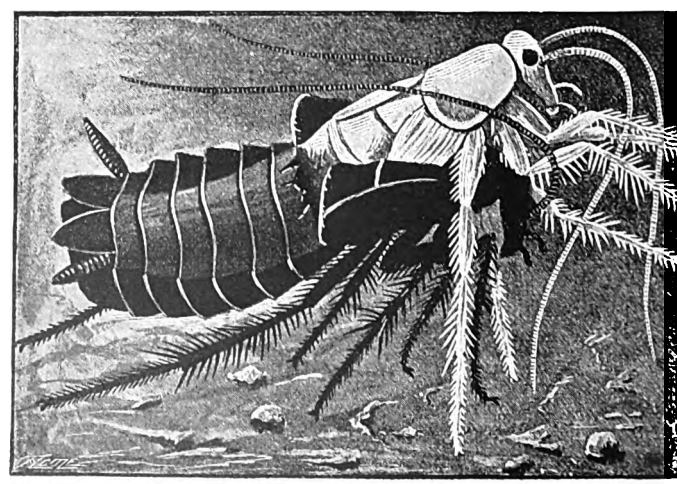
detested creature in an attitude which may create some surprise among people who disregard the peculiarities of insect life. The wings are there shown spread ready to enable the cockroach to take flight. This habit is seldom indulged in; but will account for the sudden and mysterious disappearance of one of these insects from a cupboard about the shelves of which it may have been excitedly pursued by a shocked housekeeper. At such times the aid of the wings allows the cockroach to spring from a shelf on to a lower one, and innocently escape, whilst the hunter is wondering where on earth it could have concealed itself.

A black-beetle moults several times during its worried life, and casts its skin in a strange way. The shell (for it is really a shell), splits for a certain distance along the back, and there subsequently slowly and laboriously emerges therefrom a *white* black-beetle. The remaining shell is a perfect *fac-simile* of the insect which has so quain ly jumped out of its own skin—body, legs, antennæ (or "horns" as they are popularly termed), and every other part being exactly the same as when it encased the sickly creature which has left it. After the elapse of a few hours the ghostly thing becomes as brown as the deserted shell, which shell may slowly decay, or serve as food for the ravenous companious of the departed lodger, or even, maybe, for the departed lodger himself. The illustration depicts a female.

There exist in this country as many as nearly four hundred *different kinds* of spiders: and it may be reasonably conjectured that their individual habits differ. The larger number of them, however, form cocoons or bags composed of their delicate silk in which to enclose their relatively enormous quantity of eggs. The female spider weaves the silken cup by encircling her own bulky abdomen with her thread. The process is attended with great care to ensure due shapeliness in the contour of the cocoon.

When the cup has been properly made to the requisite dimensions and thickness, a liberal supply of eggs are deposited within and above it, and these are subsequently concealed entirely from view, as a safeguard against the direful effects of exposure to the cold, by more layers of silk, the production eventually appearing as a fluffy ball, destined to be suspended in a snug corner or cranny where it may conveniently wait for the process of egg-hatching to ensue.

Some spiders carry their cocoons about with them with quite a loving regard. In such cases the egg-bags are suspended be-



The female black-beetle in a *white* condition emerging from a complete and exact mould of itself—in reality its former skin or shell.

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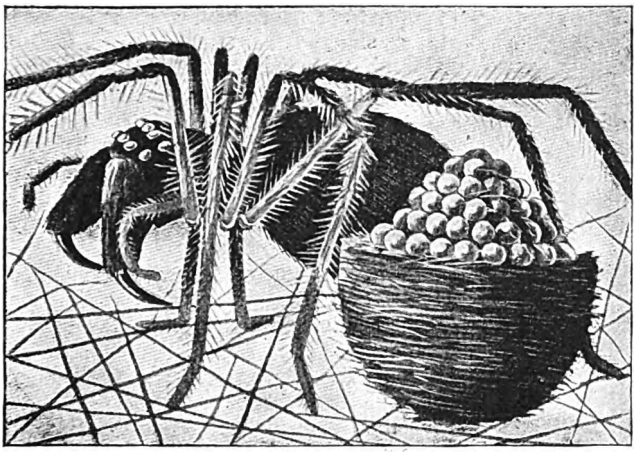
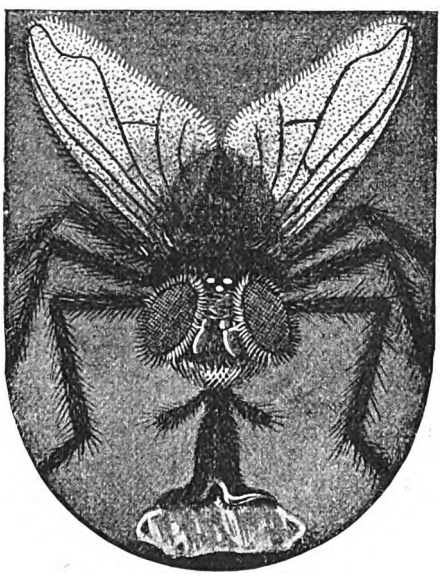


Female spider with half finished cocoon filled with eggs. The cup is fashioned upon the creature's body.

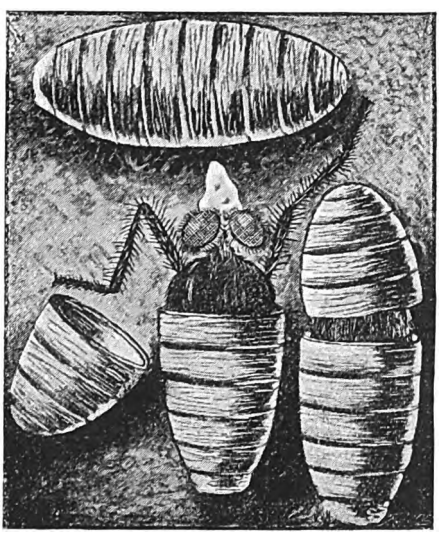
neath the bodies of the creatures, the extraordinary length of their legs permitting them to perambulate about with their burdens quite comfortably.

The spider's pair of poison-fangs, somewhat resembling tusks, are conspicuously shown in the illustration, which also displays understandably the eight simple eyes allotted (as a rule) to each of these generally detested animals.

Although the house-fly is too well-known to most people, there is no doubt that the exceedingly curious transformation which it undergoes before it can fly is still a concealed wonder to many persons. The fly lays a bewildering number of exquisitely decorated eggs (microscopically considered), from each of which issues, under favourable conditions, a small white unpleasant-looking grub. If the circumstances permit, the grub will consume an enormous amount of food; which nourishes it so astonishingly as to promote its growth to a bulk many times in excess of its original size. When the proper time has arrived the enlarged grub lies quietly in a cosy nook, and becomes so transformed within a few hours that uninitiated people refuse to believe that it in its later stage, is really the same creature. From being a soft white pappy maggot it shrinks to a hard,



House fly with its wonderful trunk clasping and melting a grain of sugar.



House fly leaving its coffin in which, as a grub, it voluntarily buried itself. The nose-bag is a special temporary contrivance used to force a way out.

brown, cylindrical object, with no apparent life in it at all—a worthless bit of clay, to all appearances.

But, within that brown case will ensue a most marvellous transformation. Many persons wrongly think that these brown cases are the eggs. The contents slowly fashion themselves into the form of a complete fly, with legs and wings tucked neatly about it. When the insect is ready to emerge it forces off a portion of the case by distending a kind of air-bag which grows between its eyes for this

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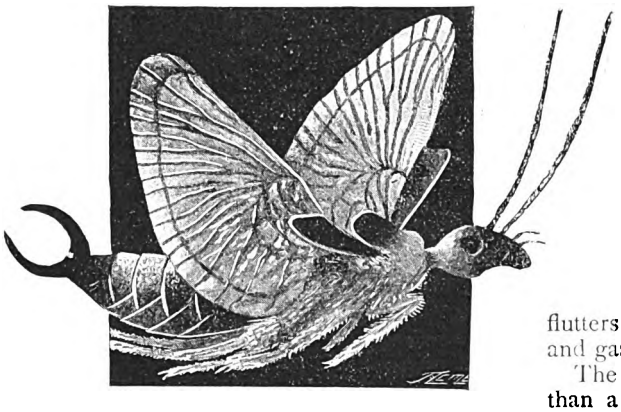


An earwig flying.

express purpose, for the membranous bag afterwards disappears by shrinkage.

Flies, like other *true* insects, do not grow. Although there are big and little house-flies, their variations in size depend entirely upon the amount of food they can consume while in the grub state, and the consequent size they attain when the time arrives for their transformation from grubs into flies.

These facts are absorbingly interesting to students of the unfamiliar familiar life (for it *is* that) around them. In its grub state the creature eats any refuse by biting; but as a fly it *sucks* its food, and then prefers sweet commodities. The house-fly owns a remarkable trunk or proboscis, an accurate representation of which is given in one of our illustrations. The two large and ordinarily visible orbs of a fly are each composed of hundreds of minute lenses; whilst on the top of its head the insect carries *three* plain eyes.

It may be said that the fly can withdraw its trunk from our sight so completely that no portion of it whatever is observable.

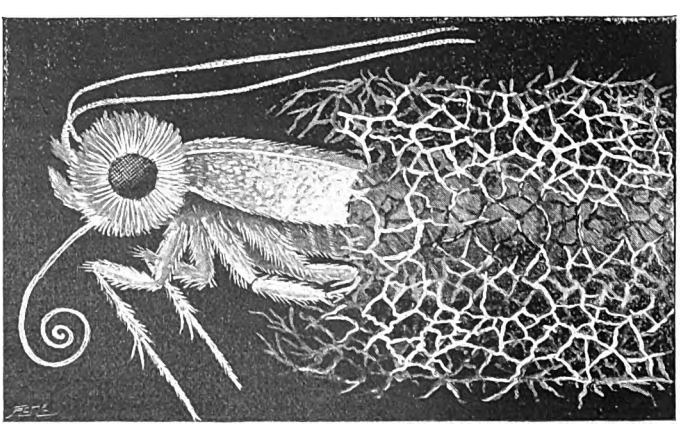
The pretty little gilt clothes-moth passes through various stages of life equally as remarkable as the career of a fly. First it is a tiny grub hatched from a beautiful microscopic egg. Here I might state that it is only the grub which accomplishes the destruction of our fabrics, which it does in order to provide itself with food, and also to construct a cocoon in which it encases itself. Just as a snail creeps about incommoded with its shell so does the moth-grub parade with its cocoon, protruding the forepart of its body therefrom during locomotion.

When the proper time arrives for its metamorphosis, the grub lies immovable within its cloth case, and, like the fly, becomes altered into a hardened, brownish lump, the shell of which will be subsequently discarded when the moth emerges from it and flutters so tantalizingly around the lamps and gas-jets.

The moth is personally less troublesome than a fly, for whereas the latter irritates us bodily, the former has no inclination to interfere with us in any way. The moth possesses a long and ingeniously contrived trunk (which can be coiled up) with which it sucks syrup and other sweet substances just as a butterfly does. It could not bite our clothes if it endeavoured to do so for a year. But, of course, by destroying a moth, probable generations of grubs are hindered from being born.

A dwarf whose habits are still supposed to be confined to solid earth is the earwig. It can, however, soar aloft as easily as any fly. Whereas the pinions of a cockroach are horny and dull in composition and appearance, those of the earwig are really beautiful objects, sparkling radiantly with a variable rainbow-glow when observed in a good light.

As earwigs fly only at night, it is rare for even those people who hunt them assiduously to see one in this unfamiliar attitude. It therefore became necessary for me, in order to make the illustration No. 9, to unfold the wings of a captive insect. They are extremely large, and



The resurrection of a clothes moth. It enters a cocoon made from cloth, as a grub, and emerges as above.

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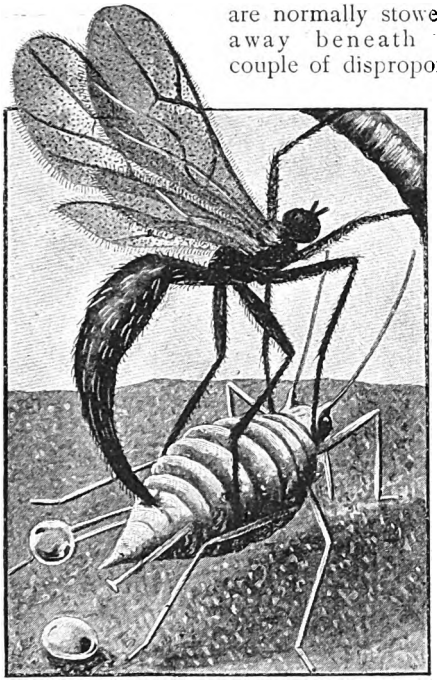


An ichneumon fly laying its eggs in a living aphis, which will be slowly eaten while still living by the grubs henceforth hatched from the eggs.

are normally stowed away beneath a couple of disproportionately small cases, which indeed do not completely protect them.

Among the most remarkable habits practised by insects are some which, if they had their counterparts in larger forms of life, would be considered outrageous.

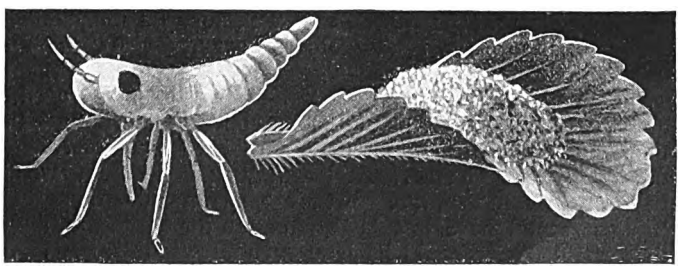
There are flies—ichneumon flies—which lay their eggs inside the bodies of poor defenceless living insects. They lay them nowhere else. In course of time grubs hatch out from the strangely secreted eggs, and instead of crawling out from the gradually weakening victim, they obstinately remain and actually subsist by consuming its living flesh.

In our illustration an ichneumon fly is depicted in the act of piercing the body of an aphis—one of those curious little things found in great numbers and varieties of form on all sorts of vegetation. One kind appears as tiny green specks on cabbages. The fly's eggs pass along a special contrivance at the end of the fly's abdomen, which extends telescopically and pierces the chosen victim, and fall into the space prepared for them.

In many cases the injured aphis lives until the ichneumon grubs are ready to pass into the chrysalis state, from which they will emerge as complete flies. At other times they will be so gluttonous as to kill the poor aphis, and they then suffer themselves from having exhausted their food supplies. Many caterpillars are especially liable to the fearful attacks of the dreaded ichneumon flies.

It is probable that some readers may think that I have exaggerated matters in the illustration; but it is not so. The picture was made from professionally preserved specimens of an aphis and the actual fly which had pierced it, mounted for private exhibition. The exact proportions of the attacker, and its natural attitude during attack, as well as the aphis, are carried out correctly.

You may often have noticed a substance on the leaves of some plant whose somewhat repugnant resemblance to saliva is quite remarkable. Many a countryman will serenely inform you, if questioned as to the nature of the stuff, that it is the "spit" (saliva) of a cuckoo, and that some day a young cuckoo will be hatched therefrom. If a cuckoo *were* produced from the substance mentioned, the thing would really be no more astounding than many of the facts with which naturalists are already acquainted. But cuckoos are not born in this haphazard manner. The nasty-looking substance is manufactured by a queer little green bit of life who envelopes itself completely within it, as a protection from both heat and cold, and also, there is no doubt, as a deterrent to birds and predaceous insects of a larger growth. A largely-magnified drawing of the weird creature is given here, whilst a leaf supporting some of the substance (drawn to a smaller scale than the insect) is subjoined. The creature has a slender trunk furnished with apparatus for piercing the leaves on which it accommodates itself so strangely.



The cuckoo spit; an insect which secretes itself in froth. The idea is still current that the froth is the cuckoo's saliva, and that therefrom young cuckoo's are hatched.

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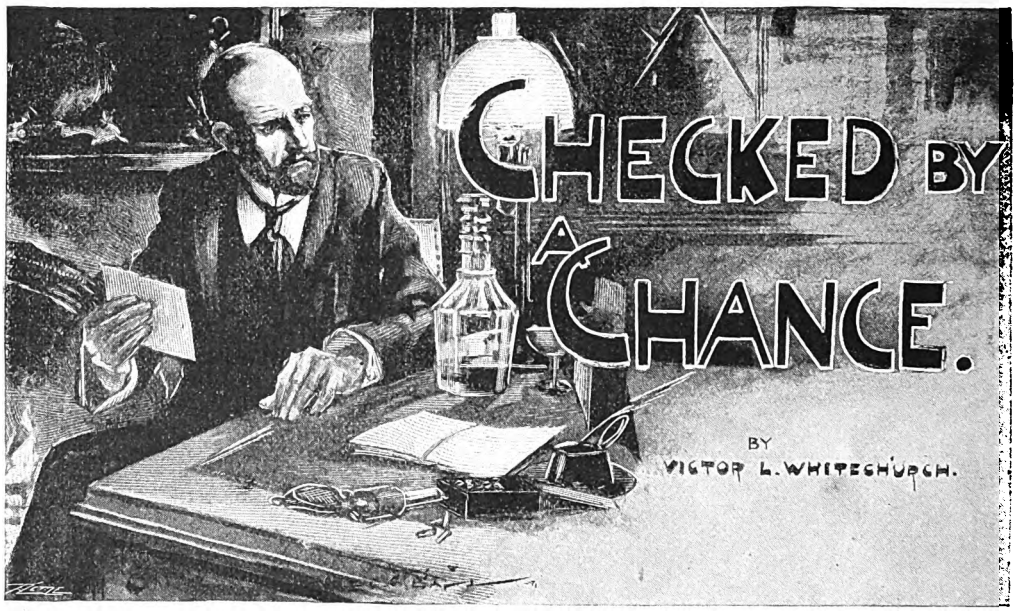

Mr. Gerald Bardwell sat at his study table facing a pile of documents and a decanter of port, from which he had just poured out a fresh glass. To look at there was nothing extraordinary about him, for Mr. Gerald Bardwell was an eminent type of his profession —a well to do City man, a "successful financier," slightly bald, with thin sandy-coloured hair and closely cropped whiskers, a tightly pursed up mouth, that told you at once it had formed a determination never to disclose unwarily the secrets of its master, pale, steely eyes that betokened the shrewd, mathematical mind within, a forehead furrowed with the lines of financial calculations. Set and unsympathetic was Mr. Bardwell's face as he slowly and methodically went through the papers lying before him and sorted them into the pigeon holes and drawers of his study table.

Yes, Mr. Gerald Bardwell, of the highly respected firm of "Bardwell and Co., 19x, Threadneedle Street," was shrewdly and quietly making up his accounts.

His last accounts. In the pile of papers and old diaries upon his table might be read the balance-sheet of his life, a balance-sheet only known to himself. And a very ugly balance-sheet it was, too. Many a man on 'Change would have lost his admiration for the great financier could he have seen a few of its items. It was just as well that Mr. Bardwell had managed to keep them to himself all these years, but now the time had come which he had been anticipating for several months, the time when he could no longer prevent his life's balance-sheet becoming public property, the time when the world would at length know him as a failure —a dishonest, fraudulent failure.

He was alone in the house—the large detached Beckenham house, which he had purchased a year before as a suburban residence. That very day he had dismissed his servants—peremptorily, with a five pound note to each. Perhaps they had gathered some idea of the state of things. But of that he cared nothing now. He was only determined that the last act of the drama of life should have no audience.

There was a blazing fire in the grate, and the charred paper scattered around it told of wholesale destruction of documents. Every now and then he tossed a fresh consignment into the flames and watched them burn with a grim smile.

At length only one little packet of papers remained. The rest had either been sorted or destroyed.

He tossed off a glass of port and looked at them.

"Ah, well," he soliloquised, "these are the worst of all. They're bad—very bad. Many a man's in prison now for less than this. . . . What would the City say if they saw *these* flaming in the newspapers, and Gerald Bardwell in the dock? Well — the world won't spare me much as it is, curse

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it; but, at least, I'll do it out of all the scandal I can."

He sat for a few minutes deep in thought. Then he glanced at the clock.

"A quarter past two. It's time it was over. It'll be daylight in a few hours' time."

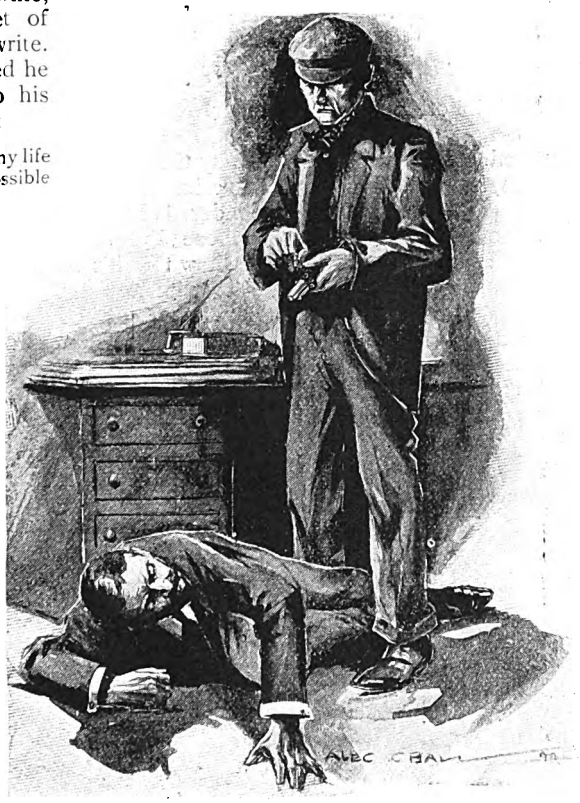
He unlocked a drawer and took out a revolver and a box of cartridges.

"I shall want only one," he remarked grimly as he selected a single cartridge and loaded one chamber of the weapon with it.

Then he laid it down on the table, drank another glass of wine, took a blank sheet of paper and began to write. When he had finished he took the paper into his hand and read thus:

I am about to take my life because I see no possible chance of extricating myself from embarrassments which I know must in a few days' time become public, and I have no wish to be a witness to my own ruin. You are in possession of my will and other papers. The former will be of no use, for I die bankrupt, and there is nothing to leave. Kindly destroy the latter.

He signed this letter and then directed an envelope to his solicitor. He was just about to blot it, when a sudden sound startled him. He listened a moment. Yes—someone was in the house.



The burglar standing over him charging his revolver.

The instinct of curiosity mastered all else for the time. Silently he turned out the gas. The fire was by this time reduced to embers, and the room was almost in darkness.

He could hear distinctly a footstep in the passage outside. Mechanically he grasped his revolver in his hand, gazed towards the door through the gloom, and waited. Nearer and nearer came the stealthy tread; then the door opened and a streak of light appeared. Wider still, and Gerald Bardwell, partly hidden behind the American desk-table, saw the figure of a man holding a small lantern entering the room.

For a moment or two the intruder did not discover that he was not alone, in fact, he had advanced well into the middle of the room before the ray of his bulls-eye lantern fell upon the nickel-plated revolver pointing at him. He gave a start, hesitated a moment, and turned.

"Stand still," cried Bardwell, "or I'll shoot."

At the sound of his voice the burglar immediately paused in his flight, and flashed his lantern on the face of his opponent. A cry of astonishment broke from his lips, a strange cry of malicious astonishment, and he slowly advanced towards Bardwell, keeping the light steadily fixed upon his face.

The latter raised his weapon slightly, so as to get it in a line with the burglar's head, and pulled the trigger.

"Click!"

That was all.

He had forgotten that he had only put one cartridge in, and that he had not yet brought the loaded chamber into its firing position.

"Ah!" cried the intruder. "Not loaded, eh?"

With a spring he was on him, and before Bardwell knew what was happening, he felt the revolver wrenched out of his grasp and himself sent sprawling on the floor with a blow between his eyes. So sudden was the at ack and so well delivered the blow, that it rendered him senseless for a minute or two. When he picked himself up, he found that the burglar had re-lit the gas, and was standing over him charging the revolver with cartridges.

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"This is a most unexpected meeting, Mr. Bardwell," he said coolly.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the other. "Leave my house before I ring for my servants to give you in charge."

"Rather superfluous," replied the burglar, with a laugh. "I've made a tour of your premises, and there doesn't appear to be anyone in the house except yourself. I'd no idea *you* lived here when I came in, but I assure you it's a great pleasure to meet you—alone."

"Who are you?" gasped Bardwell, looking at the man before him, a strong, muscular figure, with a cap that was drawn deeply over his face and hid his features. "What do you want?"

"Sit down!" exclaimed the other, motioning him to a chair.

Gerald Bardwell obeyed. The man with the revolver stood over him, keeping it pointed at him.

"You want to know who I am and what I want? You shall. I'm a social outcast—a thief—a burglar. I broke into this house to-night little knowing who was the owner of it, and now I find my luck—good or bad—has placed me face to face with the man who made me what I am, with the man who ruined my life a score of years ago, who brought me to disgrace and starvation, and killed my wife with the burden of it; who, to conceal his own vile deeds—deeds which I alone knew—slandered and persecuted me—me, an innocent man—as a forger and a thief, after laying a cunningly designed trap to catch me—who has made me the felon that I am now—without hope—without sense of shame. Mr. Bardwell, I think you know me now, don't you?"

And he tossed his cap to the ground and thrust his face close to the other's.

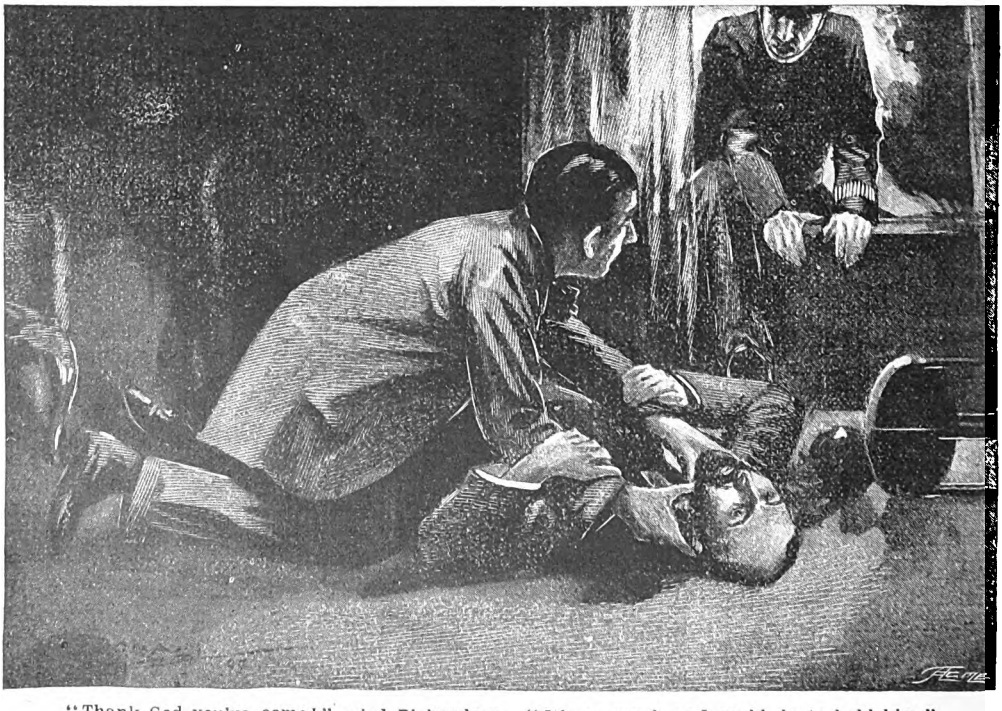
"William Richardson," whispered the latter.

"Yes, William Richardson — once your confidential clerk. Have you forgotten me?"

"It—it—was so long ago," stammered the other.

"So long ago? Yes, and that makes it twenty times worse—twenty years of shame and crime and suffering and prison. I often wondered I've never tried for revenge. I suppose I've been too crushed to seek it. But now that it's been put in my way I mean to have it?"

"How?" asked Bardwell. He was becoming cooler now. He was remembering the purpose of the night, and had half regretted the fact that he had not shot himself before this new comer appeared.



"Thank God you've come!" cried Richardson. "It's as much as I could do to hold him."

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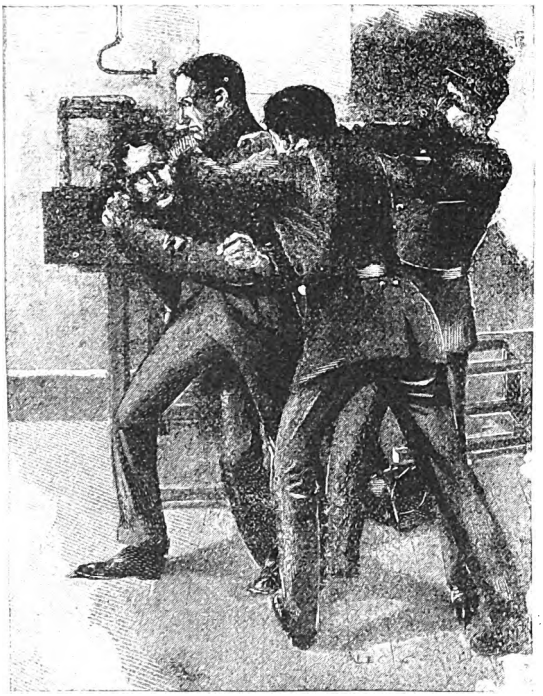
"How?" echoed the latter, "I'd like to shoot you down like a dog, you hypocrite!"

Gerald Bardwell folded his arms and looked steadily at Richardson's malignant face.

"Then why don't you do it?" he said quite quietly. "I'm not in a position to resist."

The burglar stared at him in astonishment. Bardwell went on:

"When you've shot me, perhaps you'll be kind enough just to put that letter on my table into the envelope and post it. You'll find a stamp in that little box in the corner."



There was a sharp struggle.

"Curse you, what do you mean?" growled Richardson.

"Read the letter, and you will see," replied Bardwell, with a sardonic smile.

The other read it. The nature of the case dawned upon him.

"So that one cartridge was for you?" he asked.

Bardwell nodded.

"Yes," he said, "so by putting a bullet through me you can end the little tragedy, and have a perfectly safe revenge. My servants are all dismissed. The shutters are closed, so that the shot will not be heard, and, to make it absolutely secure for you, there is the letter in my own handwriting proving suicide. Just put the pistol in my hand afterwards, and all will be right. Oh, by the way, there's a ten-pound note in my pocket-book—you may as well take that as an executioner's fee. It's all the money I have in the world, for, as you have gathered by that letter, I am ruined."

Bardwell sat in his chair, slightly back from the table, leaning forward and impressing his arguments on the other. Richardson still kept the revolver pointed at him, but the coolness of his adversary disconcerted him, and he hesitated.

"Excuse me one moment," went on Gerald Bardwell, stretching out his hand towards the little bundle of papers, "but I think I'll burn these first, if you don't mind."

"Stop!" cried Richardson, recovering himself, and snatching at the papers before the other could reach them; "why do you want to destroy them? No—hands off," he went on, as Bardwell tried to recover the bundle, "sit down again!"

And, forcing him into the chair, he held him there with his right hand, while he turned over the papers with the other.

"No wonder you wanted to shoot yourself, Mr. Bardwell," he said presently, "with such villainy as this on your conscience. It's a lucky thing for you you have not been found out before, but these papers are an exposure with a vengeance. Do you know what they'd do? They'd brand you as a forger—a miserable, low thief. No wonder you wanted to shoot yourself, I say."

"For God's sake destroy them and let me die, Richardson. There'll be enough to publish about me after I'm dead without them."

"Destroy them?" said the other, putting them carefully into his breast pocket. "No, I think not, Mr. Bardwell. Come—keep off—you know I'm the stronger man of the two."

"What good can they do you? And if I die, what can it matter?"

"If you die? Ah, yes. But you're not going to die, Mr. Bardwell. You're going to live, do you hear? You're going to live, and bear all the shame and disgrace. You're going to stand in the felon's dock. You're going to be a bye-word of scorn among men. You're going to do penance for many a weary year in prison—do you hear me?"

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"Shoot me—shoot me," groaned the wretched man, now thoroughly cowed. "Let me die, I say—give me the pistol, curse you—give me the pistol, I say!"

But his efforts to recapture the revolver were in vain. Again Richardson mastered him, placed an iron arm round his waist, and dragged him to the window. With the other hand he undid the shutters and opened the sash. The first pale, grey, light of the dawn came stealing in.

"What are you going to do?" asked Gerald Bardwell.

"You'll see," was the answer.

He dragged him back to the table on which he had laid the revolver, and took up the weapon.

"That's right—for Heaven's sake shoot me!"

"Not I," said Richardson with a laugh. "I've a better revenge than a clumsy murder." He pointed the weapon to the ceiling and fired.

"Bang!"

The report reached the ears of a policeman a couple of hundred yards up the quiet, suburban street. The next moment he was running along in answer to Richardson's loud cries for help.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed as he came bounding in through the window.

"Thank God you've come!" cried Richardson. "It's as much as I could do to hold him. I only just stopped him from shooting himself as it was."

"It's a lie," shrieked Bardwell. "This man's a burglar, and I give him in charge."

"Look at that letter on the table," replied Richardson, with a wink at the bewildered policeman. "That will explain matters, I fancy."

Despite Bardwell's frantic exclamations, the constable read the letter with great deliberation.

"I see," he said, when he had finished; "it's a pretty close shave, ain't it? And who are you?"

"I'm his chief clerk," replied Richardson. "I knew all about his affairs, and when I heard he'd dismissed all his servants, I guessed there was trouble.

"You must come along with me," said the constable—"both of you."

Bardwell was nearly mad by this time, and it took the two men to hold him. The policeman blew his whistle and a comrade appeared on the scene. Between them both he was marched off to the police station. An inspector took down the charge, and Bardwell was removed to the cells. Richardson lingered with the inspector a moment, and produced the incriminating papers.

He was revenged when he saw Gerard Bardwell working in the same gang.

"I think," he said, "that you will find something worth perusing in there."

The inspector grasped the papers eagerly. Richardson turned to go.

"Stop!" cried the inspector. "Hallo—Peters—Smith—stop him! He's wanted—I know him."

There was a sharp struggle, but Richardson was overpowered and handcuffed. . . . And he went to his cell quietly. He felt he would be revenged; and he knew he was afterwards, when he saw Gerald Bardwell working in the same gang with himself at Dartmoor.

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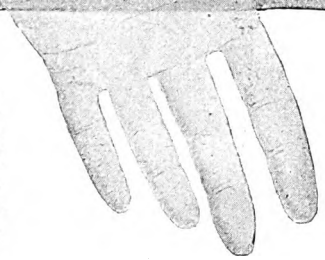
MARVELS OF SLEIGHT OF HAND.

By Hector Grainger.



Photos of M. Le Roy's tricks by Lafayette, Dublin; remainder by Vander Weyde, New York.

After a certain age it is, I suppose, right and proper to put away childish tastes and amusements, and to become manly or womanly as the case may be—that is: to smoke a briar-root pipe, and to wear a very high collar, to make flirting a fine art, or to denounce the bearded sex, one and all, as double-dyed villains. Well yes! but the child dies hard even in the most ambitious of us; and, though fully a man in years, the present writer blushes to confess that he still has a powerful *penchant* for pilfered lumps of sugar, unripe apples (also pilfered, which makes them sweet), circuses, acrobat and sleight-of-hand performances. Sleight-of-hand performances — especially these I delight in, childish amusement though they are; and if you, adult Reader, are quite honest, you will, I am sure, back me up when I say that they would do very nicely to fill up the pauses in a classical concert, just as a frivolous comic print is a very welcome diversion after the perusal of a weighty article in one of our serious morning papers.

To such as agree with me the present article should be of great interest, for not only does it tell some of the secrets of one of the cleverest sleight-of-hand adepts living, but teaches also a series of tricks easy enough for anyone to learn who is ambitious of becoming a social acquisition.

The back and front of M. Le Roy's hand.

Our first series of illustration are taken from the hands of M. Servais Le Roy, the celebrated illusionist and sleight-of-hand artiste. There are many, no doubt who have witnessed M. Le Roy's performances in some of our well-known Variety Theatres, and to such it must have appeared almost as though he did his feats with the assistance of some occult science—mesmerised his audience, in fact, as we are told the Indian *yoghis* do. And yet M. Le Roy calls to his assistance nothing but a wonderful dexterity—a dexterity which he has perfected with years of practice, but which, like the gift for poetry or for music, is born with a man, and can never be originally acquired.

Observe in the first place M. Le Roy's hands. Small, broad, short fingured, they would seem to the uninitiated certainly not the hands for a man of M. Le Roy's calling. And yet those who have studied palmistry will tell you that this form of hand goes very often with dexterity such as M. Le Roy possesses. It is a matter of statistics that adepts in delicate workmanship very seldom possess what is known as the "artistic hand"—the narrow hand with long tapering fingers. This hand, so palmists say, is rather that of the *literateur* and poet, and somehow these gentlemen are seldom over dexterous in any work requiring delicate manipulation with the fingers.

To proceed now to the actual tricks. That with the watch and chain is perhaps M. Le Roy's best known, and, owing to the chain, one of his most difficult. The illustrations speak, I think, for themselves. As first shown, the watch is held up to the audience, with

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M. Le Roy holds a watch and chain in his right hand and shows them to the audience.

For a moment the right hand descends and conceals the left, and the watch and chain have disappeared.

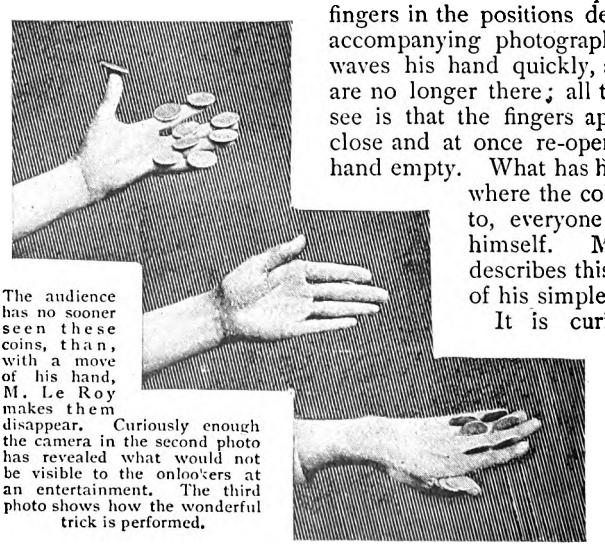
This photograph shows how the trick is performed. But great dexterity is needed, and our readers should not practice on a valuable timepiece.

the chain arranged in a peculiar manner among the fingers. The right hand is descending so as momentarily to conceal the left. A flash — the watch has vanished, and a pair of innocent-looking, empty hands, such as is shown in the second portion of the illustration, is all that the audience see. The third position clears up the mystery. The watch is reposing comfortably against the back of M. Le Roy's hand. In the second when the right hand concealed the left, the performer, with a rapid, dexterous, silent movement, brought the watch into its present position. It and the chain are supported in such a manner between the fingers that the spectators see and suspect nothing. Quite simple, is it not? But let me hasten to warn any rash individual that, when attempting this trick, he had better do it over a feather bed, or with the cheapest secondhand Waterbury watch he can procure.

M. Le Roy's trick with playing cards is absolutely startling in its effect. With his arm bared to the elbow, he holds the ordinary playing cards in his right hand, and almost without a motion of the hand, the cards are seen to vanish. Our illustration shows where the cards get to, but no illustration and no amount of explanation will adequately describe how they arrive there. No one who has not seen this wonderful feat can fully imagine its astounding effect. Such dexterity can only be termed phenomenal.

A truly marvellous feat of sleight of hand. The second photo shows how the cards have been made to disappear. The palm only is shown to the audience.

Money finding and money vanishing tricks have always been very popular. Who has not seen a conjuror go round the first row of the stalls and gather a rich harvest of pennies from the hair and clothes of the astonished audience? This trick is common enough, and needs no comment. But M. Le Roy has a money trick of his own, which, though less sensational than his card trick, is well worthy of attention. He places nine loose half-crown pieces on his fingers in the positions depicted in the accompanying photograph. He then waves his hand quickly, and the coins are no longer there; all the spectators see is that the fingers apparently half close and at once re-open, leaving the hand empty. What has happened, and where the coins have gone to, everyone can see for himself. M. Le Roy describes this feat as one of his simplest.



The audience has no sooner seen these coins, than, with a move of his hand, M. Le Roy makes them disappear. Curiously enough the camera in the second photo has revealed what would not be visible to the onlookers at an entertainment. The third photo shows how the wonderful trick is performed.

It is curious, by the way, to notice what the photographer entirely failed to see at the time, and M. Le Roy

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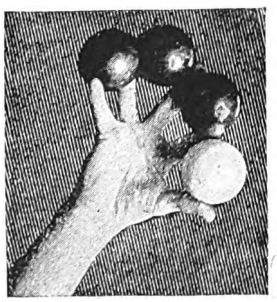
was himself ignorant of, is plainly revealed by the camera. One of the "vanished" coins is palpably peeping out between the tips of the first and second fingers.

Less sensational, perhaps, but really quite as marvellous as any of this modern magician's performances, are his palming feats. A photograph of his hand palming fifty half-crown pieces exists; this, however, shows unmistakable contraction, and the great point about palming is that those looking at the back of the hand should never suspect that anything is contained within. In our photograph M. Le Roy is palming twenty half-crown pieces, and with these firmly fixed in his hand, he can not only shuffle a pack of cards, but also write freely. Beyond this he can produce the coins, one by one, at the tips of his fingers, as though, for all the world, they arrived there from space, thus creating the impression that catching money from nowhere is the easiest thing possible. "But alas!" adds M. Le Roy, with deep regret, "such things never really happen to-day, you know. For every twenty half-crown pieces I produce, I have to spend five bright gold half-sovereigns."

Two marvellous feats of palming. In the first hand are two eggs, and in the second twenty half-crowns.

The palming of two eggs in the manner depicted is another feat which I hasten once more to warn the ambitious from attempting without having the eggs boiled very hard indeed beforehand; or, as M. Le Roy, considering the present price of eggs, suggests, "Practice the trick with your hand over a frying-pan."

M. Le Roy's billiard-ball feat is very artful. He causes four large billiard balls to melt into thin air. But "thin air" is a most helpful assistant in tricks of this nature, especially when working together with a bent piece of wire—an apparatus technically known as "invisible wire." This is attached to the first finger, and hangs down at the back of the hand. M. Le Roy waves his hand, and, while waving it, neatly allows one of the four balls to slip into this ingenious receptacle. An instant later and the ball is rapidly passed into the palm of the left hand, which is presumed only to be pointing to the absence of the fourth ball. This process is repeated with each ball in turn, the left hand unsuspected carrying the balls, one by one, to the performer's pocket. Our illustration shows the back of the hand, which the audience has, of course, no glimpse of, and a ball about to forsake the cunningly laid receptacle for the left hand.



Can you hold four billiard balls in your hand as M. Le Roy does here?

Such are a few of M. Le Roy's wonderful feats, all of them performed with the greatest ease, and a *sang froid* truly astonishing. But there is a wide gulf between the amateur and adepts such as M. Le Roy, or Mr. Leon Hermann, another *artiste* no less ingenious and daring, though renowned chiefly across the Atlantic; and the reader may as well put away from him at once any exorbitant hopes of emulating these masters of the art, and resign himself to the *rôle* of an admiring spectator. Nevertheless, there are feats which he, too, may master with a little patience, a little practice, a little dexterity; and to these we shall now turn.

No form of home entertainment affords more interest and amusement than these simple feats of legerdemain if properly performed. Especially to those who cannot sing or play any musical instrument, and yet wish to amuse their neighbours, the acquisition of a few conjuring tricks should come as a boon and a blessing. And then, contrary to popular notion, some of the very best of these sleight-of-hand tricks do not require either an elaborate apparatus, or the

With the aid of a piece of wire M. Le Roy can make billiard balls disappear.

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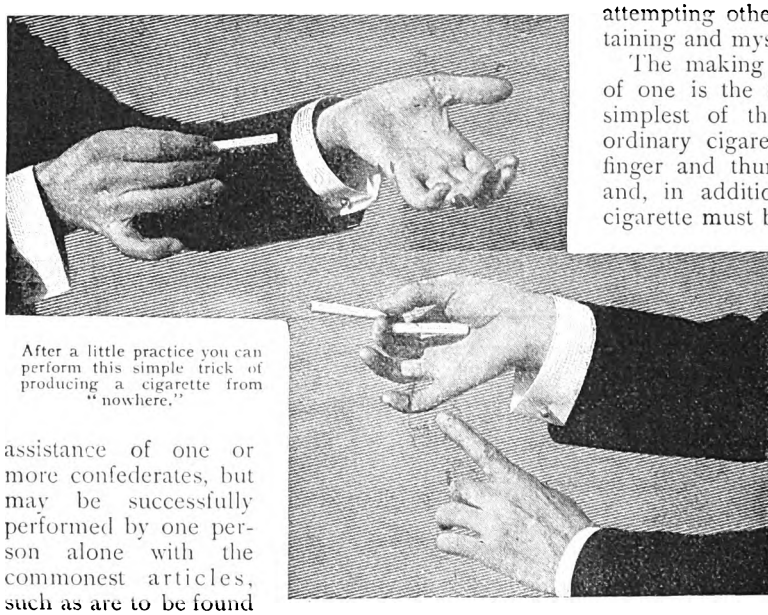


After a little practice you can perform this simple trick of producing a cigarette from "nowhere."

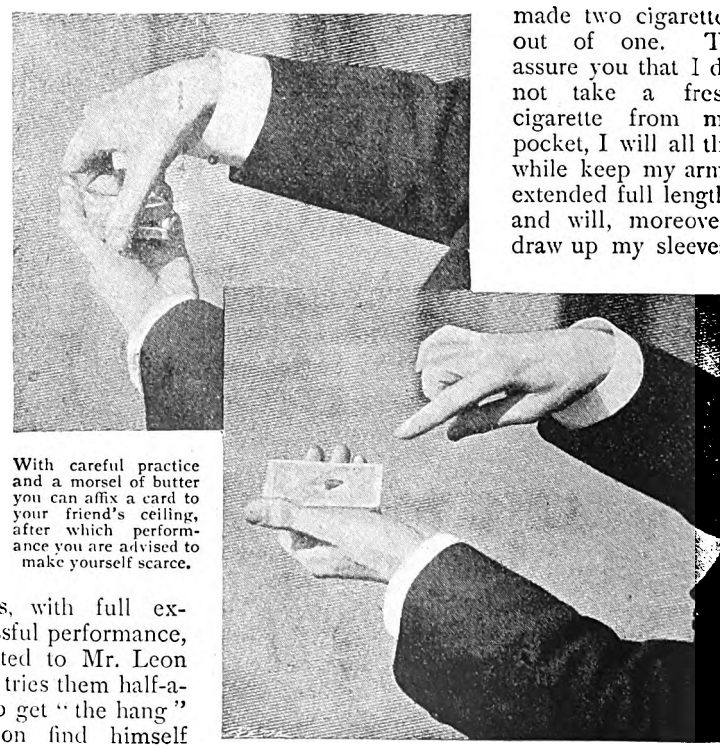
assistance of one or more confederates, but may be successfully performed by one person alone with the commonest articles, such as are to be found in every household. Moreover, very little trouble or expense is required to make a "Magic Evening" a success, and everyone will agree with me in saying that such an entertainment will be welcomed by young folk — and adults also, as I remarked before—who tire, after a time, of the conventional round of dinners, dancing, and "Musical Evenings."

All that is required, then, is dexterity of hand and eye — not more, however, than the average person of intelligence possesses — and a little ingenious "patter," intended to mystify the audience, and suited to the feat that is being performed at the time.

The following are three entertaining tricks, with full explanations for their successful performance, for which we are indebted to Mr. Leon Hermann. Anyone who tries them half-a-dozen times will begin to get "the hang" of magic, and will soon find himself attempting other tricks equally entertaining and mystifying.

The making of two cigarettes out of one is the first and, perhaps, the simplest of these feats. Take an ordinary cigarette between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and, in addition to this, a second cigarette must be held in the palm of the same hand, in such a manner that the audience shall have no suspicion of its whereabouts.

Then state your case somewhat as follows:—"As you will perceive, I hold between my fingers an ordinary cigarette. My assistant will pass it round so that you may satisfy yourself that it contains no secret spring or trap-doors. Then I will place it in my right hand, mutter a few words of the Egyptian oracle, open my hand, and, lo and behold! I shall have made two cigarettes out of one. To assure you that I do not take a fresh cigarette from my pocket, I will all the while keep my arms extended full length, and will, moreover, draw up my sleeves,



With careful practice and a morsel of butter you can affix a card to your friend's ceiling, after which performance you are advised to make yourself scarce.

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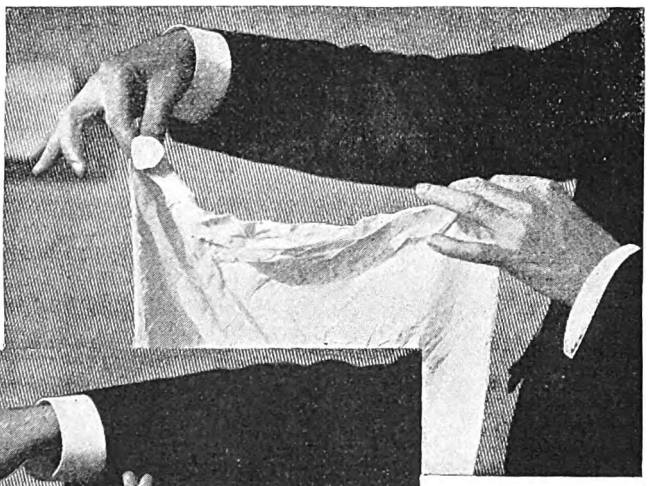
so that you may know that I do not take a second cigarette from that source."

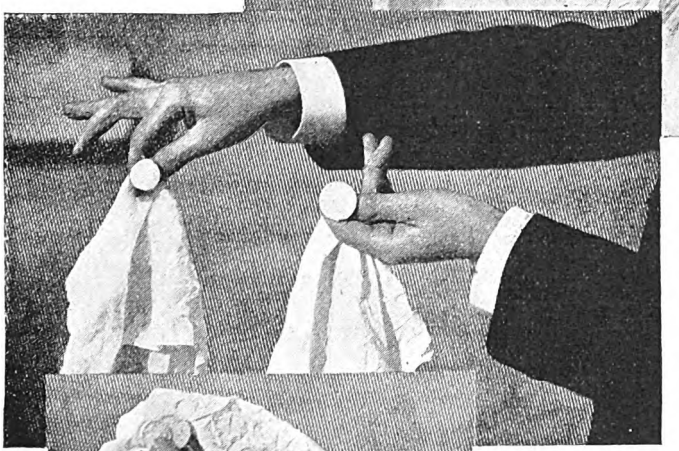
In spite of your assurances, the audience will instinctively watch your pockets and sleeves, expecting to be able to detect you deftly pulling a cigarette from either of these convenient sources. The palm of the hand is so simple a hiding-place, they will never think of looking there.

The next trick needs a little more presence of mind and dexterity. It is to make a single card, picked out by the audience, stick to the ceiling when the whole pack is thrown there, while all the remaining cards fall to the ground.

All you need this time is a pack of cards and a little lump of butter hidden on the under surface of the table.



The first stage in the famous half-crown trick. Sew a coin in the corner of your pocket-handkerchief.



Having followed the instructions given on the next page, you show the audience what appears to be the two handkerchiefs each containing a borrowed coin.

Say to the audience: "I have in my hands a pack of cards which I will pass round for everyone to examine. Will someone pick out a card and return it to the pack without showing it to me? I will then throw the whole pack of cards to the ceiling, and all of them will fall back again to the floor except the one which has been selected: it will remain firmly fastened to the ceiling."

The explanation is as follows:—When the audience shall have selected a card, and it is being returned to the pack, mark the place with your little finger. After having called attention to the fact that there is no card on the ceiling, and the eyes of the spectators are momentarily averted, slip the card — and this needs practice— to the top of the pack. When you have been successful so far, the rest is easy enough. Run your finger secretly under the edge of the table where you have concealed the lump of butter, and, placing it on the back of the top card—which is the one the audience has selected—throw the whole pack to the ceiling, taking care to throw them so that they strike, not edgwise, but surface to surface. The only objection is that butter is hardly a beautiful ornament on a whitewashed ceiling. You had better make yourself scarce immediately after performing

The *denouement*. The two borrowed coins are discovered in the one handkerchief, while the other is apparently empty.

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this trick in your friend's drawing-room, as he will not be long in procuring the hatchet from the cellar.

The third trick—that of transferring a half-crown piece from one end of the room to the other without the performer handling the coin—is rather more intricate than either of the preceding ones, and certainly more mystifying.

Your visible apparatus is an ordinary silk handkerchief, your own property, a half-crown, a two-shilling piece, and a dotted handkerchief, the last three articles being borrowed from the audience. Your secret apparatus is another half-crown piece sewed up, so that it will not drop out, inside the fold in one corner of your own pocket-handkerchief.

When you state your case your speech might be somewhat on the following lines: "I have here an ordinary white pocket-handkerchief. From some lady I will borrow a half-crown piece, which I will place in the centre of my handkerchief, and tying it up, I will give the handkerchief to the lady to hold, so that she can feel the coin as it is tied. Then from some gentleman I will borrow a dotted handkerchief and a two-shilling piece. I will also tie the two-shilling piece in his handkerchief, and give it to him to hold, so that he can feel the money tied up. Then having placed the lady and gentleman in different parts of the room, I will ask if they do not feel the coins. They will both answer, 'yes'; but I, by merely touching the lady's handkerchief, will cause the half-crown piece to melt away, and on opening the gentleman's handkerchief, both coins will be found there."

The explanation is as follows:—Having drawn out your pocket-handkerchief, shake it to show that it contains no apparatus. Then borrowing the half-crown from the lady pretend to place it in the centre of your handkerchief, while, in reality, you simply tie up the half-crown hidden in the sewed-up corner. When the hidden coin is tied up, hand the handkerchief to the lady who feels and sees the shape of what she imagines to be the coin she gave you. You, however, must keep the other half-crown in your palm until you have borrowed the dotted handkerchief and the two-shilling piece.

Then while pretending to be tying up the two-shilling piece *alone* in the second handkerchief, secretly slip it behind the larger coin. When both coins are tied up in the second handkerchief, hand it to some gentleman in the audience, who can see the shape of the tied-up half-crown through the handkerchief, but does not notice the smaller coin underneath it. Then untie the first handkerchief, shake it out to show that the half-crown has vanished, and untying the second handkerchief, lo! the two coins are found lying one on the top of the other.

Everyone will acknowledge that these tricks are simplicity itself. Nevertheless practice them well before you try to perform them; for it needs not only correctness but smartness and elegance to make them really a success. After that you will be prepared to try your hand at more difficult feats—and then perhaps some day you will be able to accomplish one of those marvels described in the first part of this article.

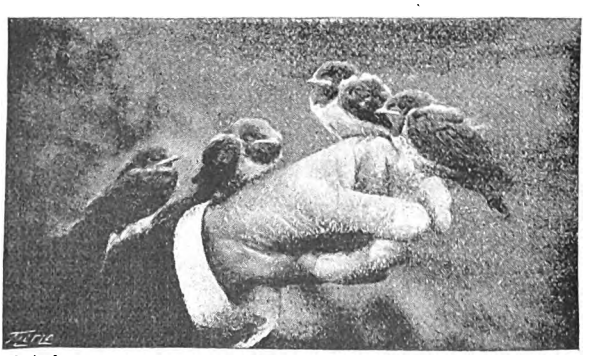

Photo by Chas. Reid.

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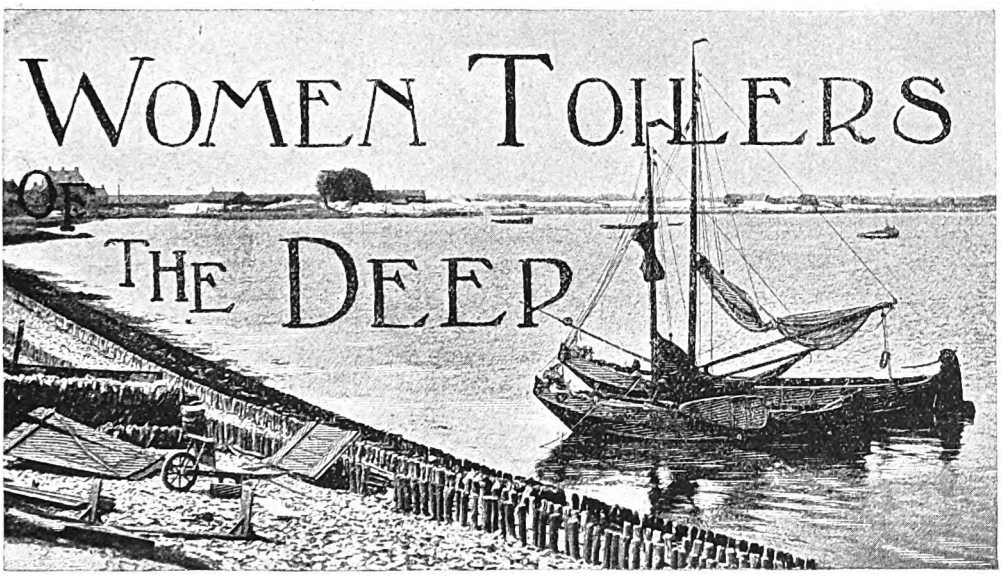
WOMEN TOILERS OF THE DEEP



By Bradford Colt de Wolf.

Photographs by S. R. Elzinga, Goes.

The industrious nature of the Dutch women has long since become proverbial, and this in various departments of human activity. Not only are they expert in all kinds of feminine accomplishments, but also in manual labour of the heaviest sort; and the fathers and husbands look on with the utmost complacency at the toilings of their women-folk. For the Dutch are an eminently practical nation, and think, no doubt, that women, in return for name, protection, and a comfortable home, should do their best to deserve such generosity. They are physically strong, and what a pity it would be to let that strength run to waste! The women, on their part, raise no objection; indeed, they would be most astonished and indignant if forbidden to do the work they have been accustomed to for centuries.

Women are employed on a large scale in the Dutch oyster fisheries, and owing to this, and to the quaint costumes and primitive customs of the Dutch fisher-folk in general, the oyster culture in the Netherlands is of more interest, and offers a larger element of the picturesque, than any other in the world. The old town of Goes is the centre of the oyster industry in Holland, and is as quaint and primitive a place as can be found in the Lowlands. Situated on the Island of South Beolland, in the Province of Zealand, Goes is entirely off the beaten route of tourists. The whole population, with few exceptions—men, women, and children—are engaged in fishing, and more particularly in the oyster industry.

The daily life of these Goes oyster "hunters" is a most typical one. Entire families are engaged in the cultivation of oysters during the whole year, for the oyster beds demand unceasing work. The oyster women are a queer sight when attired in their costume—especially adapted for the purpose—tight-fitting red flannel knickerbockers, black stockings, a shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and a quaint sunbonnet, which thoroughly protects the head and neck.

Though the inhabitants of Goes are engaged all the year round in the oyster industry, it is in April that the most important part of their work begins. It is then that the "collectors" are placed in the oyster "parks." These "collectors" are curved tiles about a foot long, which, after being carefully washed, are covered with a layer of mortar. Thus prepared, the collectors are able to retain the oyster ova known to fishermen as white spat, or "*naissains*," as they are termed in Holland. These embryos are very minute, and float about on the surface of the water until they become affixed to the "collectors." They are then gathered into boxes 8ft. long by 2ft. in breadth, and the tiles

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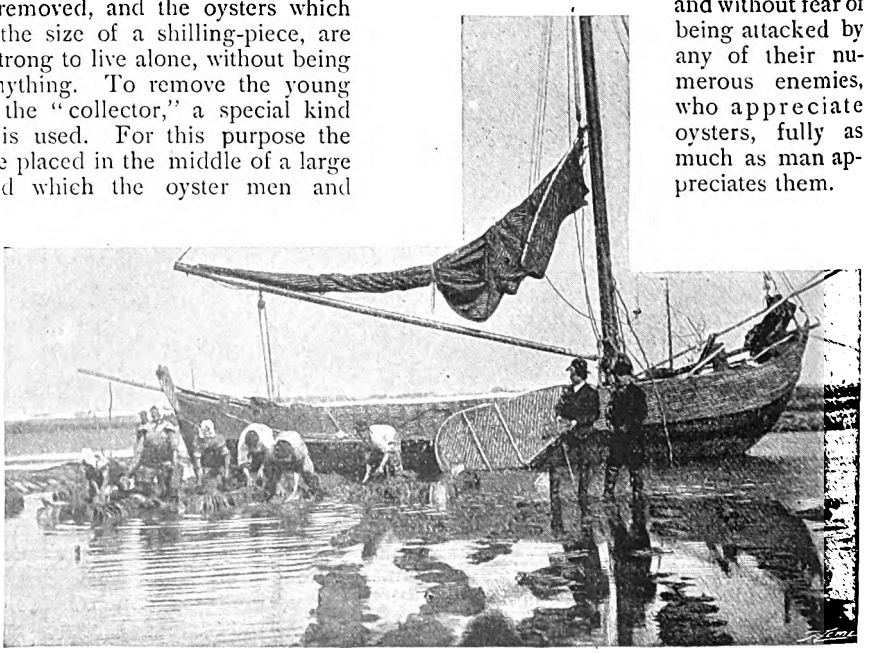
At Work in the Oyster "Parks."

are so arranged as to be constantly bathed by the sea water. From 300 to 400 larvæ are attached to a single "collector."

In August the collectors are removed from the "beds" and taken on land to be put through a first process of cleansing. This operation, which is performed by women, is destined to cleanse the young oysters from all kinds of impurities, and also from the small shells which, by becoming affixed to the young oysters, might hinder their growth. Once thoroughly cleansed, the tiles are replaced in the boxes, where they remain until autumn. The "collectors" are then once more removed, and the oysters which are already the size of a shilling-piece, are sufficiently strong to live alone, without being affixed to anything. To remove the young oyster from the "collector," a special kind of scissors is used. For this purpose the collectors are placed in the middle of a large table, around which the oyster men and women are gathered. The women, who are far more dexterous than the men in this matter, hold the collector in one hand, while with the other they carefully remove the molluscs and throw them into baskets. This operation requires considerable skill, for if performed too hastily the thin shell of the young oyster would be injured. But, notwithstanding all the care that is taken, there is always a loss of from 20 to 25 per cent. during this operation. Thus removed from the collectors, the oysters begin the second period of their existence—an intermediate period of youth, so to speak,—for, though sufficiently developed to exist alone, they are not yet strong enough to resist the attacks of their numerous enemies. They are, therefore, placed for a few months in an apparatus called an "ambulance." These "ambulances" are flat boxes about 10in. high, the bottoms of which consist of wire grating. Thus isolated, the young oysters are completely protected by a box identical with the one in which they are enclosed, but reversed, so as to constitute a kind of cage, in which the water can circulate freely, without allowing fish or crabs to enter. These boxes, which contain no less than 3,000 oysters each, are arranged, side by side, and firmly affixed to the bottom of the "park" by means of stakes. In this manner, the young oysters can thrive in peace, and without fear of being attacked by any of their numerous enemies, who appreciate oysters, fully as much as man appreciates them.



Making ready to place the Collectors in the "Parks."

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The oysters remain three months in these boxes, during which time they are jealously cared for, being watered frequently to remove the impurities and sea-weeds which have gathered among them. At the end of these three months, they have reached a diameter of two to two and a-half inches. They are now of sufficient size for sale, but not yet large enough to bring in much profit. They are, therefore, thrown along the bottom of the "park," where they continue to grow, their shell being of sufficient strength to withstand the attacks of fishes. The oysters continue to grow until the age of two or three years, when they reach the size of four inches in diameter. After the age of three, they stop growing, and there is no advantage in allowing them to remain any longer in the beds.

From the above, it will be seen that the oyster industry of Goes is a somewhat complicated business, requiring several categories of skilled working men and women, all of whom must be thoroughly well versed in their "trade." The men, women, and even children of Goes are, indeed, all practised hands in managing oysters.

Women setting out for the "Parks."

These oyster fisher-people of Goes, who form a community by themselves, live in small wooden huts, facing the oyster-beds. Though the oyster industry demands constant care, as said above, the life led by the good people of Goes is free from the hardships of most sea-faring people.

When at work in the oyster-beds, the men and women of Goes wear a special costume. Their usual everyday dress, when not engaged in the oyster "parks" is, however, far more elaborate. Whereas, in most European countries, the primitive and picturesque costume, which formerly gave so much *cachet* to the natives of Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol and Spain, has almost entirely disappeared, excepting, perhaps in the too-vivid imagination of certain compilers of tourist guide-books—in Holland, and notably in Goes, the people wear the same quaint dress as their forefathers.

The Dutch are certainly a most characteristic people, and the term commonplace could never be applied to them; and this is especially true of their various national costumes. The Goes costume, with which we are at present concerned, is of sufficient interest to deserve a minute description.

From their earliest infancy, the Goes-children are attired in the local fashion. When a baby is a few weeks old, it is dressed in a tight-fitting red jacket, which is generally elaborately embroidered. In the matter of headgear, it is made to wear a characteristic double bonnet, half of linen, half of silk, on top of which is placed a large crimson handkerchief, ornamented with real lace, which has generally been in the family for generations.

At the age of six, girls are dressed in a skirt of blue figured damask, bordered at the foot with black velvet, over which is pinned a variegated handkerchief. Red stockings are always worn with this costume, which is the everyday dress of young girls and married women alike. But various additions are made to this attire on the occasion of great fêtes and holidays, such as Easter and Whit Sunday, when the women wear their quaint old family jewels, consisting mostly of curiously-designed necklaces, bracelets, and brooches in Dutch silver.

The people of Goes are physically a splendid lot of men and women, notwithstanding the fact that they have intermarried for generations, and are practically all related to each other. In fact they consider themselves as being the members of one large family. Whenever a baptism, a wedding, or a funeral takes place, all the population of the town turns out for the ceremony.

These people are the most cordial and hospitable that I ever came in contact with in Northern Europe, and they are particularly

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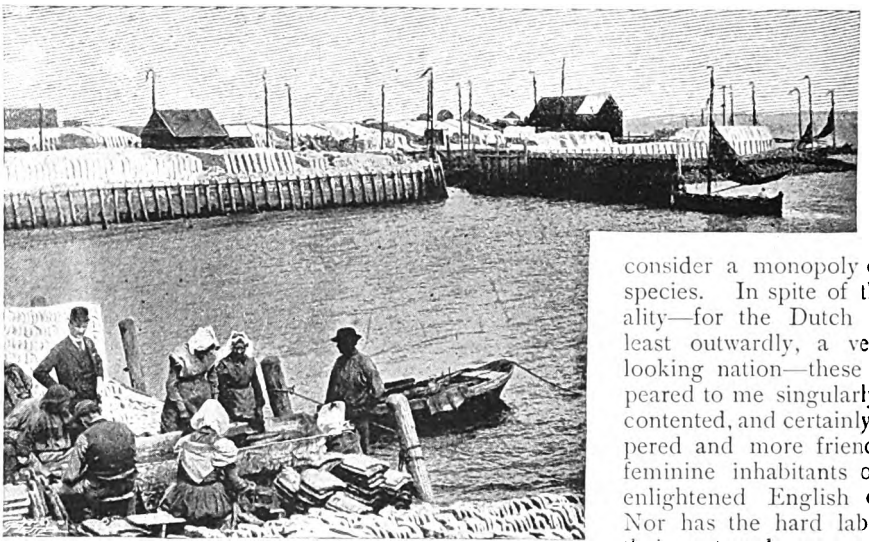

Oyster Men and Women Cleaning the Collectors.

courteous to the few foreigners who visit their village. Men and women, young girls and boys are, alike, among the most famous skaters in Holland. They are taught to skate at the early age of five or six, and continue to practise the art, many of them, until they are grandfathers and grandmothers. I call it an art, for such the sport of skating really is as practised by these Hollanders. The women of Goes are, in particular, famed for their proficiency in skating, and are said to be unexcelled on the Continent.

Such, then, is the town of Goes, its people, its industry, and its customs—a town which no traveller in the Lowlands should neglect to visit. It may be an appalling heresy, and injure my blameless reputation in the eyes of those fair ladies who do me the honour to read this article, when I say that the most noteworthy custom of this quaint people did not seem to me altogether open to censure. I mean, of course, their custom of permitting women to do the labour which others consider a monopoly of the male species. In spite of their nationality—for the Dutch are not, at least outwardly, a very cheerful looking nation—these women appeared to me singularly blithe and contented, and certainly better tempered and more friendly than the feminine inhabitants of many an enlightened English coast town. Nor has the hard labour injured their outward appearance—quite otherwise, in fact! Have I not described them as physically a splendid lot? And I do not mean merely in bulk and stature, but also in face. The Dutch type of beauty, even in the higher classes, has not the delicacy and refinement which the British admire, and are so proud of, in their own women, and in those of their brethren across the Atlantic; it is heavier, coarser, and somewhat expressionless. But such as it is, I think you will have to look far, and among all classes, in the Lowlands before you will find women that merely in point of physical beauty equal or out-rival these toilers of the deep. Surely, then, it would be injustice, and prove us to be blinded by ultra-sentimental ideals of chivalry, if we pronounced a harsh, off-hand judgment on a custom, the effects of which are so satisfactory to all whom it concerns. Just observe our last photograph. Each face is that of a happy, intelligent woman, and the girl seated in the centre might very well turn the head of the coldest Dutch youth.

A Typical Group of Goes Oyster-Women in Working Attire.

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Professor Thimblechick's Crime

By Maud Coleborn.

I.

To begin with, the commission was an absurd one. I knew nothing whatever about diamonds, and was therefore quite incompetent to choose "the handsomest necklace to be got for love or money." Moreover, Uncle Dick's parting injunction to remember it was to grace the neck of "the finest woman in Europe," left me, as the French say, "completely cold." I did not admire the lady of mature charms who had succeeded in enslaving his elderly affections.

I had always looked upon Uncle Dick as an old bachelor, not from interested motives, because, thank Heaven! I had no need to wish for dead men's shoes, but because, though a jolly old boy in the main, he had bachelor ways, and, above all, a hobby. Uncle Dick's hobby took the form of bones. Somehow the idea of matrimony seemed out of keeping with the numerous skeletons that occupied the cupboards and shelves in Uncle Dick's study. My imagination refused to picture "the finest woman in Europe" listening patiently to Uncle Dick's dissertation on the fossil vertebræ of some extinct bird or beast, and still less could I picture her sitting complacently by while Uncle Dick signed a handsome cheque in exchange for some unique skeleton. Uncle Dick's scientific enthusiasm had, however, already shown signs of abatement. A valuable fossil of some unpronounceable prehistoric lizard had come into the market. Uncle Dick and Professor Thimblechick had been wrangling over the subject for years, and the former had commissioned me to pay the dealer anything rather than lose the chance of buying it. On the very day I received Uncle Dick's commission about the necklace I had seen the precious fossil and had wired Uncle Dick the dealer's price. The reply was characteristic of the changed state of affairs: "Purchase of fossil can stand over. Be sure and bring diamonds."

Not being accustomed to travel with several hundreds of pounds worth of jewels among my personal luggage, I took my seat in the Northborough express with the determination of securing their safety at the risk of any amount of personal discomfort. I accordingly settled myself in the corner of a compartment, and, sitting bolt upright, wedged the black bag containing the diamond necklace firmly between my knees.

As I sat idly watching the hurrying throng of passengers, I was struck by the rather curious figure of an elderly man, who was evidently waiting for a tardy travelling companion. He was a little man, with a grizzled beard and wrinkled face that suggested a shrivelled apple from which the juice has long since been drained.

He spent the time in trotting to and fro between the compartment in which I sat and the entrance to the station, now and again giving an anxious glance at the clock.

The guard had just unfolded his green flag, when a girl jumped from a hansom and came running down the platform. The wizened little man thrust her unceremoniously into the carriage, scrambled in after her, and in another moment the train had glided from the platform.

"Uncle Christopher, I'm so sorry," she panted, "I had no idea I was running it so fine; but the road was up, you know, and——"

"It generally is!" came the reply, in something between a growl and a croak from the old man, who was busily arranging his small luggage with the precision of an elderly spinster.

"As for running it fine, you are always doing it," he continued, as he settled himself in a corner with his newspaper.

Running it fine was certainly a becoming process if one might judge from the glowing cheeks and bright eyes of the girl in the corner. She was very, very pretty—a perfect Hebe, in blue serge and a becoming hat. Her eyes were brown, I thought, but could not decide the point to my own satisfaction, though I took advantage of the outspread "Field,"

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to glance more than once in her direction. They were beautiful, anyway, in spite of a suggestion of anxiety in their depths as she glanced from time to time at Uncle Christopher.

He certainly was rather a trying travelling companion; first he dropped his newspaper, then his spectacles; then he jumped up to open the window, remarking what a warm day it was. I acquiesced, smiling, though the month was March and a keen wind was blowing from the north-east. Then he shivered, and the window was closed again, and at last, muffled up in his rug, he had just subsided into a doze when the train rounded a sharp curve. The wizened little man was jerked like a parched pea on to my knees, the bag and newspaper were sent flying under the seat, and my nose came in sharp and rather unpleasant contact with Uncle Christopher's intellectual forehead. He was so genuinely distressed at the little contretemps, apologised so profusely, and was so energetic in diving under the seat to restore my property that we were in imminent danger of knocking our heads together for the second time.

As I stooped to restore his rugs, I caught a little gleam of girlish amusement in the brown eyes opposite, giving place almost immediately to genuine anxiety as she glanced at the older man's pale, perturbed face.

"Are you ill, Uncle dear?" she said gently.

The old man waved her away testily, and rolling himself once more in his rug, composed himself for another nap, which lasted till the train slowed down for the first stop.

"Exeby, Exeby,"' shouted the guard, and the little man started to his feet and began feverishly collecting his luggage.

"Come, Daisy, make haste, make haste, or we shall miss the connection!" he said impatiently.

"But, Uncle, this is only Exeby, and we shall have twice as long to wait—"

The sentence was drowned in an exclamation of irritability from the old man, as he struggled with his rug and umbrella, holding his bag tightly under one arm all the while.

"Allow me to relieve you of your bag," I said, stretching out my hand.

"No, confound you? No, Sir," said the eccentric little man, as he stumbled clumsily on to the platform, leaving his companion to follow. The girl paused a moment, flushing painfully.

"Pray, pray excuse his seeming rudeness," she said hurriedly, "I can't understand it; Uncle is eccentric, I know, but I never saw him rude before. You will pardon it, I hope?"

I think my expression, even more than my reply, must have reassured her; for with a grateful glance from the pretty brown eyes and a softly murmured "Thank you," she was gone.

He was a little man with a grizzled beard.

II.

"Local train a little late, sir, I'm afraid," said Uncle Dick's butler, civilly, as he relieved me of my coat.

"Yes, confound it. I suppose the dressing bell has gone?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago. Master's compliments, and he would like to see you in the library before dinner for a few moments, if you can be ready in time."

"Oh, all right, I'll manage it! Any one here, Beeston?"

"Only Professor Thimblechick and his niece, sir. But Miss Strangways arrives to-morrow."

From the expression of Beeston's usually imperturbable countenance I gathered that Beeston by no

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means shared Uncle Dick's enthusiasm with regard to the "finest woman in Europe." I wondered what would have been the faithful retainer's feelings had he known that in the small black bag, which I deposited so carefully on my dressing-table, was a diamond necklace destined to adorn that lady, the value of which would have purchased the "Red Lion," in Great Mirfield, goodwill and all.

I dressed quickly, and, taking the precious black bag in my hand, ran down to the library.

"Very glad to see you, my boy," said Uncle cordially; "ah! I see you have brought the diamonds," he added, eyeing the bag with interest.

"The price was rather a stiff one," said I, as I carefully selected a key from the bunch in my hand.

"Never mind the price, my boy; women like these things, and you know, when the finest woman in Eu— Good heavens, man, what's the matter?" almost shouted Uncle Dick, as he gazed first at me and then at the bag, which had fallen on the carpet.

"The diamonds are gone—must have been stolen," I said, pointing in a dazed fashion to the contents of the bag, which had rolled out in every direction.

With a softly murmured "Thank you," she was gone.

Uncle Dick was on his knees by this time, feverishly unwrapping one after another of the rolls of soft paper that strewed the hearth-rug, and which contained pebbles —common or garden pebbles!

For a moment Uncle Dick and I stared at each other in speechless consternation; then in a flash the truth dawned upon me.

"It must have been that confounded old fossil in the train," I said furiously.

"Fossil?" repeated Uncle Dick, in still greater bewilderment.

In a few moments I had given him a sketch of the old man's eccentric behaviour, and we had mutually decided that the wily old thief had taken advantage of the confusion occasioned by his falling against me, to substitute one bag for the other.

"And the girl was an accomplice, of course," said Uncle Dick.

"Oh no," I vehemently protested. "At least she didn't look it," I added lamely.

"Humph! I suppose she was pretty?"

"Very," said I, decidedly.

"I thought so," rejoined Uncle Dick, somewhat enigmatically.

A pause——

"The best way would be for me to go straight back to town and investigate the matter," said I.

"No train after 8.30," said Uncle Dick, "and you couldn't catch that. Better send a groom to Great Mirfield with a wire to Scotland Yard giving a description of thieves, and then we can both go up to town to-morrow by the early train. I shall have to apologise to my old friend, Professor Thimblechick, but——"

"If you please, sir, dinner is served, and the Professor and Miss Thimblechick are in the drawing-room," said Beeston, at this juncture, in a tone that was a discreet mixture of reproach and deference.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Dick, "they will think me very rude! Rupert,

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"Local train a little late, sir, I'm afraid," said Uncle Dick's butler.

you will join us in the dining-room as soon as you have sent the wire."

And without waiting for a reply, Uncle Dick hurried from the room.

III.

When I entered the dining-room some ten minutes later it was to find Uncle Dick in the midst of a description of the loss of the diamonds. "The only way of accounting for their disappearance," he was saying, "is to conjecture that the other occupants of the compartment— Ah, here you are, my boy. Let me introduce my nephew to you, Miss Thimblechick. Professor, this is Rupert. What? You have already met?"

"We travelled down from town together," said Miss Thimblechick, "and I am afraid Uncle and I were rather tiresome travelling companions, were we not, Mr. Brentwood?"

I murmured something unintelligible while Uncle Dick exclaimed excitedly, "Then you must have noticed the other occupants of the carriage! A rather wizened——"

At this juncture Uncle Dick came to a dead stop in obedience to a vigorous and well-directed kick which I succeeded in administering, accompanied by a warning look, as I said, turning to the butler—

"By the way, Beeston, I don't think I will bother sending that wire to-night."

"I beg pardon, sir, but it has already gone," said Beeston imperturbably.

"Gone?" I echoed blankly, "but——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned in a hurried exclamation from Uncle Dick.

"Good heavens, Professor, are you ill?" said he anxiously, glancing at Professor Thimblechick, whose face during the last few moments had grown positively livid.

"No—no, I'm not ill," protested the little man, "I'm just a little faint, that's all. If you will excuse me, I think I will go and lie down," and murmuring incoherent remarks on the weather and the effects of an unusually long journey, Professor Thimblechick, accompanied by the unperturbable Beeston, retired to his room.

A couple of hours later I was returning to my room after a last pipe with Uncle Dick, when the door of the Professor's room opened softly and Miss Thimblechick, in a long, graceful gown stood before me.

"The Professor is not worse, I hope?" I was beginning anxiously, when, to my astonishment, instead of answering, she placed her finger on her lip, closed the door quickly behind her, and beckoning me to follow, glided into the embrasure of a bay window that stood at the end of the corridor.

She looked very beautiful, standing there in her white draperies, a shaft of moonlight lending an almost unearthly radiance to her delicate face. She was evidently nervous, as the fluttering of the filmy laces at her throat amply testified, as she said in a quick whisper:

"Mr. Brentwood, I want to speak to you about—about the diamonds."

"The diamonds?" I echoed, amazedly. "You don't mean to say you know who stole—"

"No, no," she interrupted, hurriedly, "they were not stolen—it was all a mistake, they—they are here," suddenly producing my bag, which she had held among the pendant folds of her long gown. "See, here is the necklace," holding up the diamonds for my inspection.

"But how—how did you find them?" I stammered, staring at the gems flashing in the moonlight and then at the girl's pale, perturbed face.

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"I—I found them in Uncle Christopher's room," said she, with a little gasp; then added, "Oh, no, no, he didn't take them, at least he took them by mistake."

Then suddenly dropping the necklace and seizing my hand, "Mr. Brentwood," she said, "I know I can trust you."

I gave the little hand a reassuring squeeze, after which I conveniently forgot to relinquish it, while she went on in a hurried whisper.

"You know Uncle Christopher's mania for bones and fossils and things? Well, it seems you had been first in the field as Sir Richard's deputy in securing a certain fossil that Uncle Christopher was writing a treatise about. The dealer declared he had practically sold it to your uncle, who, as you know, has been Uncle Christopher's scientific rival for a long time. Poor dear Uncle was in a terrible state; he only wanted the fossil for a few hours to verify some theory that would enable him to finish his treatise. He was just going to the dealer to make him an absurdly large offer when he met you coming out of the shop with a bag, which he immediately concluded contained the fossil, and, without waiting to think, he followed you to your cab and heard you give the direction to the Northborough terminus. He was on his way there himself, where I was to meet him, when suddenly an insane idea came into his head, he rushed into a shop, bought a little black bag exactly like the one you were carrying, and—well, you know the rest. When Uncle Christopher opened the bag and found that instead of the fossil the bag contained these diamonds, he was, of course, horribly distressed."

"Oh, no, he won't," said Daisy, dismally, "he's dreadful on the subject of marriage."

"Of course," I answered, smiling, "though many people would have considered the mistake—"

"Yes, yes, it was a mistake, a series of absurd mistakes, wasn't it, Mr. Brentwood! And you can manage to explain them all right, can you not?" she added, with a world of entreaty in her brown eyes.

"Nothing could be easier," I assured her; and was hastening to add some remark more relevant to the moonlight than to the matter in hand, when with a hurried "Thank you, Mr. Brentwood, thank you a thousand times!" she was gone and I was left staring at the necklace in my hand.

I took the early train to town after all, and having wired to Scotland Yard that the jewels had been found took a cab to the Euston Road, secured the precious fossil and was back again at Mirfield Manor in time for dinner the same evening.

Uncle Dick was in a fever of excitement and delight. The finest woman in Europe had arrived, and luckily he was not critical as to the details of the proceedings of Scotland Yard for the recovery of the diamonds.

"Remarkably clever chaps, those detectives! I should never have dreamt of a thief disguised as a porter," he said, absently, his eyes fixed on the diamonds sparkling on the ample bosom of my future Aunt, while

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mine travelled to the rose nestling against the pretty throat of Professor Thimblechick's niece.

IV.

"But Rupert, what will Uncle Christopher say?"

It was three weeks later, and Daisy Thimblechick and I were seated—with a conscientious regard for economy of space—in the window seat at the end of the long corridor.

"What should Uncle Christopher say, except 'Bless you, my children,'" I rejoined, smiling.

"Oh no, he won't,' said Daisy, dismally, "he's dreadful on the subject of marriage; he says—"

"My darling," I interrupted, "I bet you ten to one in kisses that Uncle Christopher gives his consent in ten minutes. Is it a bargain?"

Daisy nodded, any other reply being impossible under the circumstances.

Ten minutes later I was again seated in the big window seat.

"Well?" said Daisy breathlessly.

"I have Uncle Christopher's unqualified consent," said I, drawing the sunny brown head to my shoulder.

"But Rupert, how did you manage it?"

"I produced a certain black bag, containing—"

"Not the fossil?"

"Yes, the fossil; which I begged he would accept, &c., &c., &c."

"Oh, Rupert, you clever boy!" said Daisy, enthusiastically.

I murmured a modest disclaimer, then added, "Touching that bet of ours, Daisy?"

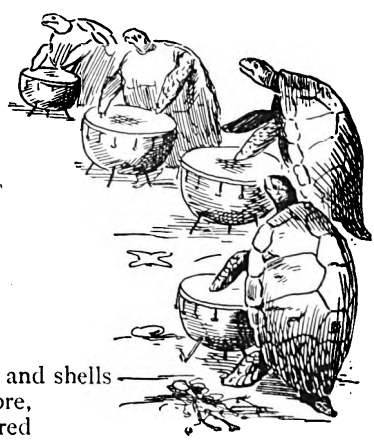
"Bets made on a certainty don't count," said Daisy, severely.

"You're right," said I, "the bet was in kisses, you remember, and—we—won't—count—them."

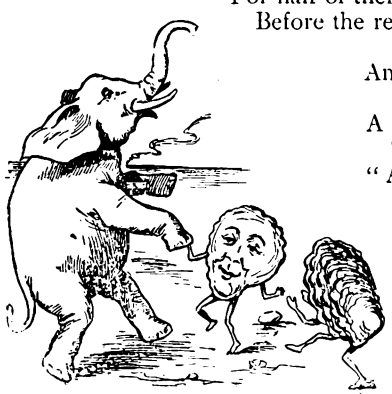
A SEASIDE SARABAND.

By G. E. Farrow.

'Twas in the prime of Summertime,
And on the silvery strand
Some Oysters and an Elephant
Did dance a Saraband,
While twenty Turtles played on drums—
I tell you, it was grand!



There was no Turtle played the same
Tune as another one;
You could not tell exactly where
Each left off or begun,
For half of them commenced again
Before the rest had done.



And rows and rows of stones and shells
Stretched all along the shore,
A sight the Oysters all declared
They'd never seen before;
"And every tide," they gaily cried,
"Brings more and more and more!"

They danced until the setting sun
Turned redder, and more red.
The Turtles then threw down their drums;
"We're going now," they said.
The Elephant packed up his trunk;
The Oysters went to bed.

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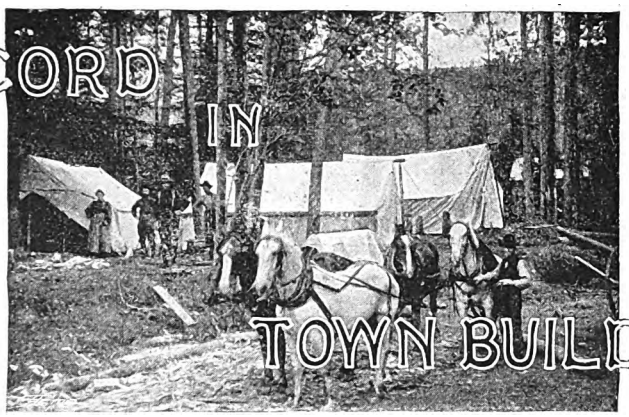
A RECORD IN TOWN BUILDING.



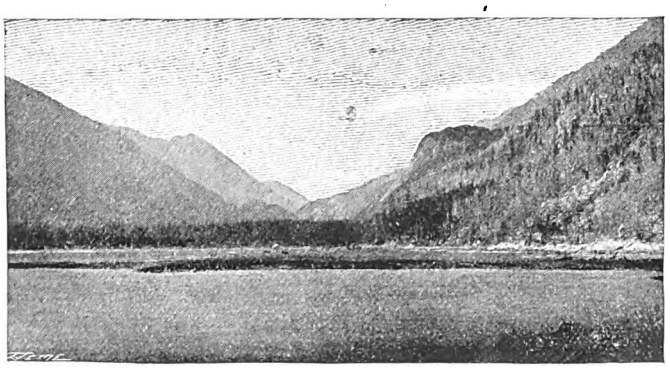
By Harold J. Shepstone.

Photos by La Roche, Seattle, Wash.

To talk of a whole city, which can boast of some hundreds of first-class buildings having been erected in a few weeks, certainly sounds incredible, even in this age of rush and enterprise. Nevertheless, the town of Skaguay, situated on Lynn Canal, and easy of approach by steamer from Seattle or Vancouver, is a modern wonder so far as the history of town building is concerned. Indeed, the mushroom growth of such far western towns as Chicago pale into insignificance when compared to the remarkable rapidity of the growth of Skaguay.

We cannot do better, however, than give a brief outline of the early history of this extraordinary town, from which, coupled with the aid of our set of photographs, the reader will be able to gather some idea of what pioneering enterprise is capable of accomplishing.

As most people already know, Skaguay owes its existence to the discovery of the famous Yukon gold-fields. There are, of course, many ways of getting to the gold-fields, but the Skaguay route appears to have been the most favoured by the would-be gold-seeker, and it has been termed "The Gateway to the Klondike." Seeing, too, that the White Pass and Yukon Railway commences at Skaguay, the importance of the town as the starting point for these romantic gold-bearing regions is still further enhanced. It appears that the town site was located by a man named Ben Moore, and when he left it on August 10th, 1897, the "city" comprised his own log cabin, a store and banking-house belonging to the Alaska and North-west Trading Company, and a few tents. When he returned about six weeks later whole streets of cosy wooden dwellings had been erected, which the owners had themselves located, and had paid a registry fee to the United States Commissioner, while merchants were so numerous and enterprising that their wares could be purchased at almost bottom prices. It was the notable gold rush to the north in the autumn of '97 that had wrought this wonderful change in so short a time. Almost daily large steamers steamed into Skaguay Bay crowded with gold diggers, and the early settlers of Skaguay quickly recognised the grand future which awaited the town, provided it were able to cater and accommodate the seething mass of excited humanity which suddenly poured into the place on its way north.



Skaguay as it appeared on the morning of July 26th, 1897, before the arrival of the settlers.

One of our photographs of this extraordinary town has the interest of having been taken on July 26th, 1897, when Skaguay was practically composed of one wooden store and a

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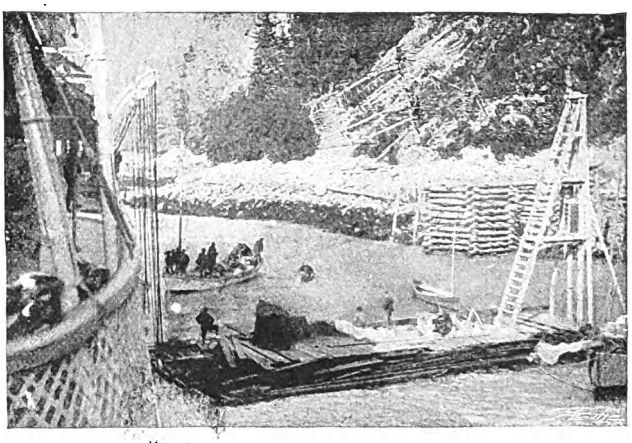
few tents. The photograph was taken from the steamer shown in another illustration, which brought the first party of Klondikers that landed at this particular spot, while a third view gives a very fair idea of how the "town" appeared on the following day. The little notice "Boat for Hire, Enquire Within," which may be discerned on the tent seen in the right of the photograph, speaks well of the business enterprise of its owner.

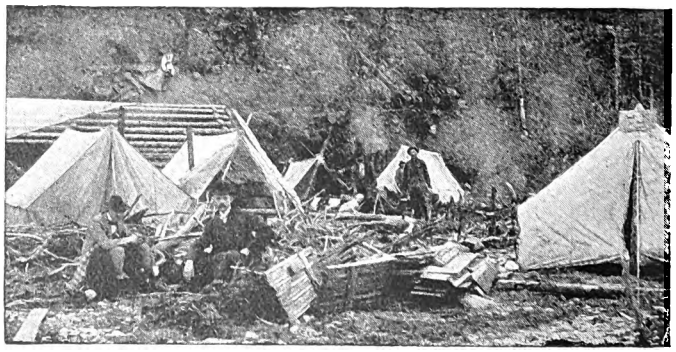


The first load of settlers arriving and landing on the afternoon of July 26th, 1897.

The steamer "Queen," which arrived in Skaguay Bay on August 12, 1897, was among the first of the large steamers to reach this new port. She brought nearly two thousand gold seekers, in addition to their luggage, and a great deal of lumber. Both passengers and goods were landed in "scows" or small boats.

The landing of such a considerable number of passengers from one steamer was no easy undertaking. Skaguay is on a tide flat with a tide running over 20ft., and has a stretch of about half a mile below tide-water mark. To bring passengers off by a row boat from a big steamer when the tide was out necessitated a pull of probably a mile or even more when they were carried on the backs of the boatmen to comparatively dry land. The few women passengers often relieved the monotony of the journey by their shrieks and screams when the boatman who happened to be carrying them nearly slipped and lost his foothold whilst splashing through the water, or sunk to his waist in the soft mud. Very soon, however, as the large steamers continued to call with their enormous crowds of passengers, the go-a-head merchants of the place built immense scows, or rafts, some of them big enough to take the whole of a ship's cargo. These when loaded floated to shore on the tide. The scramble which followed directly one or more of these rafts reached the shore was most exciting. Each passenger endeavoured to get out his own goods as soon as he could, and woe to him whose belongings happened to be near the bottom of the huge pile!

It is the town itself, however, and its remarkable growth that we are considering, and we will pass on and note the rapid rise of this out-of-the-way settlement. Within a month of the landing of the first batch of gold diggers a dozen saloons had been started, while a sawmill was running from dawn to dawn, and a steam laundry had also been established. The principal street was christened with the aristocratic name of Broadway, and our photograph shows how this thoroughfare looked on August 12th, 1897. Particular attention is drawn to this picture, as, by this means, one is enabled to appreciate better the rapid growth of the town. This is most strikingly shown by a glance at the other two views of the Broadway which we publish in connection with this article—one taken a month later, while the



The town of Skaguay as it appeared on July 27th, 1897—one day old.

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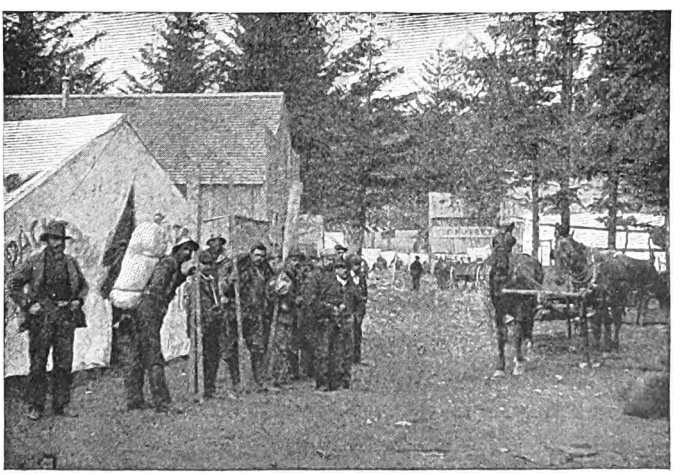
other is a snapshot of how the Broadway appeared in August, '98, exactly twelve months after our first view of this interesting thoroughfare.

There is quite an air of romance attaching to the shops of Skaguay. The shopkeepers of this Far Western town could spin many an exciting yarn of their early struggles in those canvas tents before the present wooden stores were erected. That one of our illustrations which represents the first blacksmith shop has a peculiar interest of its own. To deal with any Skaguay tradesman was a very expensive consideration indeed. More particularly was this the case with the blacksmith, the charge for shoeing a horse being 25s., and for shoeing an ox 40s. The smithy and his mate opened their "establishment" within a few hours of their arrival, and did a "roaring trade." The trees and shrubbery in the rear of the "shop" give it a picturesque and romantic appearance. The Klondike Trading Company's store is a typical example of the early shops of Skaguay. On each side of the road these tents—or to give them the title by which their owners thought proper to call them, namely, stores — sprang up with lightning rapidity. They were little and big, of different sizes and shapes, and all sorts and conditions of men were interested in them, from the spectacled, muscle-less clerk, to the nervous and energetic shopman and the clumsy miner. The firm under our particular notice, however, is now one of the leading establishments in Skaguay. It now owns a three-corner storey building 70ft. by 80ft., with a stock of merchandise valued at £30,000. It started with an outfit estimated to have been worth only £60.

Considering how the shopmen left their goods scattered about in every direction, and the confusion caused by an inrush of,

The first blacksmith's shop, where twenty-five shillings was charged for shoeing a horse and two pounds for shoeing an ox.

The Broadway, Skaguay, on Aug. 12th, 1897—a fortnight old.



The Broadway, as it appeared when six weeks old.

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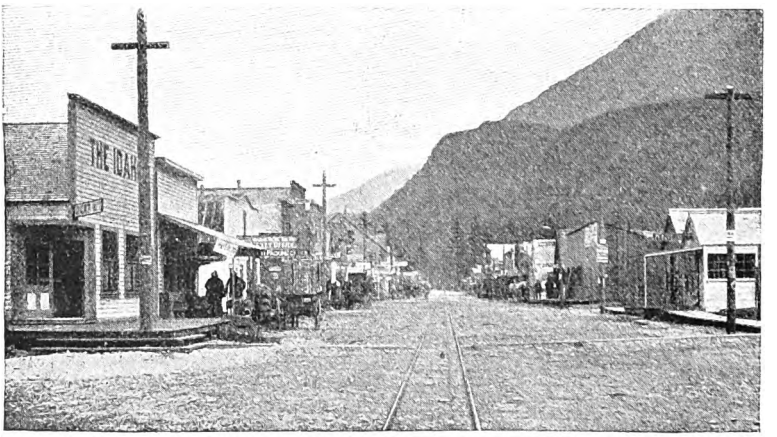
perhaps, over a thousand men by one boat, one would not be surprised to hear that goods were frequently lost or stolen. Such, however, was far from the case, and it has been stated that only one case of theft of money was reported within a period of three months of the "boom" of the town. This was in the case of a man named W. H. Davison, who lost a sum of £280 in cash. He was a miner, and among the first batch to set out for the newly discovered gold-fields. He determined to put up in Skaguay for a little time before venturing up the terrible White Pass, and foolishly kept his money in his kit under a pile of goods in his tent, which he invariably left open, little dreaming what the consequences would be. Neither do there appear to have been many cases of the pilfering of passengers' luggage that was left upon the beach, sometimes unclaimed for hours or even a couple of days. The goods were often dumped on the shore pell-mell from the boats, which were anxious to get away again in order to secure a fresh consignment of passengers.

Within about a month after the great rush to the north the town may be said to have been well laid out, new stores and wooden residences springing up like magic on either side of the recognised roads. For the first few weeks of the city's history "biled shirts" were publicly derided, as were also shaven chins. Within two months, however, all this was changed. Four barber's shops had been established, and what is more extraordinary, half-a-dozen "troy" laundries and a bath-house had also sprung into existence. Saloons sprang up everywhere, while a theatre and a dancing hall quickly followed suit. "Town meetings" were frequently held, and directly any great undertaking was decided upon its citizens soon voted the necessary funds to carry out the project. The town had not entered upon the fourth week of its municipal existence before £300 was readily granted for fire protection. In fact, in a marvellously short space of time everything pointed to the prevalence of a generous atmosphere of conviviality.

We reproduce a photograph of the Broadway taken in August, 1898. In this view we can distinctly notice the railway lines running through the middle of the street. The White Pass and Yukon Railway commences at the wharves and runs right through the Broadway, and then follows the river up the terrible White Pass. This railway is now open for traffic as far as Lake Bennett, where passage may be taken by boats through the lakes into the Yukon River and thence to Dawson City. A trip to the Klondike, therefore, by way of Skaguay, is by no means difficult of accomplishment, provided one has the time—and the necessary cash. Some may be inclined to think that the palm for rapid town building should be awarded to Dawson City, the very centre of the Klondike goldfields. It should be pointed out, however, that whereas Dawson City was built with exceeding rapidity, still, it can in no way be said to equal Skaguay, and for this reason. Directly the miner reached Dawson City all that he thought about, so far as the town was concerned, was either to find lodgings or a place where he could erect a wooden dwelling or tent. Consequently,



The Broadway in August, 1898—exactly twelve months old. Observe the telegraph lines and the railway up the middle of the road.

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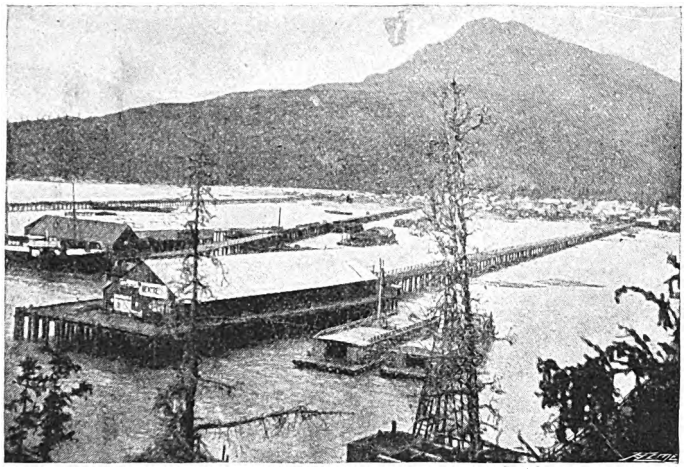
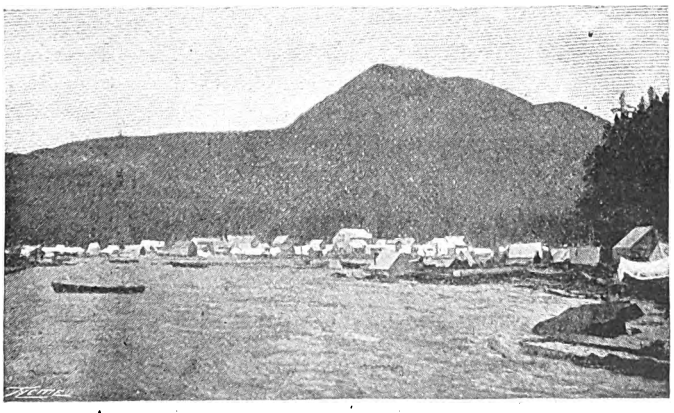


A marvellous transformation in less than a year. Compare these great landing stages and wharves with the manner in which the first settlers disembarked.

Dawson City soon boasted of many thousands of inhabitants, but the town itself was in a very crude state indeed, so far as hotels, public buildings and the laying out of its streets were concerned. The people of Skaguay, on the other hand, not being in the centre of a gold-bearing region, gave their whole attention to beautifying their town and making it as attractive as possible, as its future entirely depended upon the luxuries and comforts it could offer to the thousands who passed through it on their way to and from the goldfields on the other side of the terrible mountain passes.

Not the least interesting feature of this mushroom city is its marvellous piers and spacious wharves. There are two piers nearly half a mile in length. These were built with extraordinary rapidity, and it is not going too far to say that no pier at any port, considering its length, has been built in such quick time as those at Skaguay. They were commenced about September '97, and completed in about a couple of months. One reason, perhaps, why the piers were pushed on so rapidly was because they belonged to two different companies, and they naturally tried to beat one another in getting the work completed, and so catch the steamers as they arrived. One is known as the Juneau pier, its promoters being business men of that town. The other is the property of the Seattle Dock Company, and is probably the finest of the two. These piers are very impressive to the incoming stranger, especially when he is acquainted with the history of this interesting city. Unfortunately our photograph does not show to full advantage the two long piers, as the view was taken from the end of the one on the right, which, after going some distance in a straight line, makes a curve from the northern to the southern side of the bay. The photograph, however, is a very interesting picture, and after a careful glance at it we think everyone will readily admit that the founders of this Far Western busy, thriving city, with its remarkable shops and stores, and its extraordinary railway and piers, have established a record which none will dispute.



Skaguay in Sept., 1897—just six weeks old. It has been growing in size ever since.

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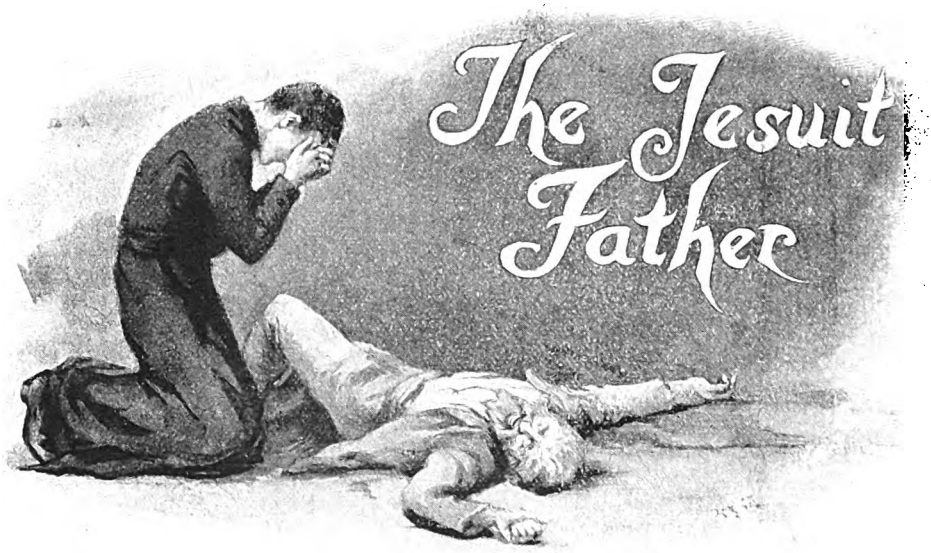

By Basil Marnan.

I.

Father Charles Bernard, for the first time in twenty years, had lost the control of his thoughts. His self-possession, like a water-logged derelict, lay helpless on the tumult of strange seas of emotion. From his birth till the age of forty he had evolved equably along the lines of the grooves the care of his parents had piously hollowed for him. As a child he had taken a singular pride in the possession of a little bald spot on the top of his head, which his mother fondly told him predestined him to the tonsure. He had grown up to a healthy, amiable acquiescence in the plan of a priestly life, lending himself to the necessary preparation and studies with a calm and unquestioning resolution, which, if it lacked ardent enthusiasm, was happily free from self-consciousness and cant. Through his college and his seminary he passed with distinction, bearing with seemly modesty the plaudits of his master and the doting pride of his parents.

The fifteen years of his probation being completed, Father Bernard was duly appointed a member of the Society of Jesus, and allocated to one of the missions of the Society then working its way into the social and religious fabric of Mayfair.

Then without warning he had been sent to set in order a mission in the wilds of the African veldt. For six months now he had been moving as one in a dream, seeking the fine and fugitive clue of light, whose thread lay tangled and broken in a very chaos of unintelligible emotions. The spiritual recluse and scholar was face to face with the life of the veldt and knew himself a child. Art in the refinement of its daintiest scholarship blushing at the sight of Nature, naked, distinct, unabashed.

The shock to him had been a strenuous one. The frail scantiness of attire affected by the "intombi" in outraging all his preconceived ideas of decency and protection, yet was to him a daily revelation of the permanence of forces existing and vital underneath the calm oblivion of his consciousness.

He faced the same difficulty when he turned to the language. There was about it a naked directness whose primal indecency violated every principle of intercourse in which he had lived. It deprived him, so to speak, of his first guard, plunging him headlong into the thick of elemental forces, in himself as in others, of whose impulses and their direction he was ignorant, and before the very existence of which he stood baffled, irresolute, at utter loss.

He was indeed almost rudderless on a wide sea. People whose public conception of purity is the result of their mother's moral fretwork, and the long, thin, inquisitive nose

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of the Press, can have little idea of that order of morality which grows up among the whites of the veldt. It produces two types—the beast who lives the life of a Kaffir and enjoys it, and that clean, strong, vigorous, strenuous race born to dominate and sway nations, of an order like to that the old sages sang, whose men and women knew of but one law of morality, the law of love and love's selection. There is no subtle gradation between the two. The lover class may contain one or two aspiring to higher things, and among the others there may be here and there a strain tending downwards. But to Father Bernard the division seemed both distinct and ultimate.

Of such higher type was Mona Rundett, and it was her personality which had excited the reverend Father to such unusual remoteness from his serenity the afternoon on which this story opens.

Mona's grandfather had been a stud-groom who had emigrated to the Cape, with the proceeds of the pickings he had gathered from his master, some fifty years previously. His son, Mona's father, taking to himself an Irish peasant immigrant to wife, thrived prosperously. Mona, with her two brothers, grew up careless of all save vitality and victuals, surrounded by her own little world, and some thirty miles from any neighbour.

He strode over the brown glazed veldt.

At fourteen she was a woman; at eighteen a woman of wide and varied experience, with an eye-knowledge of all that is Kaffir knowledge, and an ear-knowledge intimate with every click in that peculiarly literal and bland language. Of education she had little, save to read and write with woeful labour. She was, after her mother's faith, baptised a Catholic, and bred up to that ease in duties and devotions inseparable from a frontier life and "heretical" surroundings. Yet the profound poetry, the secret treasure of the veldt life, had not altogether passed her by.

The Jesuit was a fascination to Mona, and the girl was no less a revelation to the priest. In regard to the Kaffirs, he had arrived at a mental stage of pigeon-holing them as animals with a lamentable lack of adornment, external and internal. European women he regarded to a great extent as waxworks, the mechanism of whose emotions, as far as his own subjectivity was concerned, was better left alone; but Mona in her beauty, in the directness of her nature, in the circumstances of her environment, had come to the Father, mentally disturbed as he was at the time, as a surprise.

The June afternoon was hot, but the Jesuit's face seemed cold as marble as he strode over the brown glazed veldt towards the mission house. He was the solitary figure in the landscape. Behind him, Tom Rundett's farm in its clump of wattle, but in front and around nothing save the flat sweep of veldt, sunburnished to a ruddy gold, clasping on every hand the shimmering sky-line.

He was trying to analyse how the thing had come about.

He remembered how swiftly the consciousness of Mona had come upon him, and his amazement that she was just a peasant. How the blood had tingled in him at the thought, lashing him to a fierce revolt. "A peasant?—no, a queen of queens!" So his soul had shouted the lie to his consciousness. Then the deep silence as he realised the

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meaning of that revolt, and the flood-tides of passion had welled slowly and remorselessly over his being, drowning in the delirious swirl of their depths all that custom, vows, and thought had made him, binding all his nature into the great tumult of new-born desire.

And now! He stopped suddenly and laughed aloud. He, the scholar, the priest, the Jesuit, he, infatuated with a peasant girl! He lashed himself into a sneer over the thought, and walked on rapidly with long, uneven strides. The idea was so outrageous. Again and again he told himself that the environment, the mere fact of her being in Africa instead of in England, could not make any availing difference. In blood, bone, and breed she was, and ever must be, a peasant. But in thought? in type? in soul? The whisper was persistent, the query incessant. He jeered at it, calling it a mere accident of a phase, of a passing cycle of moods which wife-hood would inevitably blot out, a week of wedlock for ever destroy.

The longer he thought of it the more furious he became with himself, hiding beneath the heat of his pride the true perspective of his passion. Finally he wrote it off, so to speak, as a mere momentary lapse into original sin, fostered by carelessness and the exigencies of an environment which imposed on the eyes a licence as unusual as it was unintentional and undesired. In his cell that night thirty long thin scarlet weals that crept round his back and under his left arm and ribs, testified to his belief that for such lapses a strenuous mortification of the flesh was an act of prudence.

II.

"But, Father, what am I to do? I can't, I can't marry him—I loathe him."

The speaker was Mona Rundett. Some three months had passed since she last saw Father Bernard, he having purposely set himself to visit the more remote parts of his mission. Meanwhile, misfortune, the almost inevitable Nemesis of a farmer's speculation, had dragged Tom Rundett to the brink of bankruptcy. His only available asset in this emergency was his daughter, and with that spirit common to Kaffirs and the country families of civilisation, he looked round for the best market. Ugo Vander Spuz was a half-bred Dutchman and Dane, of brutal life and rich pastures. He had long eyed Mona covetously, and though he rather quibbled at her price, he at last agreed. Mona was sternly bidden to prepare for the bridal festivity. For they sardonically term these affairs festivities even on the veldt.

Little time was left her, and as the day approached she had, as a last resource, betaken herself to the mission house to beseech the intercession of Father Bernard in her behalf. It was with a feeling of sweet and shame-faced exultation she had hugged the thought that he, at any rate, would move heaven and earth to stop such an iniquitous union. To her consternation, however, he proved less even than lukewarm. So now she stood facing him, a great agony of disappointment and despair in her eyes, feeling dumbly that dead indeed was that day three months ago.

"What am I to do?" she cried again, "I can't marry him. I loathe and detest him."

"Duty, my child, is often hard, but is always God's will," said the Priest.

"But I can't swear to love *him*—to *love* him," she wailed. The man paled a little, there was such entreaty in her tone. But the priest in him answered calmly, coldly, "You can give him the love of charity, my child; loving his soul's welfare as deeply as your own. God *demands* no more of any wife—than charity—and subjection."

"Yes, subjection," she repeated with a sob, and stood gazing at him. Suddenly the tears welled in her eyes, and in a very abandonment of bitterness, of passion, and of loss, she flung herself at his feet, clinging to his hand weeping, fondling it, murmured through her sobs:

"You know. You *know* that I cannot."

He stood for a moment, irresolute, a faint flush rising to his cheeks. Then glancing hastily toward the door, the top half of which was glass, he bent and raised her, a frigid kindness in his touch and tone. For a long time he talked to her, expatiating on the dangers of such conduct—and the scandal. So eloquently did he discourse that at the end of an hour she returned home, hot-eyed, penitent, very miserable, but submissive.

After she had gone the priest went to his own room and walked vaguely up and down, thinking in a disjointed kind of way over what had happened. "It is best so," he said at last—the subament of his thought almost startling him. Then, as he thought suddenly of the man, Ugo Vander Spuz, at heart a beast, in morals a Kaffir, a Boer in callousness, he ground his teeth, and his white long hands clenched spasmodically; and the man fell forward, silent, tense, writhing, at the foot of the iron crucifix that hung on the bare stone wall.

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III.

Twenty miles away from the mission house at Ibenva was a small Fingo settlement of about forty huts. Two of these, set apart from the rest high up on the black hillside, served for chapel and presbytery to the Jesuit Fathers. Hither, some three weeks after the marriage of Mona with Ugo Vander Spuz, came Father Bernard on a visit of inspection. Having concluded his evening office, and his meal over, the scent of the wattles drew him outside.

The night was beautifully calm and still, the moon, cold and silvery, sailing high in the mid-heaven.

Suddenly down the wind comes the thud of a horse's hoofs, now dying away, now growing more distinct, till the rhythm of the gallop told in ever increasing volume the rapid approach of some visitor. Round the bend of the spur, not sixty yards away, the rider came, nor drew rein till halting at the mission door. Thus Mona came to him as he stood there beneath the yellow bloom of the wattles, running to him with her hands outstretched, her face pallid in the moonlight.

"Oh, help me," she said, simply, "I cannot bear it."

He drew her into the hut, and, putting a chair for her, stood and gazed at her, his face pale and rigid, his lips stern. In his mind was a great anger against her that she should thus jeopardise her reputation and his own, risking, too, the good name of the Church in the district. But he was schooled to hide his feelings, and his voice, if cold, was even and emotionless as he asked her:

"What is it I can do for you?"

For all answer she fell on her knees on the floor, her arms falling over the prie-dieu he had lately used, her face wet with tears, and white, turned towards him.

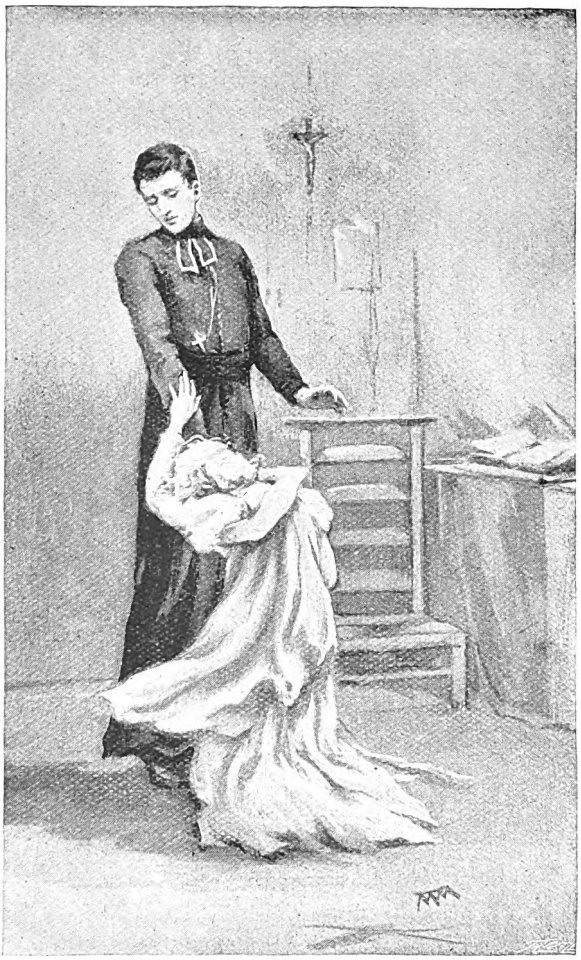
"It is hell," she whispered, "hell, to be near him."

His eyes flickered a little, and the voice was not so steady as he asked again.

"What *can I* do?"

"Take me away." She whispered the words, her whole soul in her eyes, a very passion of abandonment in her gesture. Then, rising, she went to him and, clinging to his arm, looked into his face as if the hunger in her would thaw that immobile mask to some expression of emotion. "Take me away," she repeated, her voice low and hoarse, "and hide me. Oh do, oh do! Look," and, tearing open the throat of her dress, she pointed to where finger marks stood out livid and purple-dyed on the blue-veined breast. "Look, that is one of the ways of subjection. Oh! I tell you, it is torture. Oh! don't you understand—*you*, when you know that I love you, God help me! love you with all my life."

Her arms were round his neck now and she was sobbing on his breast. The face of the priest was white to the lips and quivered queerly as he looked down on the bowed and golden head. He felt a terrible rage consuming him against the man, and for a moment a waft of that old tempestuous



Mona flung herself at his feet.

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passion shook him, stirring the brooding calm of his eyes to sudden fire. Yet withal, he was strangely conscious that it all seemed to him unreal, standing out like a moon in the sky of his life, wan, palid, exhausted, illuming the shadow of a dreamland. Yet, too, he was aware that it was an intoxicating joy to feel her near him, to feel the thrill of her body capturing and moulding each sense in him. A great longing came over him to strain her cruelly with all his force to his heart, to wind his arms round her and crush her to his breast, to drown fate, and destiny, and God in the delirium of one kiss. Then, again, the sense of shadows dominated him, and he was cognisant that the longing was, after all, a longing only; that its strength was in its suggestion, not in any innate essence of fruition.

For answer she fell on her knees on the floor.

It was very gently, therefore, that he put her away from him, stroking the silken hair and smoothing the tear-stained cheeks as if she had been a child.

"My daughter," he said, quietly, "you know well such a thing is impossible—contrary alike to religion and honour." In spite of himself, he found himself taking refuge behind old axioms. And with a sudden glow of exultation he realised that these same old axioms forged him an armour intact and invulnerable even against these new weapons he had to fight.

He grew stronger, as the girl beneath his quiet, reassuring tones grew calmer. It was some little while before she was able to explain coherently how a sudden terror and loathing of her husband had forced her to fly, giving him with her distressing directness some details of the miseries she suffered. In spite of his control, as he saw the look on the girl's face, he shivered. Again that icy wave of hate welled up in his heart, filling him with a strong dread of himself, hurling him as it did face to face with those master-impulses of animal passion he had deemed lived not in him,

Presently she rose to her feet, and going to the door, turned and held out her hands with a gesture of farewell, surrender, obedience, whose infinite pathos touched him to the quick. He took her hands in his, unable to speak, his eyes telling his pity, betraying, too, more than he knew, something of the passion his pity was fain to hide. She swayed towards him, her eyes half closed, a very hunger of yearning in her face.

"Kiss me," she whispered; "once—for ever."

In looking back afterwards it seemed to him that a great storm had rung in his ears, filling his eyes, his heart, his will, with the rush and whirl of mighty winds in conflict—a storm from which he woke to find the girl crushed in his arms, her pale face, framed in the golden wealth of her hair, clinging to his; his lips kissing her again and again, murmuring delirious words of passion; then of a sudden a wan stream of light pouring in at the door, and there, silhouetted in the moonlight, the form of Ugo Vander Spuz—huge, menacing, grotesque in its shadowy size.

For an instant the three stood silent, as if graven in marble symbols of their passions, washed with the wan, mocking flood of the moonlight.

Next moment, with a foul oath, the Dutchman had hurled himself on the priest. In the wan light they swayed and reeled to and fro, fast locked in each other's grasp, and tugging savagely for advantage of grip. Soon beneath the steely arms of the priest the breath of the Dutchman came in great

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gasps, and on his face the sweat hung thick making more grim the jealous fury of his eyes. Close-set were the Jesuit's lips, his breath never wavering, his skin white and dry, his eyes keen and gleaming like a ferret's. Slowly yet inevitably he seemed to be bearing the Dutchman down, when suddenly his foot caught in the girl's cloak lying on the floor. He staggered, losing the grip of his lower hand. In an instant the Dutchman had the under-clutch, and straining every muscle, strove to lift his foe and throw him.

But with a swift movement the priest threw forward his forearm thrusting savagely on the Dutchman's throat. Then slipping his left hand round, the Jesuit gripped in his long sinewy fingers the thumb of his foe's right hand, tearing him from his hold. Like lightning he sprang back, dropping his right hand down to the left till both were tightly clenched on Ugo's great wrist, then with a lithe, quick swing to the left he lifted the Dutchman clean over his shoulder, hurling him headlong through the air.

He fell with the nape of his neck against the door, rebounded, falling in between the priest and the woman, and with a spasmodic quiver lay there limp and motionless.

The priest shook himself, ran his handkerchief round his face and the inside of his collar, and smoothed his hair studiously, the while avoiding the eyes of the girl.

She, with horror-stricken gaze, stood looking at the inert body of her husband. His head was rolled round at a horribly queer angle; his mouth and eyes were open and distorted, devoid of expression; absolute immobility seemed to brood over his limbs. It was horrible. "Oh, my God," she moaned, "look at him!" The priest bent over the man hastily and lifted his head, looking into the now glazed eyes.

Then he put him back gently, reverently, and rose and faced the woman, a new look in his eyes which would not leave them.

"He is dead," he said simply. "God have mercy on him . . and . . us."

Mona sank on the floor, covering her face and sobbing.

"You had better go home," said the priest, when a few minutes had silently elapsed. "Between you and me there is for ever *that*." He pointed to the dead man. "Go," he went on to the woman. "I will arrange to have the body sent on. For the honour of the Church I shall say he was thrown from his horse while on his way here for you. See that you keep silence."

Mona crept round the body, fearfully, to the door. Outside the two horses were quietly grazing. She turned to look at the priest, feeling a kind of mute stupor of wonder that she had no kind of emotion towards him at all, save one of relief that he was sending her away. Before she had mounted he had forgotten her, and was kneeling by the side of the dead man, his head buried in his hands, and silvered by the shimmering moonlight, as with a mocking halo.

In a mission house in the lowest quarter of Pittsburg, U.S.A., Father Bernard lay dying. For twenty years his name had been growing a household word in the slums of the great towns of the eastern seaboard. To reclaim the lowest from the power and spell of their passions—such was the self-imposed atonement of Father Bernard. About his bed the priests were saying the last prayer for the dying. At its close they understood not why he smiled, nor the light, as of a great darkness lifted, that irradiated his face. So he passed beyond.

Going to the door, she held out her hands with a gesture of farewell.

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A BALLADE.

THE stage is all garish and gay,
I sit in a curtained retreat;
Beside me, in festal array,
A damsel blonde and *petite*.
At every merry conceit
She smiles in a gratified way.
Why laugh at their folly, my sweet?
'Tis only a part of the play.

When players attempt to portray
The sorrows that true lovers meet,
Her glances will o'er to me stray,
Her eyes with compassion replete.
With proffer of sympathy neat
I turn, and consolingly say:
"Why weep at their sorrows, my sweet?
'Tis only a part of the play."

And after the mimic display,
The theatre's glamour and heat,
Our thirst we proceed to allay
With Cliquot or Château Lafitte.
Then she gives me — the sly little cheat—
A rose from her corsage bouquet,
She sighs, with her eyes to her feet—
'Tis only a part of the play.

ENVOY!

Her tears are a base counterfeit,
Her smiles show an ivory array.
Her sighs, and her rose—I repeat,
'Tis only a part of the play.

R. M. SILLARD.

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Novel Harvest Thanksgivings.

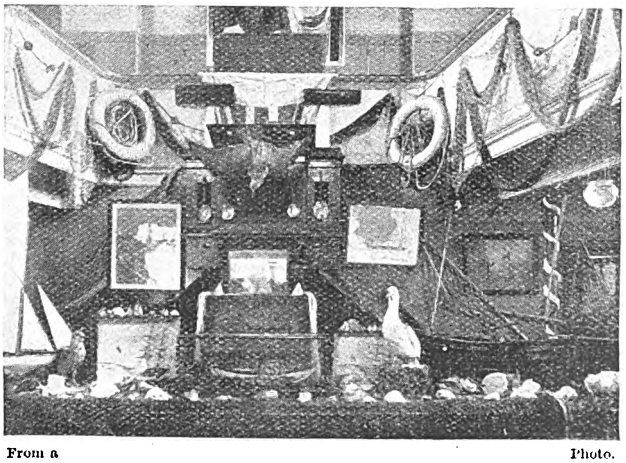
By George A. Wade.

There are few religious festivals in English churches and chapels which give more pleasure to the worshippers, or are more eagerly looked forward to by old and young, than the annual harvest thanksgivings. The most fashionable congregation in the wealthy West-end, and the poorest worshipper at the little mission-room by the docks; the merchant who attends a church in the city, and the farm labourer who goes regularly twice a Sunday to the village chapel; the old grandfather with white hair, and the little child with merry, laughing eyes; all take a personal interest in the celebration of their own particular harvest thanksgiving, and in the decoration, more or less ornate, of their own place of worship.

The past quarter of a century may be set down as the time during which this autumn service has made especial growth and come by leaps and bounds, so to speak, to the fore-front of thanksgivings. And the annual service of special thanksgiving is still gaining, rather than loosing ground; so that some one Sabbath in September or October is selected by almost every congregation throughout the country to give effect to its feelings of gratitude and love to Providence for a bountiful harvest.

The decoration of our sanctuaries, however, in honour of this festival, and as a visible proof of our gratitude, is very varied, and, in many places, very singularly developed. Of late years this decoration has much widened in its character and limits, and men have begun to recognise that there are other kinds of food for which we need to express our thanks, besides corn and fruit.

For many years these two, interspersed with floral tributes of the fields and gardens, formed the staple adornments of churches and chapels at the harvest festivals. But during the past half-dozen years they, important as they are on such occasions, have had many worthy, and certainly not less picturesque, rivals in the scheme of decoration of places of worship. And these changes have not been made by any one sect or denomination: they seem to



From a Photo.

The Sea Festival at Wesley Chapel, Hastings.

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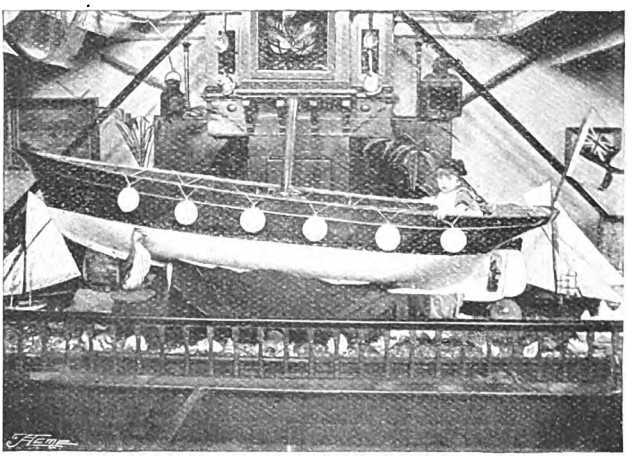
have struck all as being both appropriate and right.

Probably the palm, certainly for originality, and in many cases for the beautiful effect and design of their schemes of ornamentation of the sanctuary, must be awarded to the members of the Salvation Army. They are active, energetic workers, and their harvest festivals are as bright and cheery as one would have expected from such "Forward" Christians. One of the very finest of their designs for celebrating the harvest service, by bringing actual pictures of field-work before their members, is shown in the accompanying photograph of the decorations at Regent's Hall, Oxford Street, London, last year. It is, as will be at once guessed, a representation of the Army's Farm Colony at Hadleigh, showing the actual work of harvesting going on! In the very front of the scene will be noticed "General" Booth, on horseback, with two of his staff. The whole formed what may be termed a vivid picture, which was effective in the most striking manner, as was seen both by the enthusiasm of the great congregation and by their liberality when the collection was taken for the benefit of the farm-work. The idea was conceived by an ordinary "soldier" of the Regent Street corps, and it was carried out under his direction with enthusiasm by his fellow worshippers.



From a Photo.

Another View of the Sea Festival.

A charming design was the scheme of decoration carried out by the "Army" corps at Battersea Wharf during their last harvest festival. The central gangway of the orchestra-like platform was arranged so as to portray a suburban villa, or cottage, standing in its own ground, with gardens, rockeries, and ferneries around it. Then on each side of this right across the hall were arranged all kinds of fruits, flowers, plants, &c., on snow-white table-cloths, whilst from the roof were suspended hanging baskets of flowers, and the whole intervening space was more or less filled with pretty festoons of greenery or flowers, until the entire area at that end of the hall seemed simply one delightful vision of rustic beauty.

Leaving the Salvation Army's decorative designs for a little while, though we shall mention one or two very attractive ones later, let us notice a particularly happy idea of the Wesleyan Methodists at Bourne Street Chapel, Hastings, which they carried out last year. Here a "Festival of the Sea" was organised with appropriate decorations, and we may heartily commend this kind of service to other seaside towns.

In the space before the pulpit were placed large models of fishing-boats, yachts, and lifeboats, whilst stuffed seabirds gazed down upon the strange scene from various points of vantage. Fishing-nets draped the front of the table, and hung over the gallery into the area below, whilst the space behind the minister was decorated with a fisherman's flag. Lifebuoys, too, were prominent along the sides of the gallery-front, and altogether the display was as unique as it was striking.

Though such decorations as the above of places of worship for the Harvest Festivals are rare, yet there is more than one church belonging to the Church of England whose chief, if not only, adornment on such occasions is the vast quantities of eggs which kind and grateful members of the congregation bring in baskets and present next day to the poor.

It may not be generally known that these egg-services originated in Kent, and were the outcome of an idea of the Rev. Percy Collins, Vicar of High Halden, near Ashford. Mr. Collins held the first egg-service as a "supplement" to the usual form of harvest festival, in the year 1889, and it is

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worthy of note that 200 eggs, brought by a parish of 600 people, were the first-fruits of what has now become a much wider annual offering throughout the country. Many churches, especially those belonging to the State church have adopted this form of harvest thanksgiving, and no mean decoration do the baskets of pure, fresh-laid eggs make as they rest in the chancels of the churches. St. John's Mission Room, Streatham Hill, and the Rev. W. Carlile's church, in the City, hold what would probably be the records for the most successful egg-services. After the thanksgiving most of the eggs go to the London hospitals, even from Mr. Collins's parish at High Halden.

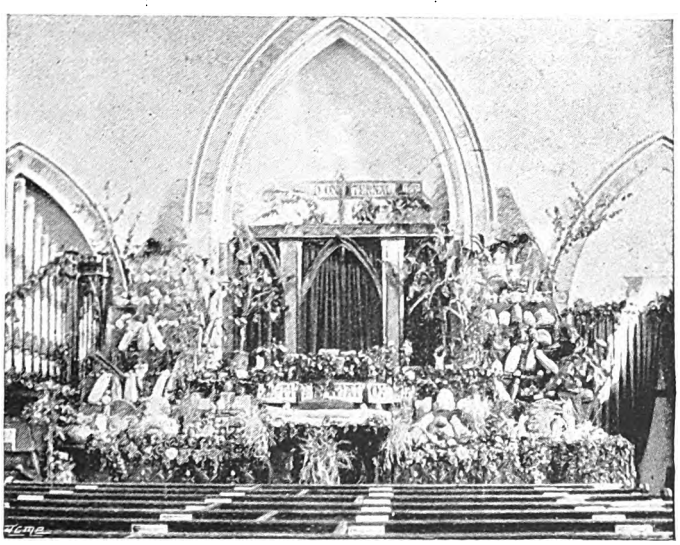
From a Photo.

A Curious Harvest Festival at Blackfriars.

A harvest thanksgiving scheme of decoration in a place of worship where the chief decorations consisted of toys, is surely the most original yet devised, but when with these toys was a model of a "Gospel-ship," fully rigged and manned, our wonder and admiration are even more excited. Such was the form, as shown in the accompanying photo, which was devised by the officers of the corps of the Salvation Army at the well-known barracks in Upper Street, Islington, last harvest festival, and a striking picture indeed it made.

An imitation boat was built by the members of the corps and covered with canvas. It was named *The William Booth*, after the "General," for whom Islington has the highest regard. The chains and lines along its sides were represented by strings of heads of flowers, whilst small flags fluttered at various places, and the Army's well-known flag waved from its stern. Long lines of cords, from which depended all kinds of toys, such as lanterns, pictures, flags, guns and shell-boxes, connected the mast-head with the stem and stern, and afforded an effective, if somewhat mixed, display of colour. The inside of this notable vessel was manned by three officers of the corps, and from it on this occasion they conducted the services.

All the toys and the work were given by willing hands, and after the days of thanksgiving, the objects employed in decoration were sold for the benefit of the Army's work in Islington.



From a Photo.

A Magnificent Scheme of Decoration at the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church.

Some novel forms of harvest-home decorations for their chapels have originated, too, amongst the Primitive Methodists of late years. In the West Riding of Yorkshire a favourite form of this is to make, in the space below and around the pulpit, a perfect model of a farmyard. The house and its outbuildings, the stockyard, the gardens and fields, are all clearly represented, and very fine indeed are some of the models thus made. One or two

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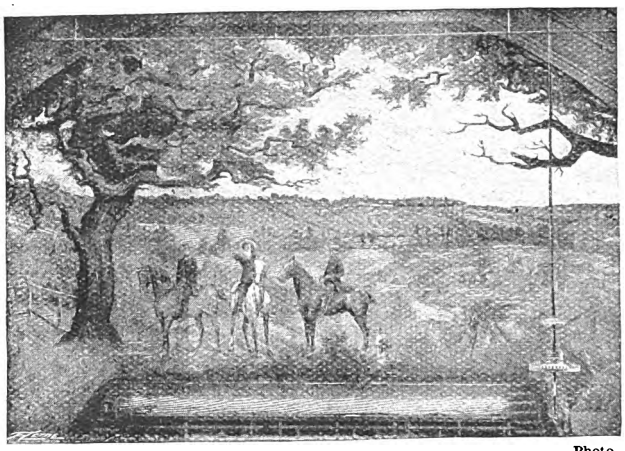
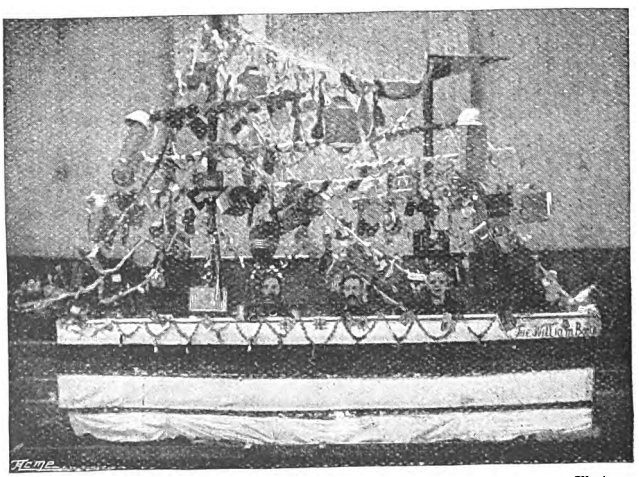


From a Photo.
A Salvation Army Harvest Festival. The painted background shows the Farm Colony at Hadleigh.

Primitive Methodist chapels in the Leeds district have gained quite a high renown for the beauty and effectiveness of their harvest scheme of decorations on these lines; Quarry Hill and Bourne chapels, in the Leeds 1st circuit, have at times given some splendid examples of how effective such work can be made.

In some Lancashire chapels this representation of the actual harvest-field and its surroundings is made still more striking and real by the introduction of more than one living animal or bird well known in the farmyard. Some amount of interruption was caused, however, last autumn, at a North Lancashire chapel, by a cock thus introduced, which would persist in crowing whenever the congregation began to sing!

One form of decoration in a Northern chapel, a few years ago, took the shape of a model of Hawarden Castle and its gardens, and, though incongruous, perhaps, in a sanctuary, yet the whole was so perfectly imitated, and looked so pretty, that it drew forth much local admiration.



From a Photo.
At an Islington Harvest Thanksgiving toys were used for decorative purposes.

It may be conceded at once that "the Press" is seldom brought into service to adorn any place of worship for a harvest thanksgiving service, yet this was done at Cambridge Heath, where, in front of the tables containing on white cloths the offerings of every kind of fruit and flowers given by the congregation, there were placed copies of the various religious publications issued from the Salvation Army's headquarters.

The real army militant of the English nation has more than once adorned its chapels with military emblems, and even with memorials of its officers, so that the Salvation Army at Blackfriars has some "precedent," for making the portraits of its captain and lieutenants, and its band instruments, a feature of its special harvest thanksgiving last year. The pictures of the officers were hung at the back of the orchestral-platform, which was decorated with gifts of fruit and corn, and were draped with the Army's flags, whilst the drum held a prominent place in the foreground. Two cages of live birds also added to the novelty of the arrangement in this harvest festival.

In all these various schemes of decorations spoken of in this article, whether at church, chapel, mission room, or Salvation Army barracks, texts specially appropriate, often worked in flowers by loving hands, have formed an important feature. The army is fond of lines, dealing with the harvest, taken from its own service hymn-book. The "Sea Festival" found fitting texts in such as: "These see the works of the Lord, and His Wonders in the Deep;" and, "For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof."

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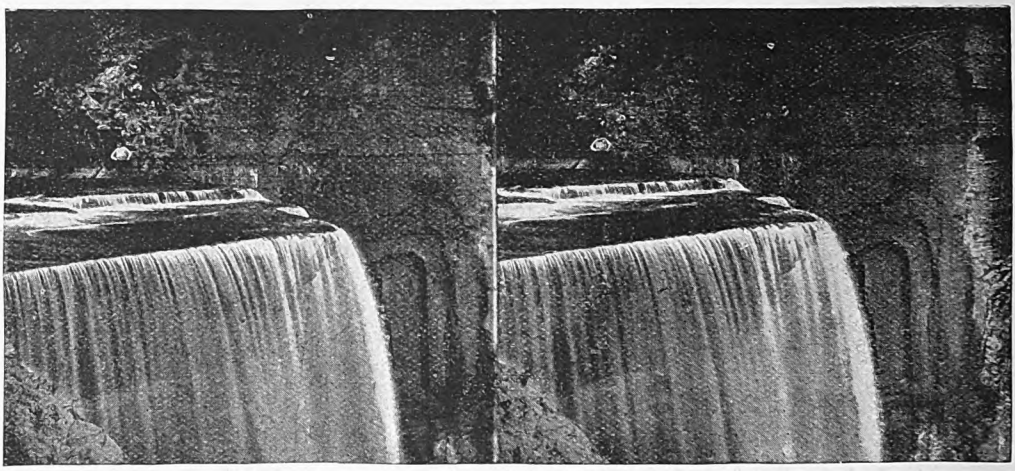
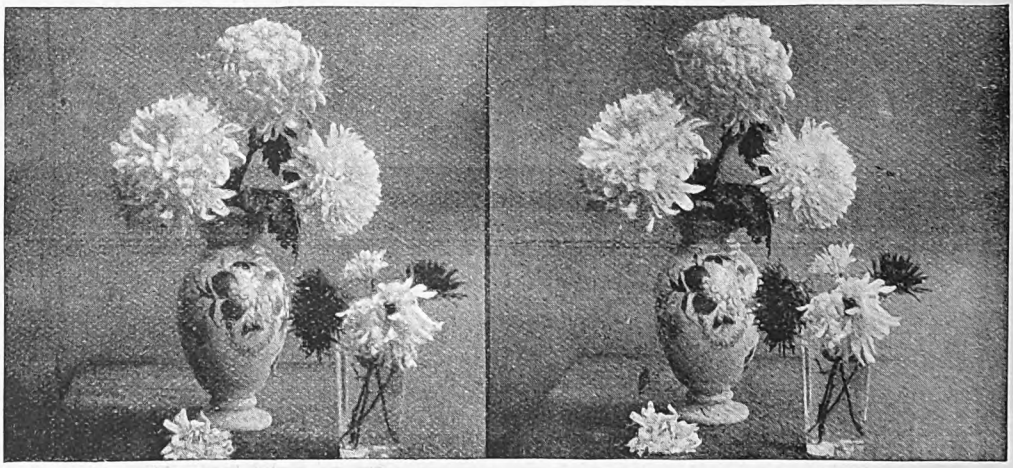


The Famous Minnehaha Falls.



Prize Chrysanthemums.

Pelicans taking Exercise.

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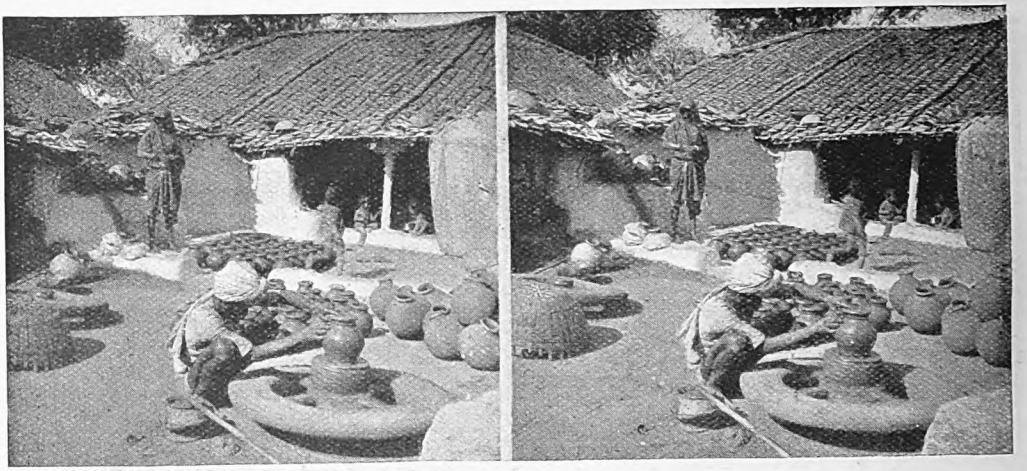
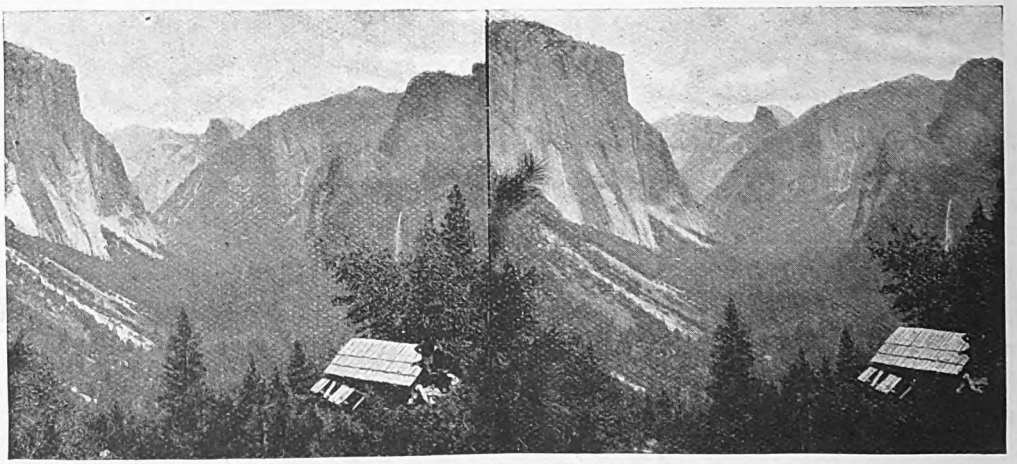
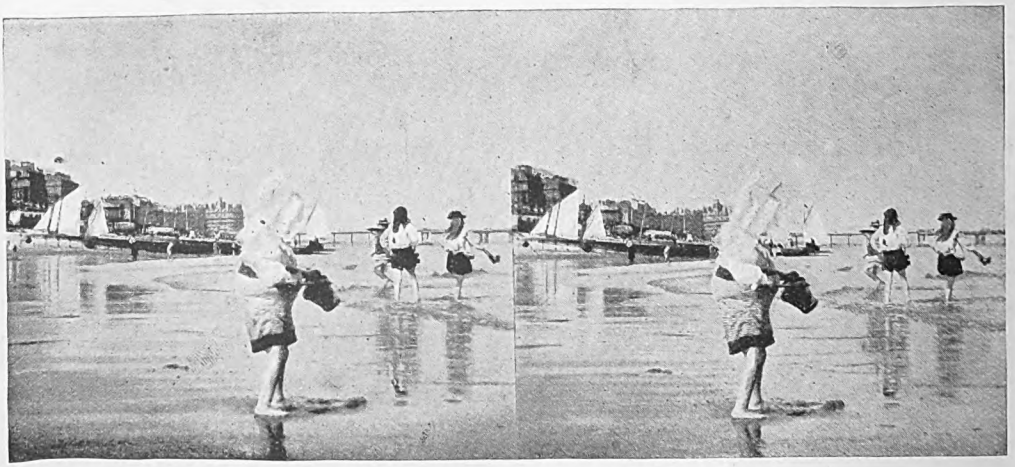


A Potter of Benares.



Early Morning in the Yosemite Valley.



On the Sands.

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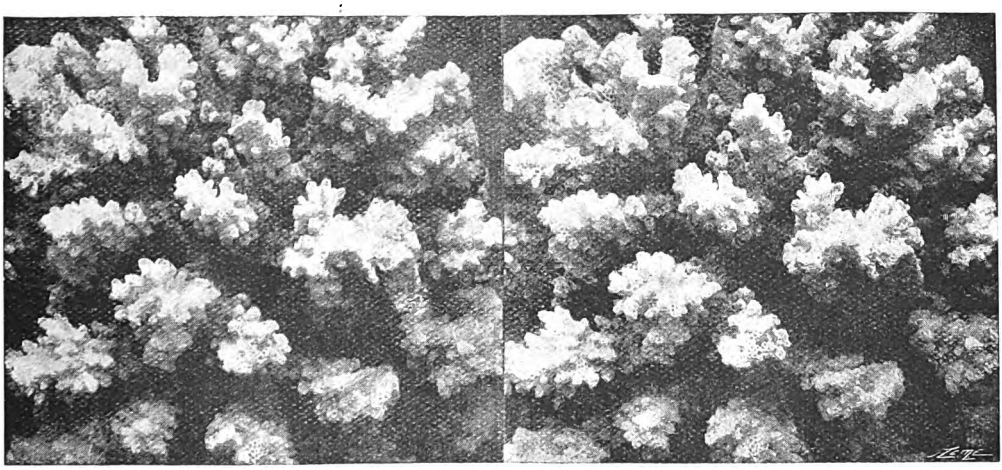
The Village Church.



A Fine Specimen of Coral.

In Daisy Land.

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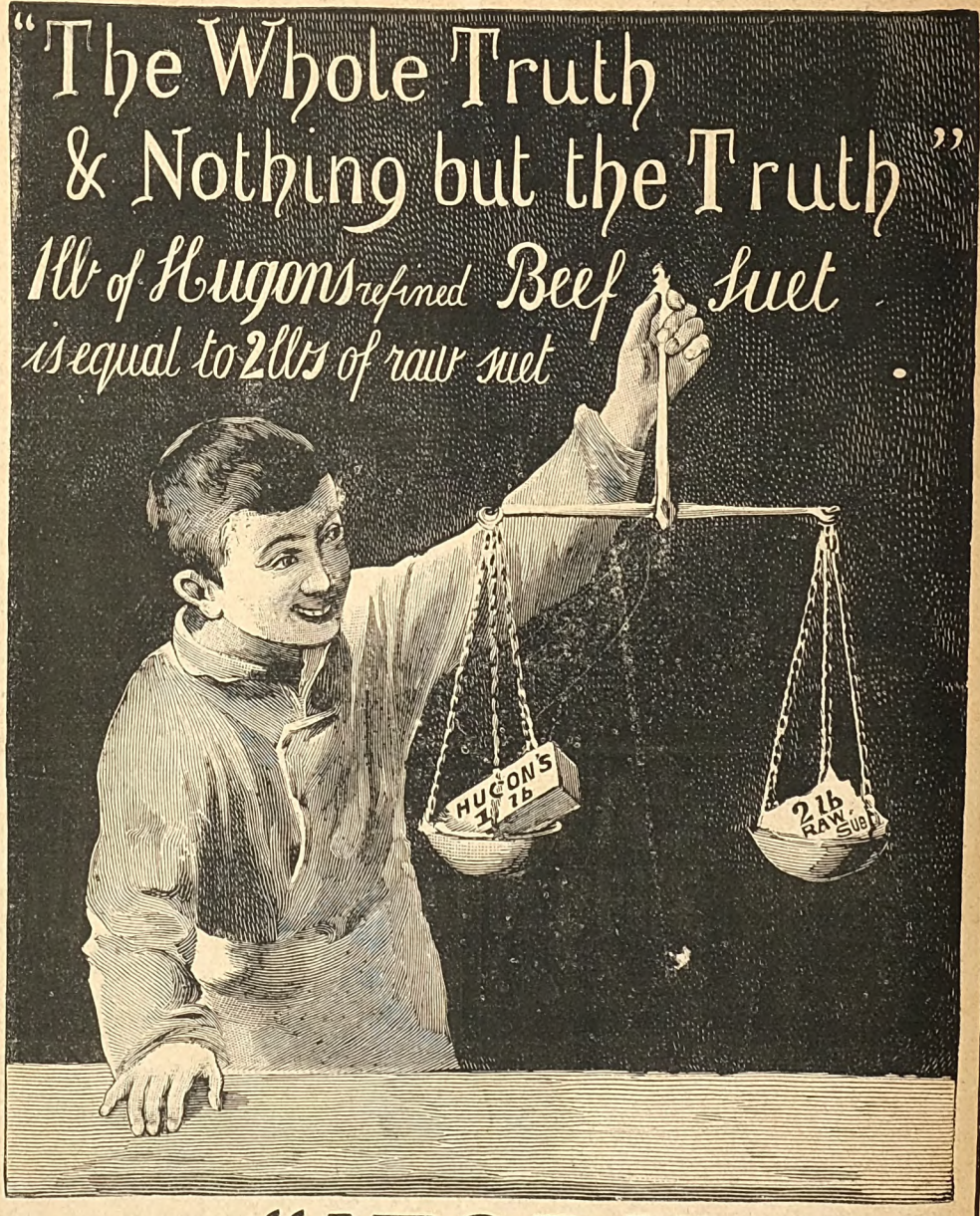

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